

THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
(Titles registered in U. S. Patent Office)

40060

Vol. CIII, No. 1

New York, October 5, 1929

Whole Number 2059

TOPICS • OF • THE • DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

HERCULES HOOVER TO CLEANSE AUGEAN WASHINGTON

A PERSONAL TEST by the President of the enforceability of the Prohibition law is what some keen observers see in Mr. Hoover's announced determination to make the nation's capital a model dry city for the rest of the country. If he can dry Washington, he can dry any other city, and hence all the cities, it is argued, and if he can not dry Washington, which is under his very hand, then he can not enforce Prohibition. "If Prohibition is enforceable in any of our urban communities, the city of Washington should furnish the proof," declares the *New York Herald Tribune*, in an editorial entitled "Enforcement's Guinea Pig," which concludes with this sentence: "It will be an exceedingly interesting laboratory experiment, since if it is demonstrated that an unpopular law can not be enforced even in a community that lacks the franchise, and even by Mr. Hoover, then the case for enforcement in other wet cities falls as flat as a pancake." And on the other hand, as the *Atlanta Constitution* remarks, "if the President succeeds in the District of Columbia, general enforcement will be made easier throughout the country."

Both high hopes and cynical doubts are raised by Mr. Hoover's statement. "This declaration is the most significant and determining that has been made by any national officer since the coming of Prohibition," avers Dr. F. Scott McBride, general superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League. "What stands in the way of a realization of the President's desire to make the capital the model bone-dry city of the country?" asks *The American Issue*, the Anti-Saloon League's official organ. The President has the power to make Washington dry, "and he will use it," declares Oliver W. Stewart, editor of *The National Enquirer*, of Indianapolis, a weekly devoted to the cause of temperance. "Failure to dry up the city in short order," Mr. Stewart adds, "would leave the Hoover Administration utterly discredited." "When you come to think of it, what could be more obviously right than to begin enforcing the law in the city where it was enacted?" asks the *New York World*. "Theoretically, at least, if Prohibition can be vigorously enforced anywhere, it

can be so enforced in the national capital," agrees the editor of the *Binghamton Press*; but he goes on to say by way of warning:

"It is only fair to suggest that in this instance Mr. Hoover, whose labors of government have been likened to those of the famed Hercules, has taken upon his shoulders a load heavier than that which Atlas carried, and perhaps more miry than the Augean stables. The golden applejack may be considerably harder (yes, harder) to corral than were the famed golden apples which, later on, were to raise so much hob between Greece and Troy. It may be more difficult to dry Washington than it was for Hercules's Nordic prototype, Thor, to drain the giants' drinking-horn, which also, by the way, was supposed to have been connected with the Atlantic Ocean, tho not by the Embassy route.

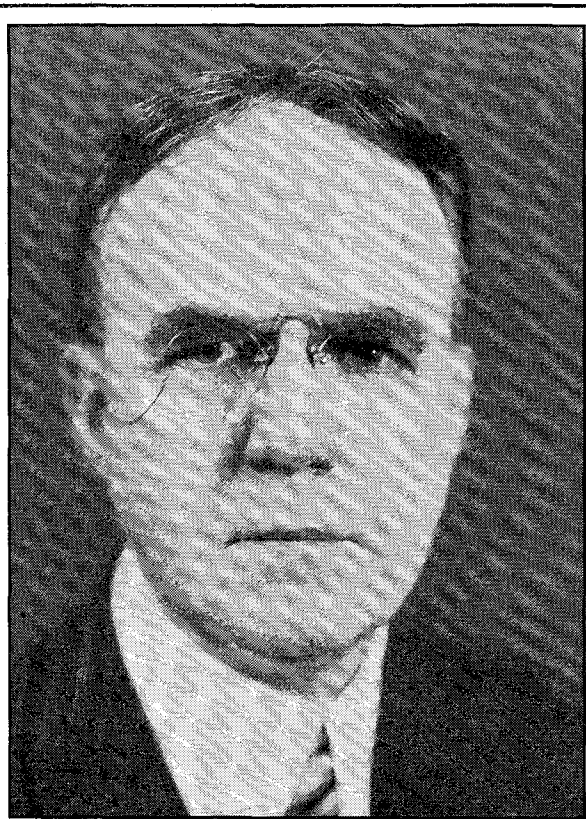
"Yes, it will be a big job. Giving food to the hungry Belgians was a huge task, yet compared with taking drink from the thirsty Washingtonians, well—that remains to be seen.

"As an outstanding engineer, Mr. Hoover would know well how to dam a river surely and safely. Whether he can dam the liquor flow in the nation's capital city, and whether he can make his dam hold, is a question."

"It is true Washington should be the driest city in the country, as it is populated largely with men and women sworn to uphold the nation's laws," remarks the *Newark Evening News*, but it adds: "It is also true that, like other large cities, it contains many men and women who reserve to themselves the right to decide their personal reaction to the Prohibition law." No less an authority than Mabel Walker Willebrandt, the *Baltimore Evening Sun* reminds us, has said: "No official in Washington—not even the President—can enforce the Prohibition law or any other law throughout the United States without local cooperation." "The question, then, resolves itself into the amount of local cooperation the President receives in Washington," remarks the *Maryland daily*, which continues:

"It is true, as Senator Howell says, that the President theoretically has power to remove any Washington official. But theory is one thing, and practise frequently something altogether different.

"The President really has only so much power over the District as the exigencies of politics leave in his hands. There are the



Underwood & Underwood photograph

THE PRESIDENT TOOK UP HIS CHALLENGE

The charge of Senator Howell that wet Washington would be dry if the President took a hand in enforcement, drew from Mr. Hoover a pledge to make the capital a dry model for other cities.

interests of the party to be considered. There is the renomination in 1932 to be secured. There is the program of the Administration to be safeguarded.

"All these considerations compel the President to do all he can to conciliate the Senate. There are ninety-six Senators—ninety-five while Mr. Vare remains standing—and it is safe to say that every Senator has at least ninety-six candidates for every job open, including District jobs. Let the President begin to throw out jobholders, right and left, and presently he will be throwing out the friends of various Senators. Then he will soon find that he is asserting his theoretical power over the District at an inordinate cost."

Mr. Hoover's pledge to make Washington dry "was the promise of a courageous man," remarks the New York Sun. "If he really starts out to dry up Washington we predict that he, like any other public official in similar case, will find that Prohibi-

Beecher Howell, a dry Republican from Nebraska, made the following statement on the floor of the Senate, as quoted in the Washington dispatches:

"Enforcement in the city of Washington can be effective. The President can dismiss any official in the city of Washington, because such officials are his appointees, or are appointees of appointees of the President.

"If the President called the commissioners before him and said, 'I have Secret Service officials at my command. If they discover something here in connection with the violation of the Prohibition law before you discover it, you are out.' There is no question about what the result would be."

On the following day this challenge was acknowledged in a statement from the White House:

"Senator Howell's statement that the Prohibition law is not being enforced in the District of Columbia seriously impugns the good faith and capacity of Commissioner Dougherty, in charge of police; Superintendent of Police Pratt, District Attorney Rover and Prohibition Agent William Blandford. The President is glad the Senator has raised the question. He is confident that the Senator would not make these charges unless they were based upon definite facts, with time and place, and if he will lay any such information before the Department of Justice the President will have the matters vigorously investigated, for it is the intention not only to secure the fullest enforcement in the District possible under the organization of enforcement agencies as provided by law but to make it a model in this country. Moreover, it is only fair to give to the District officials an opportunity to meet such charges."

In later statements Senator Howell explained that he did not intend his remarks as an attack on the President, but merely spoke of "a condition that all Congressmen here recognize." While denying any first-hand personal knowledge of dry-law violations in Washington, he declared that such violations were matters of "common knowledge," and he referred inquirers to the files of the Prohibition-enforcement office for evidence of such violations that had been collected, but apparently not acted upon. He said further, as quoted in the New York Times:

"I had no intention, the other day, of attacking any one personally; and so far as President Hoover is concerned, he has had hardly time to gather the reins of this great Government in his hands.

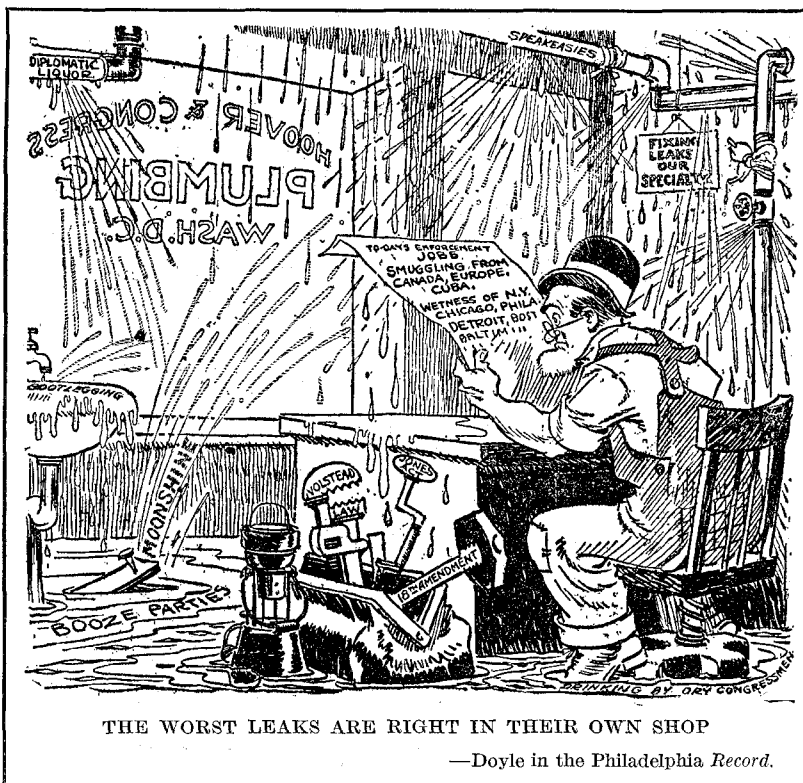
"I supported him heartily in the last campaign. I was very much pleased with his stand upon Prohibition, as were the people of my State. I have great hopes for the future, and from his closing statement in reference to my remarks, he makes a most encouraging announcement that he proposes to make this city a model of the country."

To get an idea of what drying up the capital would mean, let us hear some of the testimony concerning its present degree of wetness. Says Elliott Thurston in a Washington dispatch to the New York World:

"It is general knowledge that Washington is still wet. Mr. Hoover's advent was followed by a brief period of social dryness, such as the Edward B. MacLean Sunday breakfasts at the publisher's estate on the city's outskirts, and by Sir Esme Howard's announcement as dean of the diplomats that the British Embassy was not going to import any more liquor after its existing supply runs out. The Associated Press reported only last week, however, that the British Embassy's remaining supply was far from exhausted, and that there would be liquor at dinners after Premier MacDonald's arrival if it were wanted.

"Bulletins from the social front recently have agreed that the first flush of aridity has been superseded by the usual dinner table abundance of good alcoholics. The bootleg liquor trade, driven into temporary retreat by the Jones law, is back at the old stand in full force.

"One sign of Washington's wetness has been the steadily



tion will fill the whole political landscape—neither the tariff nor anything else will figure in popular attention." "Washington is wet, as every other city in the land is wet; it is not the President's fault, or the fault of the police agencies of the capital—it is the fault of a misbegotten effort at legislation," declares the Cincinnati Enquirer. The real difficulty, agrees the Providence Journal, apparently lies in the fact that, in the national capital as in the country at large, "the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law are actually unenforceable."

In Washington itself the idea of the city being made the subject of a laboratory experiment in enforcement does not seem to be altogether popular. Thus in a pathetic editorial headed, "Give Us a Rest," the Washington Post says:

"Senator Howell, who pleads for more effective enforcement of Prohibition in Washington, is not disturbed by the fact that conditions in his home city, Omaha, are such that a special investigation is under way to determine where the negligence lies. The Nebraska attorney-general has found that the Prohibition law is being flagrantly violated. Bootlegging flourishes in Omaha no less than in Washington, and yet Nebraska has an enforcement law. Why should not Senator Howell demand that Omaha be made an example of temperance for the nation to follow?"

"Washington has been the national 'goat' long enough. Let social experimenters and theorists in Congress apply their nostrums to their home States first. Washington is willing to be made as pure as any other community, but it is tired of being vivisected and operated upon by quacks."

It was on Saturday, September 21, that Senator Robert

mounting toll of arrests ever since the dry law went into effect. The pinnacle was reached in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1929, when, according to figures given out by Superintendent of Police Pratt, the number of arrests for drunkenness within the district was 14,198.

"This was a 30 per cent. increase over the average of the preceding year. Figures furnished by the police here of arrests for drunkenness since Prohibition took effect until 1925 follow: 1920, 5,415; 1921, 6,375; 1922, 8,368; 1923, 8,128; 1924, 10,354; 1925, 11,160.

"A chart published last month by the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment rated Washington as one of the country's wettest spots judged by the seizures of liquor and distilling apparatus. The chart gave the annual average from 1923 to 1928 of illicit liquor seized as 377 gallons for every 10,000 of population, while fifteen stills were captured for the same ratio of population."

On the other hand, Mark Sullivan, in a dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, reports a growing respect for law in Washington under the Hoover régime. To quote him in part:

"The net result of the commotion concerning Prohibition enforcement, unthinkingly started by Senator Howell of Nebraska, is to bring out conspicuously what was only quietly understood before, namely, the progress that Washington has made in respect for law during the last few months.

"The very apparent tendency of Washington at this moment is toward even greater respect. This condition is only to a lesser degree the result of any change in intensity of Prohibition enforcement. To a larger degree it is an outcome of the atmosphere of the Hoover Administration."

Turning to the spokesmen for the dries, we are informed by Dr. Clarence True Wilson, of the Methodist Board of Prohibition, Temperance and Morals, that "the well-known wet conditions in Washington are not to be attributed to President Hoover or his Administration or to any of his appointees," but to "wet officials in the Department of Justice, appointed before Mr. Hoover's Administration began." Dr. F. Scott McBride, speaking for the Anti-Saloon League, tells us that "there has been much loose and careless talk about conditions in Washington and Congress as to drinking," and that "improvements



recently have been very decisive." He adds, however, that "there is yet room for improvement." "The value of the realization of the President's desire to make Washington the model in the enforcement of the Prohibition law can scarcely be overestimated," declares *The American Issue*:

"More visitors from other lands visit Washington than any other city in America. What they see in Washington in connection with Prohibition and its enforcement may have wide influence in determining future action in dealing with the liquor traffic in their own country. Washington is the Mekka of tourists of our own country. Here let them come and see Prohibition enforcement at its best. It will raise Prohibition standards throughout the whole nation."

And in the *Indianapolis National Enquirer*, we read:

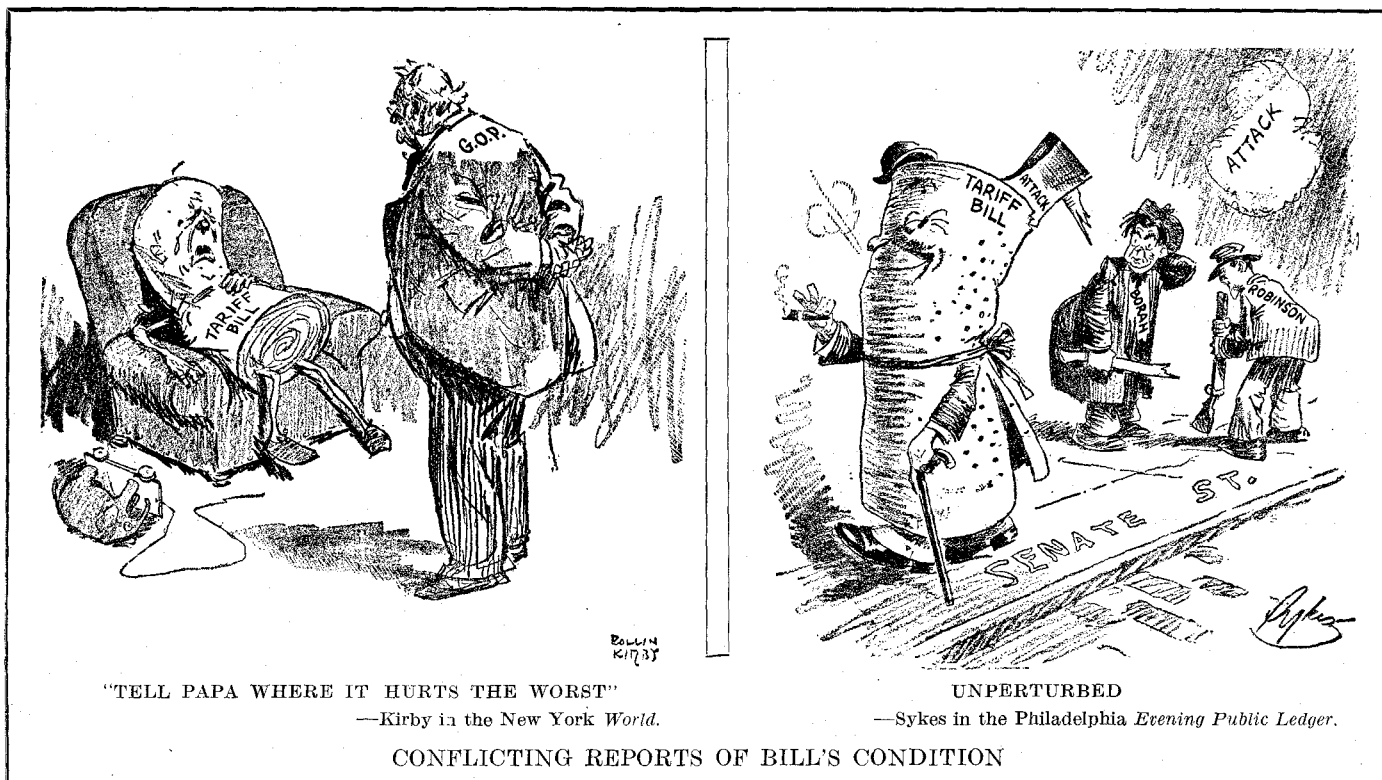
"Let no one think President Hoover intends to accept less than the best enforcement possible in the District of Columbia. He will get it or know why. It is useless to expect a spectacular move by the President. He is not given to such procedure. He will move slowly and cautiously, but he will move. Nothing is plainer than that he distrusts the extremest on both sides."

"All eyes will be turned toward the District of Columbia as Mr. Hoover proceeds with his intention to make it a model for the country," says the *Boston Globe*. The *Jersey City Journal* reminds us that "the wets themselves have often maintained that if the capital were dry, then some dry-voting but wet-drinking Senators and Representatives might vote differently"; and with a touch of irony the *New York Evening Post* remarks:

"If the President can 'put it over,' it would be one of the most interesting things that we can conceive. It would be positively thrilling to have one place in the country where there was no liquor. Biologists could go and inspect it. Social welfare workers could go and live there and write reports on it. We would at last learn whether crime really increased or decreased, whether savings were up or down, whether more or fewer wives were beaten. Statistics of possible credibility would pour out from such a Prohibition workshop. It might be possible, too, to get some idea of the peace or restlessness, the happiness or unhappiness, the self-respect or self-despise of Americans compelled by Federal force to live under a law for which they had never voted and of which they disapproved.

"In the matter of making Washington a national model of enforcement, Mr. Hoover has, as they say in political oratory, 'put his hand to the plow and can not turn back.'"





NEW BLOCS THAT BLOCK THE NEW TARIFF

MORE CONFUSION in the already mixed-up tariff situation is caused by the emergence of new groups of Senators opposed, for various reasons, to the bill now before the Senate. So much so, in fact, that correspondents and interested editors begin to wonder whether there will be any new tariff at all, and incline to agree—with certain notable exceptions—that the Senate Committee's bill will be vastly modified before it will be submitted to the House and to the conference committee. The first achievement of the low-tariff bloc in the Senate was the union of the progressive Republicans on September 10 with the Democrats to put through the Simmons resolution calling for inspection of income-tax reports filed by corporations wanting higher tariff rates. But this defection of the Western progressives headed by Borah and Brookhart was only the beginning. As far as the correspondent of the *Seattle Times* (Ind. Rep.) can see now, the regular Republicans of the Senate, in spite of their paper strength of fifty-six, do not number more than about thirty-five. There are three dissident groups, continues Mr. Jermaine: First, those radicals who are Republicans in name only, and who can not be brought in line for the pending bill; second, a small group of regular Republicans from the Pacific Northwest, "who are threatening to stand out unless something is done in the Senate bill for shingles and lumber"; third, a group of Senators liberal but radical, who are dissatisfied with the pending bill for one reason or another. Other correspondents see the tariff situation in the Senate approaching absolute chaos. To quote W. Farmer Murphy of the *Baltimore Sun* (Ind.):

"The nominally predominant Republican party, with a paper strength of fifty-six, is so rent by dissenting opinions and shaken by the clash of conflicting appetites that it has degenerated into a mere bloc of only about one-third of the Senate. Scrutiny of the roll on the point of complete orthodoxy discloses no more than thirty-three Simon-pure party men who can be depended on to vote with the Republican organization at all times.

"The remainder who bear the party label are now broken up into three groups, which have no common interest except to harass the so-called majority into giving them such consideration in the distribution of favors as the interests of their States and sections demand.

"The largest of these groups, comprising about ten, is the

Progressive Republican, or original farm bloc, which is more consistent in action, and more cohesive than the others, due partly to its longer existence. Among them are found Senators Norris, La Follette, Borah, Brookhart, and a half-dozen more.

"Another newly formed cell of recalcitrants, which so far numbers only six, but has hopes of whistling up more joiners, is out to get all it can in protective rates, under the implied threat that if it is not generously cared for it will sandbag the expectations of the bill's framers and every one else who stands in the way. These six musketeers, with the motto of 'all for one and one for all,' are Senators McNary and Steiwer, Oregon; Jones, Washington; Johnson, California; Thomas, Idaho, and Oddie, Nevada.

"Besides these there is another coterie of usually dependable party men who have become extremely irregular, as far as this tariff is concerned, and whose movements can not be predicted with any certainty. They are likely to run out on almost any proposition. In this class may be put Allen and Capper, Kansas; Couzens, Michigan; Pine, Oklahoma; Cutting, New Mexico, and Schall, Minnesota."

And even among those Senators left in the regular Republican group, writes Mark Sullivan in the *New York Herald Tribune* (Rep.), "there are strong individual convictions which make a weakness at the very heart of Republican strength; it is revealed in private conversations, and even publicly, that many of the most regular Republicans have distaste for many parts of this tariff bill."

Thus, this "hapless and ponderous tariff revision has virtually no friends in the Senate," declares Walker S. Buel in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (Ind. Dem.)—

"It has no friend in the White House, either. It has exceedingly active enemies who are filling *The Congressional Record* and the columns of the newspapers every day, as Democratic and insurgent Republicans take turns in impressing upon the country what a combination of economic and political iniquities it embraces.

"It has only passive defenders on the Republican side. The regular leadership has adopted the strategy of refusing to consume time by answering the speeches of the attack.

"The Republican party has lost control, and the Democratic party has not gained it. The insurgent Republican group is in between with a balance of power, and any tariff bill which the Senate finally passes will be the product of legislation by groups or blocs, not by party."

The most notable farm bloc attack on the Senate tariff bill was made on the floor by Senator Borah, from whose speech we take this paragraph:

"As I view this measure, it does not sufficiently protect agricultural commodities, but I have in mind also the duties which have been given to industrial commodities. I do not think it is in accord with the pledges of either of the great parties in the last campaign. I am speaking of the protectionists, and I can not see how it can be argued that where the exports are increasing, and the imports decreasing, and we import only 4 per cent. of our manufactured goods, it is necessary to extend the doctrine any further."

Other farm bloc leaders are said to be confident that they are in a position to dictate, we read in the dispatches. Says Senator Capper of Kansas: "The farm bloc now controls the situation in the Senate, and it will be able to adjust rates on agricultural products to the satisfaction of that group." And the *Kansas City Star's* (Ind.) Washington correspondent says confidently:

"A tariff bill will emerge from the Senate, modified to meet the more important demands of Western agriculture."

"Three weeks of debate in the upper branch of Congress has convinced farm leaders of the West and Northwest that with the aid of Southern Democrats they can frame a tariff bill largely to suit themselves."

"When the issue between farm and factory has been drawn, the former has won."

A safe prophecy, says William Hard in a dispatch to the *Cincinnati Times-Star*, "is that the final fate of this present bill is now largely in the hands of the organized farmers and their highly intelligent and effective lobbyists in the national capital." This farm bloc "promises to be a die-hard, unyielding group of agricultural irreconcilables," says the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, a fact which pleases this Independent Democratic paper, since it thinks that "between Republican insurgent and moderate-tariff Democrat, the country may see enacted in due course a measure that bears at least some relation to the needs of industry and the facts of a world-wide opportunity for expansion of trade."

But the farmers' representatives in the Senate are cautioned by other editors. The *Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger* and *Springfield (Mass.) Union* inform them that their prosperity depends largely on the prosperity of the industrial regions which

need tariff protection. The *Chicago Tribune* and *Minneapolis Journal* suggest that in straining for more, they may sacrifice the tariff aid now within their grasp. With special reference to the Pacific coast group, the *Hartford Courant* suggests that "by joining in the clamor for higher rates the farmers would seem to be working against their own interests as well as those of other consumers." And a number of papers deplore the activities of the "lumber bloc" as an instance of old-fashioned tariff "log-rolling."

But there are some voices prophesying the ultimate success of the present bill, or something very like it. Charles O. Gridley, Washington correspondent of the *Denver Post* (Ind.), says:

"The failure of Senators from Western States having common interests to get together and formulate a flat ultimatum to the Republican leaders in charge of the bill regarding rates to protect Western commodities is understood to have weakened the stand of that section generally, as Eastern Senators now predict that the divisions between the various districts will so far weaken its voting strength as to permit the adoption of the Finance Committee rates on all commodities."

Then, too, against the Republican defections must be balanced Democrats who may vote for the Republican tariff bill. In the *Washington Post* Mr. Carter Field lines up for the bill the following half-dozen Democratic Senators: Kendrick of Wyoming; Broussard and Ransdell of Louisiana; Fletcher and Trammell of Florida, and Walsh of Massachusetts. Altogether, concludes this well-known political writer, there are so many holes in the line-up of Republican defections, any one of which would pass the bill, and so many possibilities of additional aid from the Democratic side, that passage of the Senate Finance Committee's bill is regarded as virtually sure.



"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?"

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. What is inside a baseball? (p. 79).
2. Does a wise doctor treat himself? (p. 23).
3. Has Zionism brought any advantages to the Arabs? (p. 30).
4. Does a car run better in wet weather? (p. 25).
5. What famous ball-player is a registered mortician? (p. 78).
6. Is Shakespeare's "Richard III" true to Richard's character? (p. 27).
7. Are the Arabs entirely to blame for the bloodshed in Palestine? (p. 30).
8. What all-Negro screen play has become a subject of lively controversy? (p. 42).
9. Does teaching them the Bible keep children in the straight and narrow way? (p. 32).
10. What proposal is made to turn every lake port in the United States into a seaport? (p. 13).
11. Who was "Uncle Jim" Parks, and why has he been buried in Arlington Cemetery? (p. 64).
12. What novel of Smollett's has been made the basis of a new play? (p. 28).
13. What is the "Nixie ward" of the Post-office? (p. 66).
14. Why is Soviet Russia sending religious leaders to exile and death? (p. 32).
15. In what European country have Arabic letters been replaced by the Latin alphabet? (p. 19).
16. What is the argument for church activity in politics? (p. 31).
17. How large are the government appropriations for the current fiscal year? (p. 14).
18. How is the late Miller Huggins, manager of the Yankees, said to have ranked as a financial wizard? (p. 77).
19. How does the small-class system lower effective college teaching? (p. 22).
20. What new invention makes the airplane "more independent of weather conditions than any other form of transportation"? (p. 14).
21. Can a waterspout be shot up? (p. 24).
22. What speedy game of the Aztecs is becoming popular in this country? (p. 72).
23. What is the underlying cause of stammering? (p. 24).
24. How does Babe Ruth save his money? (p. 76).
25. How many full-length railroad cars are needed to transport the circuses now controlled by John Ringling? (p. 38).

THE DRIVE AGAINST CUBAN "TERRORISM"

MACHADO'S "REIGN OF TERROR" is what critics and political opponents of Cuba's President call his government régime, involving Americans as well as Cubans in a "despotism" that respects neither property nor human rights, and since by treaty the United States holds an "intervention" club over the island Republic, Senator Borah's Foreign Affairs Committee is led to make inquiry to discover what, if anything, we should do about it. Meantime the charges are vehemently called "false and defamatory" by Machado through his chargé d'affaires in Washington, and the American Chamber of Commerce, as well as representatives of important American business firms in Havana, declare that Machado is neither a dictator nor unjust to Americans, and that Cuba is making rapid progress under his presidency.

Metropolitan papers published the charges against Machado in the form of lengthy resolutions said to have been presented to Senator Borah's Committee, but their source remained "mysterious" even to Washington correspondents. Mr. Borah declared that they had not come before the Committee, whose inquiry was due to receiving individual complaints. Secret session conferences were to be held with Secretary of State Stimson before proceeding further with organized inquiry. The first conference, according to press reports, came short of developing grounds for intervention. The charges, briefly summarized, include—

Assassination and forcible exile, confiscation of property, profligate extravagance that has produced governmental bankruptcy, suppression of freedom of the press, speech and assembly, the existence of a military dictatorship, illegal elections and courts of justice that have become a farce. It is alleged that opposition to President Machado in the Cuban Congress is stifled by bribing Senators and Representatives with concessions in the national lottery; that each Cuban Senator gets annually from the lottery concession about \$30,000 and each member of the House of Representatives about \$15,000. Finally, it is declared that bankruptcy and political unrest will force the adoption of insurrectionary measures by the inhabitants, inevitably entailing the loss of life and the destruction of property, of both Cubans and Americans, thus again compelling the military intervention of the United States.

Such startling charges arouse lively discussion in the press in view of our special "protective" relations to Cuba. Inclination to look with suspicion is quite general, and is expressed by the *Syracuse Standard*, which is "tempted to ask: What American 'nigger' is in the Cuban woodpile"? General press acclaim had followed President Hoover's appointment of a new Ambassador to Cuba, Mr. Harold F. Guggenheim, of the Guggenheim Foundation, which is contributing to the development of aerial communication with Latin America, but the Senate holds up confirmation pending inquiry.

Washington correspondents appear to agree that the case of Mr. Joseph E. Barlow, an aged American citizen whose claim of some \$9,000,000 for a land development in Havana has not yet come through the Cuban courts, is one of the chief precipitating elements in the situation. Correspondent William Hard, of the Consolidated Press Association, sees "the biggest cloud on our whole foreign horizon," because American liberal and labor forces are clashing with American sugar and other big-business interests in Cuba. The latter stand for Machado's government

while the former accuse him of allowing importation of "Haitian savages" to tend the sugar fields, and say he connives at exile and assassination of Cuban labor leaders. Furthermore, Mr. Hard tells us that prominent political opponents of Machado offer to come to Washington to testify that they are prevented from organizing an opposition party, can not form an army to fight Machado under our State Department's policy of furnishing arms only to put down "revolutions," and must make public appeal to the Senate for a change of policy by the United States to restore political liberty to Cubans. Of these opponents Col. Carlos Mendieta, conspicuous in the war of liberation from Spain, is said to be leader, with Rafael Iturralde, ex-Secretary of the Interior and War Departments, and other ex-Senators and ex-representatives as associates.

Iturralde issued a statement to the Associated Press naming four editors of Cuban papers who had been "assassinated under mysterious circumstances after campaigns unfavorable to the Machado government," as well as other editors forced to flee the country. He added that "no one can deny that Machado reelected himself without opposition; that no election had been held for members of Congress now holding office, and that hundreds of citizens have been murdered, while widespread terrorism prevails." Executives of four newspapers in Havana, however, unite in declaring that the press is free in Cuba, that there is no reign of terror, and that the Machado administration gives American business complete protection.

Where there is so much smoke there may be some fire, appears to be the point of view taken by the American press as a whole. It is time for action to learn the truth, according to the *Manchester Union*. "It is fortunate that the American Government has been unresponsive to the Cuban demand for freedom from oversight

by this country," observes the *Detroit Free Press*. A demand that those behind the charges come out into the open is voiced by the *Brooklyn Eagle*, which says:

"The terms of the Platt amendment are broad. Under them we have previously intervened in Cuba. Under them a pretext for intervention now might conceivably be found. Those behind the Senate resolution should come into the open; such information as they have at their command should be made public, and the result of Mr. Stimson's examination of the charges should be fully spread upon the record. A move for intervention is so serious that there should be no secrecy about its origin."

One of the first important papers to attack Machado unservedly is the *Washington News*, of the Scripps-Howard chain. It declares that if Mr. Guggenheim, the new Ambassador, "sees clearly and reports fearlessly, there should be a reversal of the Administration's policy toward Machado very soon":

"The new Ambassador is going to represent a democracy in a country cursed with one of the worst dictatorships in an age of dictatorship. That would not be so difficult for the Ambassador under ordinary circumstances, for the internal affairs of the foreign country would be none of his business. Cuba is different. It is a United States protectorate. The Machado dictatorship destroys life, property, and individual liberty. Many of Machado's political opponents have mysteriously disappeared, their bodies found later in prison or washed up by the sea. He has violated property rights of Cubans and Americans, and in the latter cases has defied court rulings and State Department protests. What is the United States going to do about its obligation to preserve those Cuban liberties?"



Keystone View photograph

IS HE A TERROR?

Gerardo Machado, President of Cuba.

TO GRID AMERICA WITH CANALS

A WEB OF INLAND CANALS for the nation, and every Great Lakes port a seaport, round out the forecast of waterways development for our vast commerce flashed by Secretary of War Good as the Federal Government's policy of progress. He pleads for a national rather than a sectional view of rail, air, and water transportation—"we never can have too much of it"—to keep up with increasing commerce, and points out that river and harbor improvements have reduced the nation's freight bills "more than \$600,000,000 annually, while the value of our waterways in national defense can not be expressed in dollars and cents." His program links "the greatest inland transportation system in the world"—our Great Lakes—with waterways to the Gulf of Mexico and waterways to the Atlantic, a 9,000-mile canalization system in the Mississippi drainage basin, and intracoastal canals from New England to Florida and thence Gulf-wise to Texas. This government picture which receives wide attention, Secretary Good presented in an address before the Atlantic Intracoastal Deep Waterways Association, on voyage up the Hudson River, and President Hoover followed it with a message, declaring:

"The growth of our country requires incessant labor on the part of both Federal and State authorities in the improvement of this essential basis of transportation. The Federal Government is expanding its activities in these directions, and I am resolved that it shall be unremitting in waterway development."

In welcoming this reaffirmation of comprehensive waterway development, it is noticeable that our editors immediately fall to discussing the comparative merits of regional projects, like the St. Lawrence or Erie Canal route to the Atlantic, rather than the broad national view for which Secretary Good pleaded. Important press association dispatches mistakenly reported that the Secretary favored the St. Lawrence River project, whereas the text of his address reads:

"It is obvious that the construction of a deep-water connection between the Great Lakes and the Atlantic will be a forward step in the development of this system. Detailed engineering and economic investigations of this problem have been completed covering both the route down the St. Lawrence River and the alternative one through the Erie Canal."

President Loree, of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad, jumps into the fray with another charted route dependent on deepening the barge canal, and the Brookings Institute of Washington issues an engineering and financial analysis which concludes that neither the Department of Commerce plans nor the St. Lawrence projectors have correctly drafted a practicable canal route to make inland cities accessible for ocean shipping. The *Troy Record* exclaims:

"A broad consideration of the whole question, uninfluenced by the raucous shouting of hired publicity men from interested organizations, would be a proper prelude to any authoritative action."

That Uncle Sam is ready to spend millions in addition to the \$1,500,000,000 already paid for river and harbor improvements to link together every part of the country with a chain of inland waterways, is "good news" to many papers. Yet Secretary Good is "ahead of his story," according to the *Hartford Times*:

"It would be an undertaking of immense magnitude to make this country a sort of continental Venice. We are all in favor of internal waterway improvement as a policy, but we differ as to which, and how soon."

Secretary Good explains that Congress is providing less for new projects than for completing the far-reaching water navigation system:

"Projects have been adopted for the improvement of some 200 harbors, nearly 300 rivers, and more than fifty canals and waterways. The major items in this plan include our sea-coast harbors, our intracoastal waterways, the Panama Canal, the Great Lakes harbors and channels, and the great Mississippi River system, including its tributaries."

His picture of the possible opening of central inland States to the seas reads:

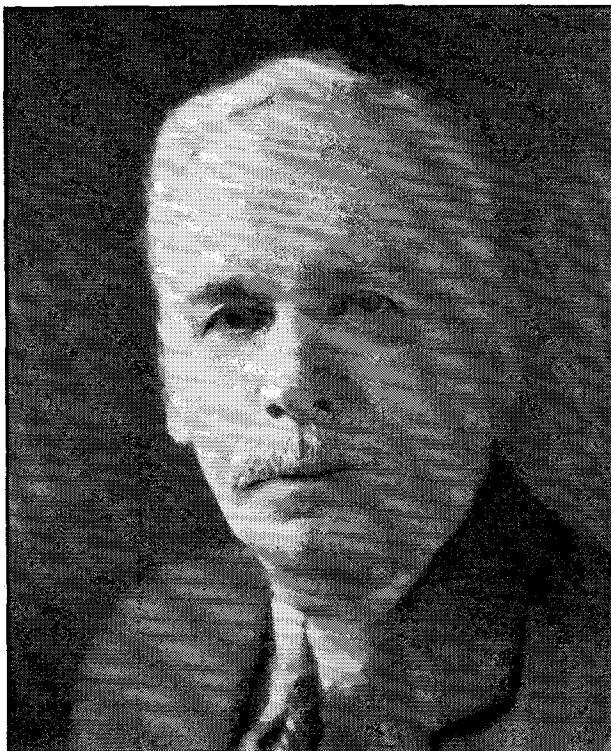
"The Mississippi River, for instance, is approximately 2,500 miles long. With connecting links, it extends from the Lakes to the Gulf. Its great right arm, the Missouri, stretches into the golden Northwest, into the very heart of the Rockies, and its busy left arm, the Ohio, stretches eastwardly from Illinois, until it taps and serves through its tributaries the coal fields of Kentucky, Tennessee, Pennsylvania, and the Virginias. We have here a drainage basin in which, for moderate cost,

we can provide a modern transportation system of 9,000 miles of connected waterway serving twenty States, furnishing a north and south trunk line across the Nation through the Lakes from Duluth through Chicago to the Gulf of Mexico, and an east and west system from Pittsburgh to Sioux City and beyond. This network of waterways in turn will link up with the Great Lakes navigational projects.

"The lakes to-day are the greatest inland transportation system in the world. But at the present time the outward traffic from the Lakes to the sea has to suffer from double handling, and has to move at a sacrifice of economy through the twelve-foot Erie Canal or the fourteen-foot Welland and St. Lawrence canals. We know, from an engineering point of view, that it is entirely feasible to make every lake port a sea port. Chicago, Milwaukee, Duluth, Detroit, Cleveland, and Buffalo can and should be turned into ocean ports; and all their tributary States would at once be brought many hours nearer to the seaboard, and from the viewpoint of economy to world markets, the fullest economical utilization would give the Mid-West its needed direct outlet to the Atlantic."

In the coordinated plan for intracoastal ways from New England to Florida, the "last link" of a canal across New Jersey is now under exhaustive study, Secretary Good says. He points out that waterways development of industries gives railroads more freight to move, and insists that there is no room for local jealousies in building up the system—"the waterways problems are national and must be solved nationally." He concludes:

"Efficient water-borne communication is already dealing powerful blows at our fast-vanishing sectionalism; new projects should be considered not sectionally, but nationally."



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THE MORE WATERWAYS THE BETTER

For our nation, says James W. Good, Secretary of War, but national not local views of development should prevail.

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HIGHER HOPES FOR LOWER TAXES

EXHILARATING NEWS IT IS, in the opinion of press writers, that Treasury conditions now seem to indicate the possibility of a substantial slash in Federal taxes before next year's income-tax payments fall due. Everybody, as the *Washington Post* puts it, "wants tax-reduction, and everybody hopes that it will be found possible. Secretary of the Treasury Mellon had repudiated newspaper reports that his department expects early reduction and that Treasury estimates indicate a large surplus. He calls these estimates "wholly speculative," and explains that it will be months before enough will be known about the Government's financial position to justify any decision on tax-cut recommendations. Both the President and Mr. Mellon, says the *New York Journal of Commerce*, are anxious to give the taxpayers relief, "provided sufficient income is assured to keep the Government away from a deficit." Here, of course, is the rub. Heavy expenditures are ahead of the Government, notes the *Washington Post*:

"Appropriations for the current fiscal year total more than \$3,716,000,000, and despite the exprest determination of the President to limit next year's budget to a total no larger than that sum, there is every reason to believe that no less than \$4,000,000,000 will be required. The proposed Federal prison program will cost \$10,000,000. The fight against the Mediterranean fruit-fly involves an estimated expenditure of \$26,000,000. Provision for Federal buildings, Prohibition enforcement, flood control, and additional funds for the Farm Board will amount to a considerable sum, in addition to which there may be demanded an appropriation for Black Canyon Dam. The outlook is for increased rather than decreased expenditures, and the Government may count itself fortunate that its revenues also bid fair to increase. It remains to be seen whether they will increase sufficiently to make possible a reduction in taxes."

But it is these increasing revenues that assure lower income taxes, in the opinion of other newspaper writers at the capital. Collection of income incorporation taxes from the beginning of the year to last week are said to show an increase of \$271,000,000 over collections for the same period last year, and there was a gain of \$101,000,000 between July 1 (the beginning of the fiscal year) and September 21. If this condition continues, we read in a dispatch to the *New York Journal of Commerce*, Treasury Department experts are said to believe that a "substantial" cut in taxes—from \$200,000,000 to \$300,000,000—could be made effective next March. We read further:

"The reduction in taxes since 1920, when the Government took about 60 per cent. of big incomes, has been nearly \$2,000,000,000, as follows:

"Revenue Act of 1921, \$663,000,000; 1924, \$519,000,000; 1926, \$422,000,000; and 1928, \$222,000,000.

"A reduction of \$300,000,000 in 1930 would mean that \$2,026,000,000 has been lifted off the shoulders of the American people in eight years."

Unexpectedly high tax receipts, especially income taxes, are due, according to a *New York Herald Tribune* dispatch, to the unprecedented prosperity of 1928 and 1929. And we are referred to estimates on the basis of collections to date that for the current fiscal year the main items of revenue will show a total of \$4,200,000,000, divided as follows:

"Income tax, \$2,500,000,000; miscellaneous taxes, \$600,000,000; customs duties, \$600,000,000, and miscellaneous government revenue, \$500,000,000.

"Against this, the appropriations for the current fiscal year, permanent and continuing, aggregate \$3,971,000,000. Thus it may be seen that nearly \$300,000,000 will be available, even on the basis of these estimates, and there are those familiar with Treasury statistics who firmly believe the income will run much larger.

"The skeptics who looked at the figures mentioned that Congress has yet an opportunity to make appropriations of funds to be used in and from the current year. This was admitted by the experts to be true, but, as they pointed out, an

additional appropriation of \$100,000,000 by Congress will not wipe out the surplus that is now promised, barring a sudden and wholly unexpected turn in the business tide."

As to just where the tax cut will be applied, correspondents confess themselves to be in the dark, but *The Herald Tribune* remarks editorially:

"The 1928 cut applied chiefly to corporation income taxes, which were excessive. It gave relief indirectly to the millions of individuals who are now stock owners or interested in stockholdings. The next reduction should benefit primarily those who pay taxes on earned income."

AVIATION'S VICTORY OVER FOG

LIEUT. JAMES H. DOOLITTLE, piloting his plane under conditions duplicating those caused by the densest fog, rose from Mitchel Field, Long Island, on September 24, flew for fifteen miles, and landed safely within a few feet of his point of take-off, without at any time seeing the ground or any part of his machine except the illuminated instrument-board. This achievement in "blind flying," we are told, will focus the interest of aviators all over the world, since fog has long been recognized as man's greatest enemy in the air. In the *New York Evening World* we read:

"It was the first instance in which a pilot negotiated a complete flight while piloting absolutely blind, and was a final secret test of the blind-flying development of the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics. Announcement of the result was made by Harry F. Guggenheim, president of the organization. Lieutenant Doolittle is one of the world's best-known flyers. He used a training plane made completely light-proof and, flying under conditions representing the densest fog, kept circling and landing at given spots entirely by instruments.

"The demonstration represents the successful termination of experiments conducted for nearly a year over the full-flight laboratory established by the fund at Mitchel Field. The principal factors in making the accomplishment possible are a new application of the visual radio beacon, the development of an improved instrument for indicating the longitudinal and lateral position of an airplane, a new directional gyroscope, and a sensitive barometric altimeter so delicate as to measure the altitude of the airplane within a few feet of the ground.

"Unable to see outside the cockpit, and guided entirely by his instruments, Lieutenant Doolittle took off, flew away from the field, turned around, recrossed it, turned again and came back, then landed a short distance from his starting-point.

"In place of the natural horizon by means of which the pilot usually keeps his plane in a stable and safe flying position, and which the flyer is deprived of in a fog, the army daredevil used an 'artificial horizon' in the form of a small instrument indicating longitudinal and lateral position with relation to the ground at all times.

"Stability thus assured, Doolittle was able to locate the landing field by means of the direction-finding radio. In addition to the long-distance radio beacon known to this country for some time, another beacon had been installed governing the immediate approach to the field, casting a beam from fifteen to twenty miles in length in either direction.

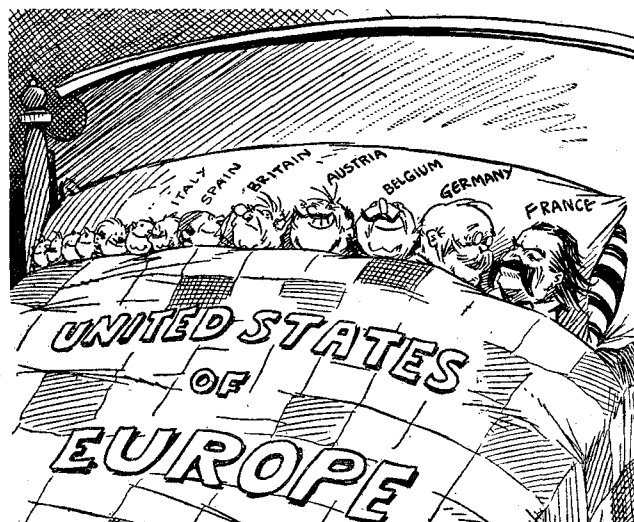
"On the instrument-board a visual radio receiver, consisting of two vibrating reeds tuned to the radio beacon, enabled Doolittle to locate the beam and, through it, the landing field. If he turned to the right of his course, the right reed showed excessive vibration, while if he turned to the left, the left reed at once commenced a little dance. By keeping the two reeds in equilibrium he was able to fly directly down the path of the beam to his landing."

Concerning the importance of this demonstration, Mr. Guggenheim is quoted in the *New York Evening Post* as saying:

"This is the most important announcement the Fund has yet made. The demonstration eliminates the last great hazard to the reliability of airplane travel, and means that a principle has been developed which, when eventually perfected for commercial use, will make the airplane more independent of weather conditions than any other form of transportation."



THE SINCEREST FLATTERY
—Smith in the San Francisco Examiner.



WORLD POLITICS MAKES STRANGE BEDFELLOWS
—Byck in the Brooklyn Times.



PAPA TAKES THE FAMILY FOR AN OUTING
—Alley in the Memphis Commercial Appeal.



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ALL RIGHT, IF OLD PHARAOH DOESN'T FIND IT OUT
—Darling in the New York Herald Tribune.



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ONE OF CUPID'S ARROWS HAS GONE ASTRAY!
—Thiele in the Kankakee (Ill.) News.

CARTOON CHEERS FOR OLD EUROPE'S NEW UNCLE SAM

MAINE HOLDS HER WATER-POWER TIGHT

MAINE VOTERS put a veto on corporations that want to take her hydro-electric power to other States, and the State thereby gets mixed blame and praise for being Yankee-peculiar in the sight of an observant outside press. "If one State can impound power, all can," says the *Newark Evening News*, "and an immense restriction of national development is made possible." But the *Boston Globe* declares that "considering the high-handed way in which these companies have acted, the voters of Maine were quite justified." It is even suggested that this "slap" at the eastern wing of the so-called "superpower trust" may have had something to do with the Morgan-Niagara-Hudson conciliatory announcement of company policies in New York State, covered in THE LITERARY DIGEST last week. The power situation, however, differs in these two States. In New York, Governor Roosevelt holds that the State still owns St. Lawrence River power sites for which the Morgan group must bargain. In Maine the Insull-Wyman-Gannett combination of financial and industrial interests already own the power sites, and Maine is said to be the only State where, under the 20-year-old Fernald law, chartered companies are prohibited from exporting hydro-electric power. Governor Gardiner and the legislature approved a new bill which would permit conditional export of surplus power beyond the borders of the State, but a special referendum early in September turned it down by a majority of about 10,000 in a total vote of 114,500. "It was a grand old campaign," observes the *New York Times*, "water having succeeded rum as the prime question in Maine. Mr. Samuel Insull of Chicago, who controls most of the power companies, became the boggy of the antis. Save Maine from Insullization!" That a State should "go to the extreme of preventing electricity from passing out of its borders is rather overdoing the business of conserving such resources," according to the *Brooklyn Eagle*.

"If the power sites were still owned in Maine, the *Baltimore Sun* thinks that "the opposition to sale of power outside the State would be less vigorous." But—

"Mr. Insull's plan was that his generating companies should sell power to his transmission companies, which, in turn, would sell it to his companies outside Maine. The people of Maine saw their power being used to enrich stockholders outside the State, with little benefit to Maine aside from the insignificant number of people employed by the power companies themselves. And Maine's one bet, so far as industrial prosperity is concerned, is water-power. In that she is immensely rich.

"The victory for the anti-export forces was carried against the overwhelming opposition of the financial community and of the press, with the exception of the *Portland Evening News* and the *Bangor News*. Mr. Insull's propaganda was too ubiquitous and insistent to be persuasive in New England, where 'outside interference' is anathema to the population."

The result of the referendum was a "shock to the power trust," insists the *Providence News*, for—

"They had been able to do what they wished with the legislature, but they found dealing with the mass of the voters another matter. One of the factors that make the downfall of the power interests in Maine especially pleasing is that it was accomplished in the face of outrageous attempts to influence newspaper opinion. The *Portland Evening News*, in particular, was singled out for attack by the power people, and by such business and industrial interests as they could control."

C. C. Nicolet of the *Portland Evening News* declares, in a contribution to *The Nation* (New York), that the referendum

"voiced a deep-seated and growing resentment against the whole economic tendency of the day toward giant mergers and the combination of widely separated fields of activity under joint management. For Maine in recent years has been the scene of a daring attempt of a small group of men to obtain control of the press, the banks, and the industries, as well as the water-power, of the State."

The *Portland Evening Express*, on the other hand, deplores the "extremely regrettable results," and says:

"The defeat of the power export bill was a surprise to most people, for so much in the way of material advancement was in store for Maine in case the act was adopted that it did not seem possible that the voters would reject it. But Maine has been taught too long that power export is wrong. For a generation now this doctrine has been assiduously preached to them in season and out, so that a brief six months was too short a time in which to undo that teaching."

The *Boston Herald* sees little probability of the passage of any export act in the near future, and notes the feeling in New England States that the one thing to do next is "to return to the Brewster plan of an inter-State compact under the Compact Clause of the Federal Constitution, so that Maine may let the power pass its borders and keep control of it at the same time."

Many papers appear inclined to pat canny Maine on the back. The power interests "can learn something from what happened in the Maine referendum," concludes the *Topeka Capital*. "Whether the people of Maine acted foolishly, wisely, or impotently, they at least were sensible of their own rights and the value of their natural resources," observes the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* remarks:

"How much longer the people will be able to hold out against the immensely powerful Insull crowd would be difficult to say. Up to the present, however, the people have stood their ground with true New England pertinacity. More power, literally and figuratively, to them."

Other papers, like the *Nashville Banner*, find that "Maine has sounded a discordant note" in our country's development of great interconnecting electrical power systems "which have done so much to revolutionize living conditions, especially in the rural districts." This decision is important to States like New Jersey having no natural power resources, declares the *Newark Evening News*, which points out that—

"In the 1923 natural-gas case it was decided by seven of nine United States Supreme Court justices that West Virginia could not prohibit exportation by pipe line of that natural resource, since in so doing she would traverse the exclusive right of the Congress to regulate interstate commerce. It was remarked at the time, in comment on that ruling, that it could not safely be otherwise, since States might likewise restrict the nation's supplies of wheat, corn, coal, cotton and other basic necessities."

Reminding us that jealousies of States over power rights constantly recur as in the case of Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam, the *New York Journal of Commerce* says:

"But for the constitutional restrictions upon hindrances to interstate commerce, the individual commonwealths that go to form the American Union would doubtless be as jealous and exclusive in hoarding all their natural resources as the individual States of Europe. Certainly the conflict between State and general interests that is revealed by the exclusionist power policy of Maine suggests the need for action to prevent other parts of the Union from following the example set.

"It has to be admitted that, in the absence either of adequate Federal regulation of power resources, or of interstate agreements that would guarantee to Maine a measure of control over the terms and conditions under which power would be sold outside her boundaries, her citizens may have acted wisely in refusing to change a protective law of long standing."

"It is difficult to find fault with the decision," according to the *Troy Record*, which points out that Maine, historically opposed to Southern State rights before the Civil War, has "demonstrated once more that States rights, like the tariff, is a local issue." She feels that her dreamed-of future depends upon her one resource of abundant cheap power, and the one way to "come back" at the extreme tip of New England is to refuse alienation of that power: "if power companies wish to develop power, let them find Maine industries to use it; or let them find industries elsewhere which will come 'down East' to get the power."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

IF Russia and China really fight our money goes on Japan.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

JUST wait till that United States of Europe starts to enact a tariff law!—*Arkansas Gazette.*

THE Lindberghs will probably be the first American family to require a two-plane hangar.—*Brunswick Pilot.*

GARLIC, it is said, is a good preventive of flu. Well, we suppose even a germ must draw the line somewhere.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

NEW YORK is to have a Luxembourg for modern art. Pictures, we assume, will be kept in the new museum until somebody discovers what they mean.—*The New Yorker.*

A PERFECT mother doesn't let her cigaret ashes get into the baby's eyes.—*Leesburg (Fla.) Commercial.*

"THE wedding reception beggared description," says a report in a local paper. Not to mention father.—*The Passing Show.*

FORT WORTH has the lowest death-rate in the State. Once per individual is about as low as we can get it in Dallas.—*Dallas News.*

A REALLY good pocketbook has compartments for money, business cards, driver's license, and police court summons.—*Kay Features.*

A TOURIST is a person who can name every town where he had a puncture or got stung on the price of a sandwich.—*St. Joseph News-Press.*

NORTH CAROLINA mobs whipt men who preached Communism. They were afraid the preaching might encourage disregard for law.—*New Bedford Times.*

"THE tariff on musical—or so-called musical—instruments should, of course, provide a sliding scale for trombones," says *The Arkansas Gazette.* And the tariff on bass drums should, of course, be fixt at so much per pound.—*Louisville Times.*

A PSYCHOLOGIST claims that woman wears better than man. She may wear better, but not nearly so much.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

AN article says that chemists have found xylose in peanut shells. Very disheartening, we should think, if they were looking for peanuts.—*Detroit News.*

THE autumn fashions will be full of quaint eccentricities, says a women's paper. It seems a very ungallant sort of thing to say.—*The Passing Show (London).*

WE wonder whether that college professor who has assembled and classified 507 "known annoyances" included the person who collects useless statistics?—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A NEW YORK contractor telephoned his barber to come to Europe and give him a hair-cut. We thought Europeans knew all there was to be known about trimming Americans.—*Augusta Chronicle.*

IN many Eastern countries, we read, it is the correct thing to remove the shoes before entering a house. Many late husbands have unknowingly been copying the customs of the East for a long time.—*The Humorist.*

THEY call it "pin money" because the man of the house gets stuck for it.—*Nashville Banner.*

IT is said that most of the lipstick is poison, but there's no use trying to live always.—*Brunswick Pilot.*

WILHELM says that if he goes back to Germany he'll go back as Kaiser. He must like Holland.—*Springfield (O.) Sun.*

FOR years and years the two sexes have raced for supremacy, but at last they seem to have settled down to neck and neck.—*Kay Features.*

AN American millionaire says that he has never yet visited a London night club. This accounts for the fact that he is still a millionaire.—*The Humorist (London).*

THEY'RE organizing a United States of Europe. Wonder where the vice-president's folks will sit?—*Jacksonville Journal.*

A BRITISHER wants to give up the Palestine mandate. And we saw a man once who wanted to give up the hives.—*Dallas News.*

IF you think it a simple matter to establish naval parity, try to determine how many cows equal six sheep.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

NONE of us know where the younger generation is headed, but we all must admit that it seems to be enjoying the trip.—*Kay Features.*

NOW a scientist says mosquitoes eat one another. We've often wondered for what purpose Nature provided them.—*Stockton Independent.*

IT is yet too early to tell whether the English textile strike or the Chinese-Russian dispute will cause an increase in the price of coal this time.—*American (Ind.) Herald.*

IN some of the larger cities schools for teaching women to shop are being established. Now it's up to somebody to endow one of our leading universities with a professorship to let birds know what their wings are for.—*Jackson News.*

"LITERARY people rarely commit crimes," says a writer. He evidently doesn't read many modern novels.—*The Passing Show (London).*

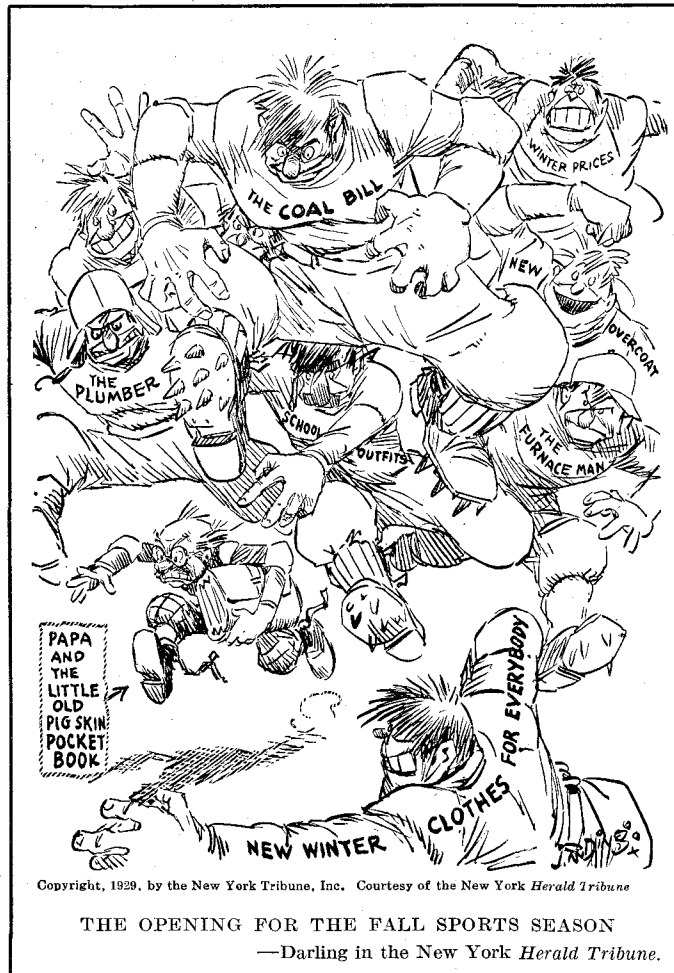
THE alleged chemist who said diamonds can be made from sugar, perhaps has been studying the new tariff bill.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"WHO invented high heels?" asks a writer. One theory is that it was the idea of a short, pretty girl who was continually being kissed on the forehead.—*The Humorist (London).*

A HUNTER in Abyssinia traded a bottle of cognac for four baboons and three monkeys. If that had been the American brand, he could have had his hooch and his monkeys, too.—*Jacksonville Journal.*

THE movement is gaining ground to have the name of every community painted on some conspicuous roof. This will be a great help to the motorist struck by a fast freight at the crossing.—*Detroit News.*

AS we understand the news from the Orient, Russia and China have settled their differences amicably and are fighting fiercely along a two-thousand-mile front. It is nice to know that this is not a grudge fight.—*The New Yorker.*



THE OPENING FOR THE FALL SPORTS SEASON
—Darling in the New York Herald Tribune.

FOREIGN - COMMENT

IS THE ENTENTE CORDIALE DYING?

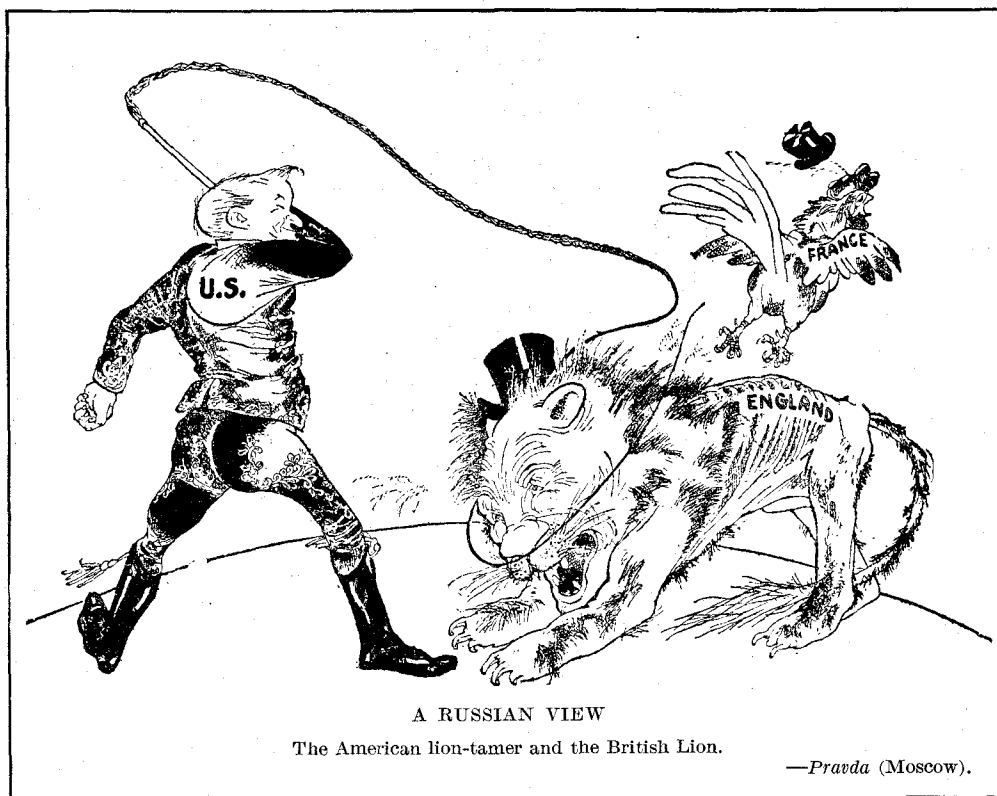
THE SPLENDID SPIRIT that animated Anglo-French relations through the Entente Cordiale is said to be rapidly evaporating as a result of the Hague conference. French journalists deplore the fact and at the same time note in the German press a tendency toward rejoicing over it. Only cynical ears are turned in France toward the assurances of certain British spokesmen that John Bull and Marianne are still as good friends as ever. Meanwhile, a Paris newspaper, *l'Avenir*, laments that the Franco-German understanding makes no progress whatever. The Anglo-French Entente, it darkly adds, is just about in the condition it was at the time of the Fashoda

informing their electors that they have just sapped the Entente Cordiale at its base. The middle-class Englishman has not entirely forgotten the war and the menace of German aggression that was dreaded in his country. He feels in a confused way that French friendship is not a negligible thing. Should we tell him that there are those who would substitute for this friendship other bonds more or less strong, more or less sincere? No!

The Paris *Journal des Débats* takes note of the speech of Labor's Foreign Minister Henderson at The Hague, in which he expressed the wish that the relations between the governments of England and France should be "imprinted with candor, confidence, and cordiality." Like a good fellow, this newspaper declares, Mr. Henderson was trying to erase the impression of Mr. Snowden's methods, and his statement, a wholly personal one, is appreciated as such, but can have no political importance whatever. This daily proceeds:

"Yet it must be said flatly because it is the truth, that the Entente Cordiale, despite the recent affirmation of the English Foreign Minister, no longer actually exists. We hope that some day it will be reborn. In any event, it will be utterly ruined if people try to make the public believe that it is always alive. Then the public, not unreasonably, would ask for something more fixt and more satisfactory. The Laborites seem to be convinced that, in order to put peace on a sound foundation, they must begin by winding up old friendships."

A comprehensive examination of the Entente Cordiale is contributed to *The New Statesman* (London) by Sisley Huddleston, a well-known English authority on



incident, and the warning is given that "without a Franco-German understanding, without the Entente Cordiale, there is no United States of Europe, there is no European peace, there is no peace at all." The organization to blame for this, it is charged, is English Socialism. The author of these remarks, Joseph Barthélemy, goes on to say in *l'Avenir*:

"What Labor is doing is pure Chauvinism, the worn-out and dangerous policy of prestige. The foreign policy of England, said Mr. Snowden, is really too feeble. It must be bolstered up. That is why this Laborite brought his fist down on the table like a hammer. All England stood behind its representative. The Berlin *Vorwaerts*, a German Socialist organ, bows before such energy, and describes Mr. Briand, discussing the evacuation of the Rhineland, as an old shopkeeper who waves his arms angrily because he isn't getting the right prices at his bargain sale."

Another Paris newspaper, *l'Ami du Peuple*, professes the warmest friendship for the British people, who are deceived by their 'demagogues' as insolently as the French people are deceived by theirs, and "this is saying a great deal." According to this newspaper—

"The Laborites who are in power in England, and whose situation is solidified by the Conservative press, have no interest in

European affairs. If by the phrase Entente Cordiale is meant a genuine but not exclusive friendship between the two countries, he avers, he would applaud it because he has always striven for a truer understanding between them. But he adds:

"If by the phrase Entente Cordiale is meant some kind of special alliance, some kind of first-class friendship, as distinct from second-class friendships with other countries, then surely the Entente Cordiale is condemned both by circumstances and by the new international principles which are loudly proclaimed."

"In practice there has frequently been a divergence of views. Whether France or England has been right is not the point. With the Entente Cordiale nominally in existence, what could happen—and did happen—when there was a divergence of views? One of two things. Either England and France, insisting on their individual views, felt aggrieved at the obstinacy of each other, and regarded their differences as disloyalty to a binding tho unwritten compact; or else one considered it necessary, in loyalty to this imaginary compact, to subordinate its views to the views of the other. In either event a false position was created."

"There are plenty of examples of both events. In recent years there have been times when England has been compelled to take an independent line. France, not unnaturally, regarded such a revolt as a proof of perfidiousness. Believing in the Entente Cordiale as a definite pledge that France and England should act together in all circumstances, France became indignant

that England would not act with her. Such, it will be remembered, was the case when Lord Curzon refused to enter the Ruhr. England, he it remarked, was not under the smallest obligation, legal or moral, to enter the Ruhr because France chose to do so; and, altho one can make legal reservations respecting the rights of France, it may nevertheless be roundly said that France was under no obligation to stay out of the Ruhr because England would not accompany her. Yet, largely because of the supposed existence of this hypothetical Entente, the relations of France and England were rendered almost intolerable."

Mr. Huddleston then calls attention to the fact that England's former Foreign Minister, Sir Austen Chamberlain, "with the hearty accord of Mr. Briand," first denounced in effect the "obsolete Entente Cordiale" when he helped to draw up the Locarno Pact. The Locarno Pact is still little understood, says this correspondent, but its moral effect, if all its implications were fulfilled, would be a certain *rapprochement* of France and Germany. He continues:

"But it would also be a dissolution of the special liens between France and England. The British authorities made it clear that whatever engagements were taken by the guaranteeing Powers toward France were equally taken toward Germany. In future, England stood on the same footing with Germany as with France. The Locarno Pact is full of flaws, loopholes, and ambiguities, but if it meant anything, it meant the dissolving of the Franco-British war alliance. There would be cooperation with France, but there would be likewise cooperation with Germany; and it is entirely contrary to the spirit of the Locarno Pact for England to take automatically the side of France, any more than it should automatically take the side of Germany. Independence and interdependence are not incompatible; on the contrary, there can be no true coordination based upon subservience. The Locarno Pact swallowed up the old Entente Cordiale. It broadened the basis of European understanding. It is said that two Powers should not stand against a third, but that the three should endeavor to work together in amity. That is the law of Western Europe, which has not always been observed. The law of Western Europe is not the Entente Cordiale—with its nebulous and unknown obligations—but the Locarno Pact.

"Nor is there any undertaking that this or that country shall neglect its national interests. France has often, with remarkable intransigence, put forward its claims. Germany has persistently demanded the readjustment of reparations and the removal of coercion. It is not surprising, nor is it improper, for England to demand fair treatment. The trouble at The Hague, now happily overcome, arose from the inability of Continental countries to conceive the abandonment of the imaginary and obsolete Entente Cordiale, which, for no reason whatever, was supposed to comport British subordination and British sacrifices."

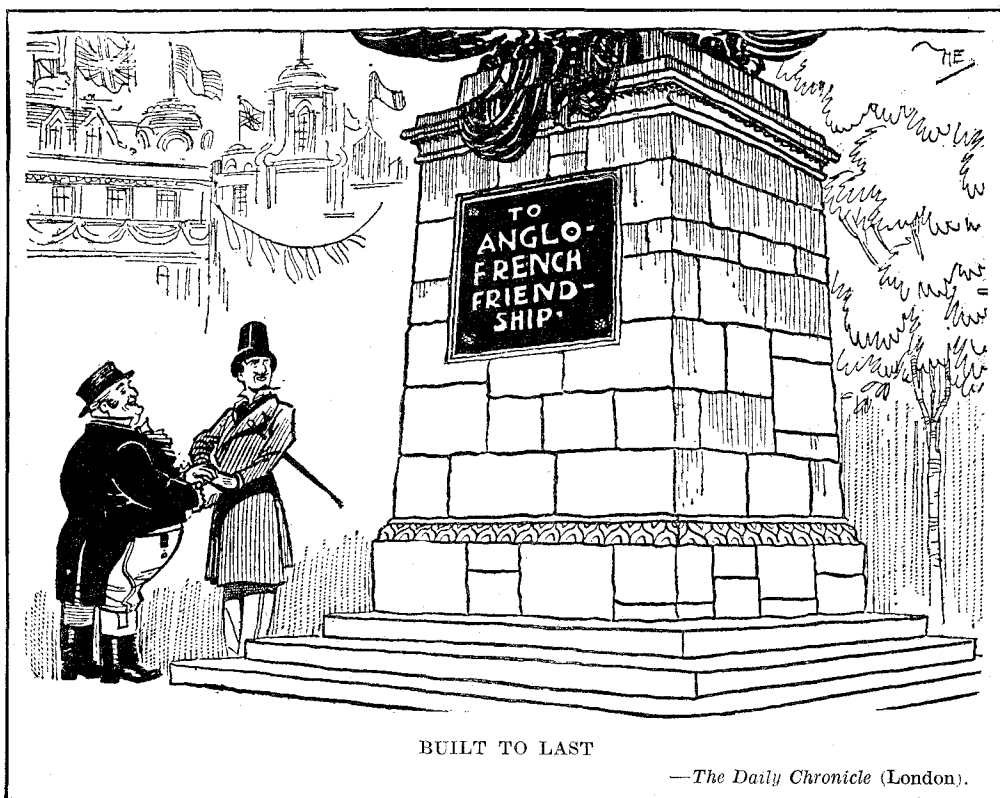
In a Geneva dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune* we read that there is an undeniable divergence of the British policy from the French at the League of Nations tenth assembly:

"Delegates of the Quai d'Orsay contend that the British attitude constitutes a complete repudiation of commitments, not to say a movement to reopen questions supposedly decided once for all by the Conservative predecessors of the Labor government.

"These French delegates, moreover, believe that the interests of British overseas possessions demand their mother country's partial withdrawal from the field of continental politics, and the delegates assert that Britain is trying to guard her interests on the Continent while turning her back on former European alliances and facing steadfastly toward the United States."

THE ALPHABET AGE IN TURKEY

HOW PROFOUND A CHANGE in the every-day life and thoughts of a nation may ensue as the result of changing its alphabet is in evidence now in Turkey. Since June, it appears, it has been illegal to use the old Arabic letters in any public document. Arabic letters have been totally replaced by the Latin alphabet. If this seems an easy transformation, say some, imagine the English-speaking peoples of the world, and of all countries where the Latin alphabet is the only one in use, trying to set down the simplest commonplace phrases in Arabic characters. The old Arabic characters, writes a Constantinople correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, have given way to the Latin in all public documents, in the address on envelops and letters, in telegrams, and in all business accounts. And as for letters addressed in Arabic script still being mailed by ignorant people, there is an accumulation of thousands of them at the Post Office, and if not reclaimed



within ninety days they are to be destroyed. This informant proceeds:

"A functionary, after he has filled up a difficult form, reverts, if he has to make an annotation on the back, to the Arabic script. This is legitimately used as shorthand, and as soon as it becomes possible the official—almost with an audible sigh of relief—begins to let his pen run speedily over the paper in the writing of his youth. It is the same with mathematical calculations. Before the sum-total can be written in our figures, which are now alone legal, the sum is worked out in the old Turkish figures. They still come so much more naturally to the mind of the adult, and he risks fewer mistakes.

"As for private letters and note-books, it is certain that they are still chiefly written in the Arabic characters, and only the more literary take the trouble to correspond with their friends in the new language. Even the members of the teaching profession have been found guilty of this fault—it is not an illegality—and the Minister of Instruction has had to admonish them to set a better example.

"So far from the slowly increasing literacy—which is still combined with so much difficulty in using the new characters—having, as was expected, ousted the public letter-writers, who were installed in mosque courtyards, public squares, and especially outside the courts of justice, from their work of service to the population, that work has, on the contrary, increased. They have become experts in the new language and the new orthography, and they have adopted typewriters."

A RELIC OF FEUDALISM IN EUROPE

"PEACE AND LONG LIFE to our new sovereigns!" is a cry seldom heard nowadays in Europe, and yet at the installation of Francis I, Prince of Liechtenstein, we are told, it was shouted from dawn to dark. The former

which is not such a bad one, in a country where agriculture prospers.

"After the war was over Liechtenstein drew closer to Switzerland, and in 1924 concluded a customs union with that country. Since 1921 this small nation has had its own constitution and its own legislation. Geneva recognized its sovereignty. To-day this last vestige of the Middle Ages in the heart of Europe is sinking into oblivion."



From the Paris Illustration

"PEACE AND LONG LIFE TO OUR NEW SOVEREIGNS!"

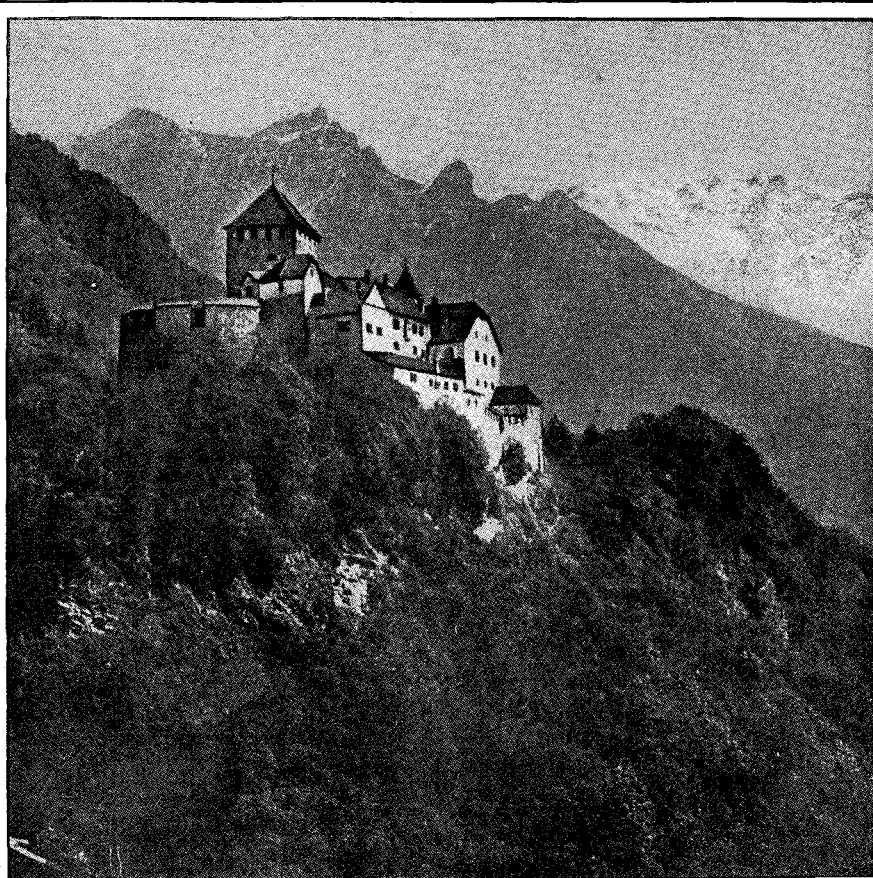
The Princess Elsa, wife of Prince Francis I of Liechtenstein, is seated on the dais at the left. In the center is the Bishop of Coire, and next to him is Prince Francis, receiving the homage of some of his 10,000 people.

The princely castle whose ancient walls dominate Vaduz, the chief village, is said by Yvon Lapaquellerie in *Illustration* to shine as a striking symbol of the feudalism of the past, as it rises with its somber towers from roots sunk in precipices that are picturesquely clothed with black forests. Above them appear isolated peaks, some of which are more than 7,500 feet high. One would think this castle should be replete with legends, but the guide said in reply to that suggestion:

"To tell you the truth, there's nothing like that about this place. It is related that long ago a white hand used to mysteriously appear there, and that a savage goat-herd used to play the flute on the ramparts of the castle, but it is, possesses a practical mind and gives no heed to such incredible stories."

ruler of this curious relic of feudalism in Europe, John II, died last spring leaving no issue, and his brother succeeds him on the throne. Early in August, in company with his wife, the Princess Elsa, this ruler of a kind of Ruritanian domain, took possession of his seat and received the homage of his subjects. As the *Paris Illustration* points out, this change of régime in the independent principality of Liechtenstein, on the Austro-Swiss border, took place almost unnoticed amid the many happenings in a busier and more up-to-date Europe. It lies at the crossway of the roads that lead from Germany into Italy and from Switzerland into Austria, and altho for several centuries it was an independent member of the Germanic Confederation, it was created a sovereign State in 1723. After the Congress of Vienna in 1815, the reigning Prince engaged to furnish the Emperor with eighty soldiers for Austria, and annually twenty conscripts were enrolled who did military service for the period of four years. We read then:

"In Liechtenstein, the most peaceful section of Europe, this conscription is still spoken of with disgust. At the conclusion of the Austro-Prussian war in 1866, the Court of Vienna was notified that thenceforward it could no longer count on the muskets of Liechtenstein. Whether through carelessness or negligence, no treaty of peace was signed with the Prince of Liechtenstein, and as the result the principality may be still in a state of war with Prussia. During the war that began in 1914, the principality turned a deaf ear to the advances of its German neighbor. Austria, its suzerain, immediately abandoned it to its fate,



From the Paris Illustration

WHERE FEUDAL DAYS STILL LAST IN EUROPE

The castle of Prince Francis I of Liechtenstein, a principality that became a sovereign State in 1723. The Prince's police force consists of three gendarmes. The Parliament contains fifteen deputies representing two political parties, the Citizens party and the Farmers party.

GROUCHING ABOUT THE GRAF'S TRIP

THE THRILL ALL GERMANY FELT when the *Graf Zeppelin* completed its round-the-world voyage, which is described by some German editors as "the most famous voyage since Magellan's," was somewhat spoiled by the envious and grudging tone displayed in certain sections of the foreign press. So thinks the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*, which is quite down in the mouth because it noticed a lack of enthusiasm among English newspapers for the *Graf's* great achievement. This Berlin daily feels aggrieved that they took this feat as if it were a second-rate performance. The explanation is, we are told, that the English intend to send airships of their own around the world soon, and are afraid to expend energy or enthusiasm in rejoicing over the *Graf's* voyage. As for the Polish press, the *Kreuz Zeitung* hands out this slap:

"The Polish press naturally interpreted the east Asiatic trip of the *Graf Zeppelin* as a piece of propaganda to promote the German penetration of the Eastern world. It was pointed out in Poland that this airship voyage was undertaken just when there were international complications throughout Asia. It was also highly significant to the Polish press that Eckener, despite the permission he got to sail elsewhere, chose to fly over Poland along the traditional line of German expansion: Danzig-Koenigsberg-Lithuania. That is the military course to Russia.

"A hint that the airship had to go over mountains and hills as well as natural features little studied in detail, led the Polish press to manufacture its misinterpretation that the Zeppelin did not stick to the usual roads of aerial flight but strove to measure heights, to plumb depths, to seek fresh paths and courses unexplored. One Polish paper even criticizes the Zeppelin for flying in the full panoply of war, a circumstance pointing, it says, to the 'real purpose' of the trip! The navigation of the air over Poland's coast line is termed a diplomatic provocation."

But the envy of the British and the jealousy of the Poles do not surprize the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, because Germany, it fears, does not know how to make any use of her assets in the air, to say nothing of her assets on solid ground:

"Once we were a nation of thinkers and poets, and as such renowned and celebrated and sung during a period of our might. To-day we build the swiftest ocean ships, a marvel of technical efficiency. A German airship flies over all the waters of the wide world or over the oceans, at any rate. How speedily it covered the distance between Berlin and Tokyo and then onward! Thus the nation of poets and thinkers subdues space and time, precisely at the period of its deepest diplomatic degradation. A hundred years ago German culture attained a height that was the greatest in its history. Then the army and the government services absorbed the pick of the German people. To-day the choice spirits of the land are technically efficient, masters of the engine. But diplomacy?

"German dreamers! Time and space we subdue. The powers of Nature are tamed for our service, but our place in the sisterhood of nations we do not know how to keep. A strange people!"

In France, the *Paris Figaro* is cordial in its praise of German skill and inventiveness in the field of the air, and it records ungrudgingly the triumphal reception accorded the *Graf* at Friedrichshafen after its return. Especially, this Paris daily admires the diligence and tenacity of effort characteristic of the Germans,

and it urges the French to imitate them in this respect. But it adds:

"The voyage of the Zeppelin was not merely a sporting enterprise. All the echoes that reach us from Germany through the German press indicate as a certainty that its mission was to spread German propaganda and prestige the world over.

"Moreover, it has come to the knowledge of the French press that Germany purposes to build along the Rhine, in the demilitarized zones, whose demilitarization is a vital necessity for our security, hangars for Zeppelins and landing ports. Now, the Treaty of Versailles is explicit on this point. The aim of the Reich, which in the matter of air navigation has infringed the obligations of the treaty, is designed at nothing less than to



P. & A. photograph

THE WELCOME GERMANY GAVE THE GRAF ZEPPELIN

More than 20,000 enthusiasts greeted the mighty aircraft at the end of its round-the-world voyage.

obtain from us, under pretext of sport and of commerce, the right to build at our very doors an air fleet that the authors of the Treaty of Versailles had every good reason to prohibit—and every one knows why."

THEY'RE LIVING BETTER IN BRITAIN—The rich are poorer in Britain, and tho the poor have not become richer, they are better off than they were as far as living conditions are concerned. The wealthy classes are reported to have suffered a loss in real income as compared with prewar times. But tho the retail cost of necessities for a working family is estimated to have risen from 1914 by rather more than 60 per cent., notes the *Toronto Mail and Empire*, wages have risen on the average by about 80 per cent. But, this newspaper adds:

"The actual rate of increase is, of course, much lower than the average in some industries and much higher in others. Wage-earners have benefited also in another respect. The system of unemployment insurance which has been evolved since the war, with all its imperfections, has at least succeeded in distributing the burden more or less over the whole community.

"Is the net result of these complex changes beneficial or the reverse, from the standpoint of the national welfare? The student of industry, regarding the matter from the standpoint of the aggregate national wealth—past, present, and future—will express his regret that the enjoyment of a higher standard of living by many millions of people has been accompanied by an unquestionable decline in the annual volume of national savings. The student whose sympathies are engaged rather with the condition of the worker himself may reply that the fuller and more satisfying life enjoyed by the citizens of Great Britain at the present time has a sound, progressive, and stabilizing social value."

SCIENCE • AND • INVENTION

BETTER, NOT MORE, UNIVERSITY TEACHERS

OUR UNIVERSITIES ARE OVERSTAFFED, and this prevents the salary increases which alone can raise the level of ability in their faculties. This is the contention of Prof. Yandell Henderson, of Yale, set forth in a letter to *Science* (New York). Use your money not for enlargements, but for raising salaries, says Professor Henderson to these institutions. Then you can command ability which your present wage-scales are not able to attract. This advice, of course, goes directly counter to the present tendency to make classes small, with a consequent increase of the teaching staff; but Professor Henderson is sure that he is right. He says:

"Our colleagues now have generally no effective understanding of the essential elements in the situation. Only a day or two ago I heard one of them from a sister university express appreciation of the Yale study [of incomes and living costs], together with the hope that it would influence salaries at his own institution. But in the next sentence he stated, and with evident satisfaction, that in the undergraduate school of his university the tutorial system is to be introduced on a broad scale. Like the majority of our colleagues in all American colleges and universities, he wants both to increase the number of the faculty and to have higher salaries. But the reason why the enormous sums of money which are annually added to the endowment of our educational institutions produce only a sluggish upward movement of salaries is that the number of salaried teachers is increased in nearly the same proportion as are the funds available.

"Higher intellectual quality in the teachers is the most important element in better teaching. No new educational devices, however meritorious in themselves, such as the tutorial system, residential halls with separate staffs, etc., can contribute to the education of large bodies of students to a degree comparable with a few able teachers. A generally higher quality can be obtained only by a much higher salary scale. Therefore, the greatest improvement in our universities involves holding the faculties at approximately their present size until funds accumulate sufficient for higher salaries. So enormous are the sums now annually poured into our universities that there are few institutions, which, if they met this condition and limited the increase in the faculty, would not be enabled within a decade to raise all salaries 50 to 100 per cent. At that higher level of salaries and ability new educational devices could be introduced with a much greater chance of proving effective than on the present level of salaries and ability.

"This proposal, however, runs head on into collision with the idea, now prevalent, that college students can be taught effectively only in small classes. This idea is generally offered as the reason, or excuse, for the enlargement of the faculties to keep pace with the increase of students. Doubtless the highest grade teaching should be done in small classes, or even tutorially. Doubtless the most valuable man is the productive scholar. Certainly there are many valuable teachers who lack the exuberant personality requisite to hold large classes. Yet surely not all teaching even in the large general subjects must necessarily be done only in small sections. If the small class, or rather the small division of all large classes, is carried much further than at present the outlook for higher salaries is hopeless. University salaries

are now at the level that mediocrity commands in other callings, and the intellectual level tends toward equality with that of salaries. The small-class idea is bringing into the faculties an increasing proportion of men who would be usefully employed as teachers in high and preparatory schools. They lack both the productive and the erudite impulses in scholarship. They have neither the personality nor the energy to teach a class of more than a few college students."

Fortunately, says Professor Henderson, neither low salaries nor the small-class trend nor the diminishing demand for teachers

of vigorous personality have as yet entirely eliminated men capable of teaching moderate-sized or even large classes effectively. Altho such men are often too active-minded to achieve the most fundamental work of scholarship, yet because of their energy they rarely fail to become leaders. At present, he asserts, instead of being encouraged to teach large classes, such men are often made to keep step merely with the small-class teachers, lest the difference between the mediocre and the able should be too evident. He proceeds:

"There is public jubilation when funds for the addition of another school or institute in the university are announced. But for the faculty, and for those who desire improvement in the quality of the faculty, such additions should often be rather a cause of regret. Unless there is a clear and urgent need for the education and the research which the new school or institute may afford, it inevitably does more harm than good to the university and to general cultural advancement. By enlarging the faculty it renders any future sums for raising the level of salaries and ability proportionally less effective.

"The essential point is that our universities are already vastly overextended, and yet they are continually being extended further. A railroad or factory which followed such a policy and allowed the quality of its staff to deteriorate, while continually absorbing new capital and expending it on new lines instead of on strengthening those already existing, would go bankrupt.

"Let us face the facts. The universities are not now attracting ability into their faculties. Exceptions occur, but this is the rule. If the universities want a higher intellectual level, they will have to pay for it.

"If a university wants a certain level of ability on its faculty, it is only necessary to get from the tax assessor's office the values placed on the houses in which live the economic class with that level of ability. It may be that of the leading lawyers, doctors, bankers, and business men of the town, or merely the general run of the legal and medical professions; or bank clerks; or policemen; or day-laborers. Whichever it is, half the valuation of their homes is the approximate market price in that town for the corresponding level of ability.

"Application of this principle to the present salary scales in our universities reveals the underlying cause of the increasing demand for 'better teaching.' This need is not met, but is rather increased, by each additional million now devoted to expansion. More teachers for smaller classes, new educational devices, additional departments, schools, and institutes, larger and more imposing universities are all poor substitutes for a faculty of a high level of intellectual energy."



Keystone View Company photograph

MORE BRAINS

Not more professors, is the need of American colleges, says Prof. Yandell Henderson.

A GAS-ELECTRIC, GEARLESS AUTOMOBILE

A COMBINATION GASOLINE and electric car, with no clutch or gears to shift, and capable of quick pick-up and fast speed on hills has just been delivered to Col. E. H. R. Green at his South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, estate. It is the first of its kind, and is the result of combined experimental work by engineers and builders. Says Guy Bartlett, in a press bulletin issued by the General Electric Company:

"In external appearance it looks just like any gasoline-driven car. The difference is in the mechanism under the floor boards and the controls at the driver's seat. There are but two foot pedals, one to the left for the brake and one to the right for the gas. The clutch-pedal and the gear-shift rod are eliminated. The emergency brake and the starting button are the same as in other cars.

"In addition to the absence of the clutch and gear shift, other features of the new car are that it is impossible to stall the engine without actually shutting off the ignition, and it is impossible to start with a jerk. Even tho the accelerator pedal is jammed down to the floor board, the pick-up will be gradual and smooth because of the automatic electric equipment. There is also an outstanding safety feature, for the driver can keep both hands on the wheel and his eyes on the road at all times after the car has once started to move. When the car is brought to a stop, the idling of the gas-engine is not sufficient to cause the generator to produce enough electricity to turn the motor. All that is required to get the car under way again is to remove your foot from the brake pedal and step on the gas. The more gas you give it, the faster the speed.

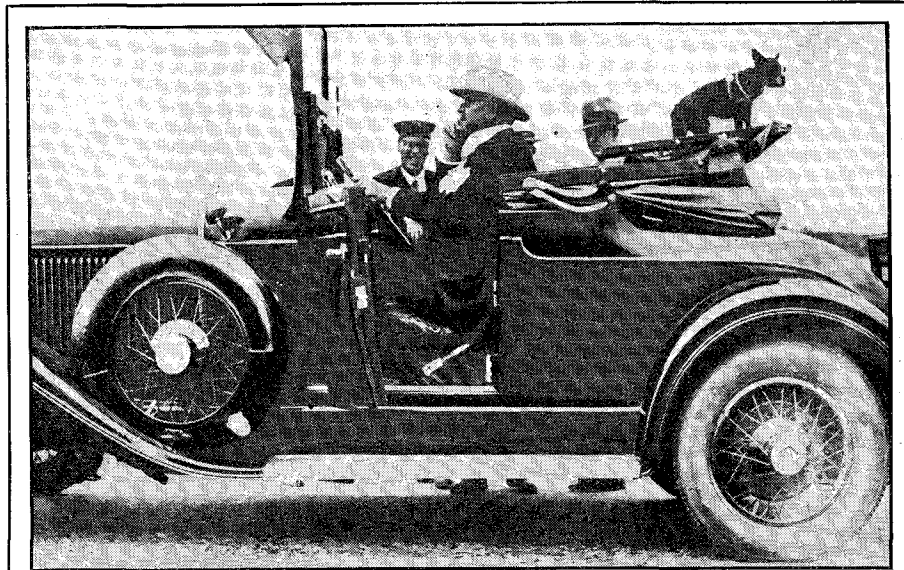
"This particular car is geared to make forty miles an hour. However, by changing the gear ratio on the rear axle, it can be made to operate at speeds comparative with gas-driven cars, according to engineers of the General Electric Company.

"The electric generator is mounted directly to the fly-wheel housing of the gas-engine, the generator armature revolving at exactly the same speed that the engine turns over. A few inches back of the generator, or approximately under the front seat, is the electric motor, connected by cable to the generator and coupled by a short drive shaft to the rear axle. As the generator is speeded up, more electricity is fed to the motor, and as the motor picks up so does the speed of the car.

"As the motor operates at high speed, the gear ratio on the rear axle was made a worm drive of from $8\frac{1}{4}$ to 1, instead of the standard, $4\frac{1}{8}$ to 1 gear reduction for cars of this type. To reverse the car, a small lever is moved, shifting the current from the generator and reversing the operation of the motor.

"On his arrival at his South Dartmouth estate, Colonel Green for the first time in his life, drove a gasoline-operated automob-

bile. Altho he now has twenty-five cars of various types and makes, he has never been able to manipulate the clutch-pedal and gear-shift, and heretofore has used a small electric storage battery car in his daily drives about his estate and airport.



Photograph by courtesy of the General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York

COLONEL GREEN AT THE WHEEL OF HIS NEW GAS-ELECTRIC CAR

"So pleased was Colonel Green with the car that he has ordered a second with a limousine body, and is planning a third, of the touring-car type."

A PLEA AGAINST SELF-MEDICATION

ACCORDING TO AN OLD LEGAL MAXIM, "the man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client." In like manner, asserts the medical correspondent of the *London Daily Mail* the man who doctors himself is likely to have a corpse for his patient. Says this writer:

"Diagnosis means calm and reasoned judgment. The last man who is competent to give an unprejudiced opinion on a disease is the sufferer himself.

"I have known a patient who actually injected diphtheria anti-toxin into himself when he had nothing worse than an ordinary relaxed throat. Another patient dosed himself for years for appendicitis, when all he suffered from was overeating.

"And it is an old and very true hospital joke that every medical student imagines that he has cancer of the parotid gland when he is cutting his wisdom teeth.

"Eighty per cent. of 'bad hearts' are really disordered stomachs. Bad hearts do not advertise themselves. They bide their time and strike.

"A patient who has nothing more the matter with him than indigestion will fill his shelves with bottles, and his body with unwanted remedies. A bad heart is romantic. Indigestion is not, and so the invalid prefers to believe that he has the first.

"But his doctor is not blind. He has usually seen the tell-tale bottles, and knows that he must go carefully lest he duplicate a dangerous dose of some powerful drug.

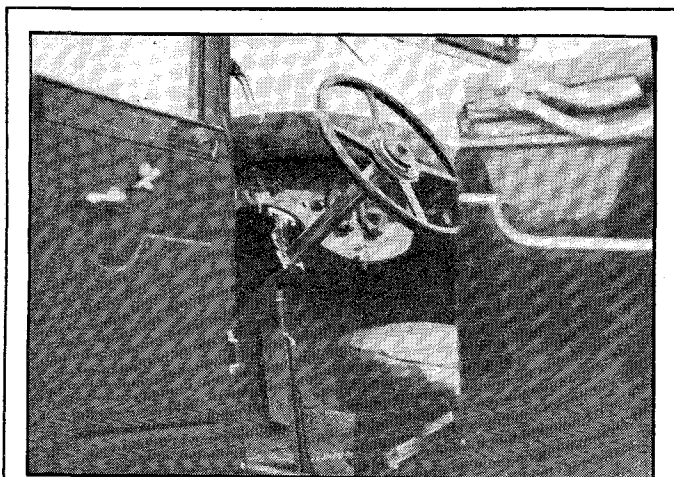
"Needless fear, undue optimism or ignorance are bound to cloud his judgment. Besides that, no man can look down his own throat, for instance, or indeed conduct any other of the physical examinations which are the basis of correct diagnosis. Symptoms represent what the patient thinks he feels. They may be entirely fallacious, because the body is always playing the confidence trick on the mind in one form or another.

"I would very much like as a matter of pure scientific interest to be present at a post-mortem on myself.

"It is the only way in which the feelings of a sick man could be linked up with the hard brass-tack facts of pathology.

"That is why it is foolish to try to doctor oneself. All sense of proportion is lost. A trifling ache may obscure in the sufferer's mind the root cause of the trouble. Medicine never will be an exact science. No two cases, even the very simplest, are alike in every way.

"But even a physician, if he tries to doctor himself, is playing against a disease that throws with loaded dice."



NO GEAR-SHIFT LEVER

Can be discovered in this view of the driving equipment

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

MARRIAGE OF COUSINS

"THERE IS NO BIOLOGICAL REASON for concluding that the marriage of cousins in itself will lead to defective offspring," says Dr. Charles B. Davenport, head of the department of genetics of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, in *Eugenics* (New Haven, Conn.). Dr. Davenport is one of several contributors to a symposium, in this magazine, entitled "Laws Against Cousin Marriages: Would Eugenists Alter Them?" Other contributors are Prof. George Harrison Shull, of Princeton University, and Dr. Harrison R. Hunt, of Michigan State College. Dr. Hunt agrees with Dr. Davenport that cousin marriage as such is not harmful, but Dr. Shull, while coinciding in this view, argues that it is not sufficiently pressing to warrant any change in the present custom of avoidance of marriage by persons so near of kin. Dr. Davenport continues:

"On the other hand, the history of mankind is full of instances of defective offspring from cousin marriages."

He then proceeds to explain that cousins who come from a family which has "recessive," or latent defects, may well produce children in which the defect becomes dominant, or active. But by the same argument, it is explained, cousins who come from a family with inborn good qualities, will probably produce offspring in which such qualities are reproduced. As to the laws against cousin marriages, Dr. Davenport says:

"Law, like religion, has its roots in the distant past, at a time when scientific knowledge was not as developed as it is to-day. The original teachings may well have been based upon the knowledge extant at that time. It is unfortunate when they become so rigid that they can not be adjusted to meet expanding knowledge."

"Numerous and extended researches on the inbreeding of mammals have shown that inbreeding itself is not necessarily harmful. The damage appears to be due to the existence of latent or recessive traits of an undesirable character in the strain which are inevitably brought to expression by inbreeding."

Professor Shull, while agreeing in general with this position, feels that the evidence does not warrant any alteration in laws against cousin marriages. For, he points out, the rules of animal breeding can not be applied to marriage mating. Admitting that many of the finest breeds of animals have been developed by the closest of mating among related parents—even between brother and sister, Dr. Shull counters by saying, "the objects so successfully striven for in plants and animals—the developing of each variety or breed to supply in maximal degree, some narrowly restricted human need or desire—is not applicable to human eugenics. Man must be made broader and more versatile, not narrower and more fixt in character."

FIRING AT WATERSPOUTS—The hoary myth that a waterspout can be dispelled by shooting at it bobs up serenely in Miss Joan Lowell's "Cradle of the Deep," where the heroine's father dramatically saves the ship by this time-honored and perfectly ineffective process. The origin of the practise, says Charles Fitzhugh Talman, in his Science Service feature, *Why the Weather?* (Washington), has often been explained. He goes on:

"It is a survival of the ancient belief that waterspouts are living monsters of the deep, which can be scared away by loud noises. Before the days of firearms sailors were wont to shout, beat drums, and clash their shields together when a waterspout was sighted from their ship. Centuries ago Capt. William Dampier, the English freebooter and explorer, wrote of the custom: 'Men at sea, when they see a spout coming and know not how to avoid it, do sometimes fire shot out of their great guns into it, to give it air or vent, that so it may break. But I did never hear that it proved to be of any benefit.' Undoubtedly many intelligent mariners down to a recent time put faith in this process, and probably some still do. Doubtless, too, it has seemed to 'work' in many cases, for the reason that the normal life of a waterspout is only a few minutes, so that the chances are in favor of its breaking up soon after it is fired at."

DEFECTIVE SPEECH IN CHILDREN

THE U. S. PUBLIC-HEALTH SERVICE estimates that in the United States at least 1,000,000 persons have some form of speech disorder; and of these, approximately 500,000 are school children who stammer or stutter. The Service, in its *Health News* (Washington), notes that uncorrected speech defects in childhood become a serious economic and social handicap in later life, because of their bearing on education and the ability to secure employment. Says this authority:

"Fortunately, the majority of speech defects are functional, not dependent on definite organic lesions, and can, therefore, be corrected. Most speech defects develop between the third and eighth year of life."

"The more common forms of speech defect observed in children are retarded speech, imperfect speech associated with partial deafness or caused by malformations of the organs of speech, and nervous speech disorders, such as stammering, stuttering, and nervous hesitation."

"The normal child learns to talk largely through imitation; and when this instinct is lacking, speech development is retarded and there exists a form of speech defect called by specialists 'dumbness without deafness,' which requires very careful attention and training. Other causes of retarded speech development are inattention and, occasionally, strange as it may seem, lack of conversation in the home."

"The popular belief that children who do not learn to talk at the normal age are mentally defective is responsible for much unwarranted anxiety. While it is true that disordered speech may be an early symptom of mental defect, speech development may be delayed as late as nine years of age in children otherwise perfectly normal."

"Partial deafness may also be the cause of speech defect. Most deaf-mutes have perfectly normal speech organs, but do not exercise them because of their inability to hear spoken words. Since imitation is a pronounced factor in the development of speech in children, careful tests should be made of all speech defectives for the discovery of partial deafness which may easily account for the imperfect speech. Such children should always be referred to an ear specialist for treatment; and if treatment is ineffective, lip reading should be taught."

"Imperfect speech may also be caused by malformation of the speech-producing organs, such as harelip, very short upper lip, narrow palate, cleft palate, nasal obstruction, tongue-tie, and very irregular teeth. Careful search should be made for the presence of malformations in order that prompt corrective treatment and speech education may be carried out."

"The most usual form of speech disorder is 'stammering' or 'stuttering.' From the standpoint of development there are two distinct types, one which commences with the development of speech and the other that begins after the child has learned to speak normally. The first form is the most difficult to correct."

"The underlying cause of stammering is purely mental. It is essentially due to emotional disturbance, and implies lessened ability to meet a difficult situation. It is most frequently observed in the so-called nervous, highly strung children. As these children grow older they subconsciously fear that their speech organs will refuse to work and have the horror of being the object of ridicule. A sense of inferiority develops, establishing a vicious circle—the greater the dread, the more imperfect their speech."

"According to some observers, stammering is more or less common among left-handed children when they are taught to become right-handed writers. This opinion is largely responsible for the objection to educators attempting to train left-handed children to become right-handed. It is also believed to be more common among boys than girls."

"Parents should not be deluded by any expectation that the 'child will outgrow the defect.' Only the very mild cases developed through imitation may be said to be outgrown when the increasing mental development of the child enables him to recognize and correct his mistake. On the other hand, the nervous speech disorders, when well developed, are more difficult to correct, because they are curable only by special forms of re-education. Of late years, because of the growing demand for the treatment of nervous speech-defects, such as stammering and stuttering, a number of speech clinics have been established throughout the country, particularly by boards of education in the larger cities, for the correction of speech defects. The wise parents will take advantage of these clinics, or will otherwise give attention to the speech disorders of their children, in order to remove the handicap in life which these disorders impose."

SHORTER LIVES FOR THE MIDDLE-AGED

INSTEAD OF BEING STRETCHED to greater length, it now appears, according to *The Illinois Health Messenger* (Springfield), that the life span of adults is being cut short. Mortality rates in Illinois among people past forty have increased about 10 per cent. in ten years. It says:

"At the same time, the average life-span in general, or the life expectancy at birth, has increased about a full year. A baby born in 1920 could look forward, on the average, to 58 years of life. One born to-day may look forward to 59 years of life.

"The gain has resulted entirely from saving child life. Infant mortality has decreased very noticeably during the last decade. In Illinois, for example, 106 infants out of every 1,000 born alive in 1918 died before reaching one year of age, but only 64 out of each 1,000 died in 1928. This improvement made the average life span increase, altho mortality after age forty was increasing.

"The reasons for the higher mortality among the middle-aged are many and complex. One important cause is the neglect of ordinary precautions that people in that age group ought always to observe. When men begin to enlarge their girth and women have to resort heavily to cosmetics, the time is ripe for medical advice about living habits.

"Age forty, or thereabout, is the turning-point in life, when heart disease, cancer, nephritis, and diabetes begin to grow prominent. All of these ailments

may be hastened by errors in personal hygiene and errors in diet. All of them are subject to indefinite postponement, if not actual prevention, by the discovery and removal of conditions favorable to their development.

"Concentrating thought and action on infant and child health has reduced mortality among the very young sufficiently during the last decade to cause a general increase of one year in the life expectancy at birth. Similar results would follow a concerted health drive among people past forty. Having an annual health inventory, and planning one's habits accordingly, would add tremendously to the life-span and cut down enormously the present upward trend of mortality among the middle-aged."

DAMP WEATHER AND THE AUTOMOBILE—Automobiles run more smoothly in wet weather than in dry, according to many motorists, says Charles Fitzhugh Talman, in his Science Service feature, *Why the Weather?* (Washington). The U. S. Bureau of Standards reports that this idea rests partly on a psychological basis, and partly on a real absence of squeaks, resulting from the lubrication of the springs by water. This is, however, the whole story. He proceeds:

"It is found that an increase in atmospheric humidity reduces the maximum power obtainable and slows up combustion. The effects of both these things would be to give a smoother flow of power. The loss of power, says the Bureau, is proportional to the humidity, and may amount to 10 per cent. 'Altho,' we are told, 'by proper adjustment of the carbureter equally efficient operation can be obtained irrespective of the humidity, in the absence of such adjustment less efficient performance will normally be obtained under conditions of high humidity.'"

TELEVISION GOES ALOFT

AN ATTEMPT TO TRANSMIT to radio-observers on the ground what is seen from a flying airplane is described in *Air Travel News* (Detroit), by S. R. Winters. This visualization of ground objects for broadcasting from an airplane is being undertaken by C. Francis Jenkins of Washington, D. C., by means of a combination of photographic lens and radio-vision equipment. It is proposed to survey "the lay of the land" during an airplane's flight, and transmit the images by radio to picture-receiving sets in homes and offices or to other airplanes. In a word, television equipment goes aloft. Writes Mr. Winters:

"The usual radio-vision transmitting units employed in laboratories and at other stationary points are being taken aloft for experimental use. The procedure differs only in that objects on the ground are picked up by a photographic lens as the airplane flies, and to accomplish this the camera lens is mounted in the floor of the plane, with its photographic 'eye' pointing toward and encompassing the terrain below as the airplane sweeps on through the sky. The aerial image will be converted into a four-inch picture.

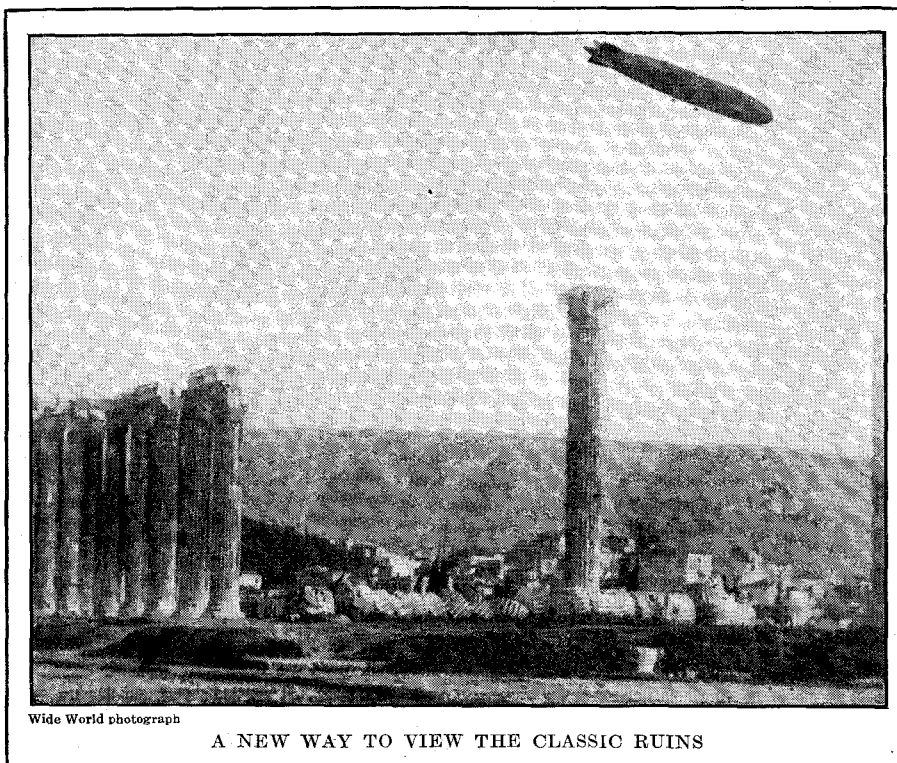
"This aerial image is scanned by a forty-eight-lens disk as the latter is revolved by electric motors, a procedure common to the scanning of objects to be transmitted by radio from a fixed point on land. The second image is conveyed to a light-sensitive cell, inter-

posed between the revolving scanning disk and the radio transmitter. This photo-electric cell transforms picture values into electric values, and the latter, after being amplified, are transmitted into space for interception by suitably equipped picture-receiving sets.

"The radio transmitter in the airplane of the Jenkins Laboratories is a fifty-watt outfit, regarded as sufficient for a coverage of 75 to 100 miles when employing high frequencies.

"The radio transmitter, the scanning disk, photo-electric cell, power supply, and other accessories comprising this radio-vision outfit for air service weigh approximately 125 pounds. The apparatus has been installed in the cabin of the Stinson Junior monoplane of Mr. Jenkins. This is a four-place flying machine—seats for two pilots and two passengers or one pilot and three passengers. The photographic lens placed in the floor of the cabin may be described as the picture transmitter, since it visualizes the ground and objects on the surface of the earth much in the same way that stationary television objects are transmitted now by the light of the sun. A similar venture is the proposal to broadcast baseball games by radio.

"When television takes to the air the attempt is so flighty, metaphorically and literally, as to confound the imagination. Offhand, there is the suggestion of potential use in war as a rapid means of surveying and photographing enemy territory. As an instrument for peace-time service, in the location of a hydro-electric plant, manufacturing enterprise, or in timber prospecting, an official of such development projects may be seated in the comfort of his office viewing photographs transmitted by radio while the surveying airplane is in flight. If these applications seem somewhat far-fetched, the United States Government might employ such a scheme for surveying proposed airways, mapping swamps and isolated regions, taking toll of damage done to agricultural crops by hail or tornado, and estimating our timber wealth in the National Forest."



A NEW WAY TO VIEW THE CLASSIC RUINS

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

SCULPTURE OVER THE WAVES

THE WOODEN CIGAR-STORE INDIAN is a rarity on our streets to-day. One reason is that the few remaining specimens of this ilk have emigrated to the museums, and are proudly exhibited as "early American sculpture in wood." Next to him come the decoy ducks; but higher than either in esthetic and romantic interest are the ships' figureheads, now mostly "gone into the *Ewigkeit*" along with the ships themselves. "Sentiment, both tender and exalted, has woven a sort of spell around this supreme adornment of the wooden ship, which hangs about every bit of weather-worn carving which has once graced a prow." One who appreciates most keenly the artistic quality of these figureheads is Elie Nadelman, the famous sculptor, and his collection will furnish amusement and interest for the curious in such matters. Faded from memory are many of the names of those who produced them, but "these early sculptors had a sort of splendid reputation among men of the sea, even if many a name as yet remains unrecorded in the history of American art." So write Mr. and Mrs. G. Glen Gould in *The International Studio* (September), who call the names of some of them:

"How much is known of the work put out by Skillings of Boston or of Joseph Doherty and Isaac Towle of the same city? Who knows anything of Woodbury Gerrish of Portsmouth, of James Sampson of Bath, of W. L. Seavy of Bangor? Yet these men did splendid and heroic things, and had an opportunity that many a present-day sculptor would envy, for we are assured that clever ship-carvers set their own price. John Bellamy of Portsmouth was one of these; a whimsical fellow, if tales are true, who was so autocratic that even the commanding officers of a ship would on occasion be obliged to give way before him."

The writers take us to Conrad's story, "A Smile of Fortune," in the volume, "Twixt Land and Sea," to learn how the old salts regarded their figureheads:

"Did I know," he asked anxiously, 'that he had lost the figure-head of his ship; a woman in a blue tunic edged with gold, the face perhaps not so very, very pretty, but her bare white arms, beautifully shaped and extended as if she were swimming? Did I? Who would have expected such a thing! . . . After twenty years, too!'

"Nobody could have guessed from his tone that the woman was made of wood; his trembling voice, his agitated manner gave to his lamentations a ludicrously scandalous flavor.

"But when I remarked that surely another figure of a woman could be procured, I found myself being soundly rated for my levity. The old boy flushed pink under his clear tan, as if I had proposed something improper.

"A new figurehead!" he scolded in unquenchable indignation. "Why, I've been a widower now for eight-and-twenty years come next May, and I would just as soon think of getting a new wife."

Akin to these figures are the ships' ornaments that have had a deep significance in the mariner's eyes from time immemorial:

"From the present-day childish superstition of a Chinese who paints a pair of eyes on the prow of his junk so that the boat itself may see to go, for 'No can see, no can go,' to the American war-ship, *Olympia*, Dewey's flag-ship at Manila, whose great bronze *Winged Victory*, by Saint-Gaudens, cost the nation \$12,000, may be a long journey in the sequence of ideas, but still does not cover the entire journey, for many motives have inspired the builders of ships through the ages in the selection of figureheads. The ancient Egyptians sought protection for the boat and its crew by placing the Lotus, the insignia of Isis, the Ibis, the Phenix, or some other sacred emblem hopefully at its prow. The Phenicians, Greeks, and Romans had the same custom of seeking to place themselves and their ship under the protection of one or another of their deities. An 11,000-ton Roman galley, with forty banks of oars and 4,000 rowers, must have been a splendid sight with the dolphin of Neptune at its prow. The Norsemen had other thoughts, and used some terrifying objects, ostensibly to frighten an enemy, but fundamentally to scare away evil

spirits of various sorts; the dragon was apt to be their choice.

"In the magnificent days of the Renaissance, the most superb decoration was thought none too fine for sea-going ships. Spain, ruler of the seas, had her galleons resplendently decorated with the work of the wood-carver, and even as late as the Spanish-American War, 1898, the Spanish steel transport, *Alfonso XII*, bore an elaborate grotesque mask as figurehead, which is now owned by the Buffalo Historical Society. Great Britain was partial to lions, dragons, and fighting warriors, either Saint George destroying a writhing dragon, or a mounted horseman trampling a prostrate foe. The heroic mounted figure of Prince Charles, later Charles I, was carried proudly by the frigate *Prince Royal*. Britannia was a favorite in other days. France was long partial to winged figures with upraised trumpets, often wreathed, as on *La Réale*.

"We may know nothing of the spritsail topmast which sailed the sea in the days of the Stuart kings, and even less of the small triangular topsails of Queen Elizabeth, or of the sail-painting of the late years of her reign, but the days of the fast clipper ships are not so far behind us that we can not find ready and abundant



From *The International Studio*

THE NOBLE BIRD

One of the few signed American figureheads. It bears the name of J. Bowers—1861. Other figureheads appear on following pages.

records of their performances. For the most part they carried few figureheads, and these, as was the fashion of the day, were emblematic of their names. But what names! Their very sound stirs the blood: *Sweepstakes*, *John Gilpin*, *Antelope*, *Sea-Witch*, *Surprise*, *Contest*, *Romance of the Seas*, *Flying Fish*, and best of all, *Sword Fish* and *Flying Cloud*. But all of these, and more of different kinds, have gone the ways of old ships, and few figureheads remain from any class. Not one is recorded from the great whaling fleet of New Bedford."

The figures frankly tell their own story, but their common purpose is to "get there":

"The figures are posed with that forward action suggesting their original position on the prow of the sailing ship, and it may be seen at a glance how keenly many of the sculptors have caught the true spirit of the work in the suggestion of rippling hair and drapery as the figures faced into the wind. The action of stepping forward is often significantly used.

"The appeal of these figures is irresistible, even as they stand to-day with their brave records, having come safely through many a storm. Some of them still boast much of their last coloring, for the figurehead had its coat of paint every year, and the gay attire of the figure was often as much a matter of pride with the captain as the bright-colored silks from far Cathay snugly packed on board for wife or sweetheart. The gown of *Lady Edmonton* is beautifully ornamented in detailed decoration, especially on her corsage and on her elaborately carved puffed sleeves. About her throat is a fine necklace of two strands of very large beads, a rose reposes on her bosom, the sweep and swing of her skirts is a lovely thing as she rests confidently on a secure base adorned with foliage and pineapple decoration. *Columbia* was taken from a Sound boat, is smallish, and painted a lovely gray with touches of gilding on her chaplet, her belt, and the edging of her bodice. *Rosa Isabella*, the Spanish maiden, is poised on her toes, and thus balancing she has danced above many a sparkling sea, with her white ribbons fluttering over her red skirt, her yellow bodice still gay, and the inevitable red rose nestling in the great masses of her flowing black hair. She doubtless sailed the Spanish Main in the days of buccaneers and pirates, and alas, has lost both of her beautiful arms.

"*Minnehaha*, the Indian girl, stands solidly on her forward foot, but she has a fine-flung gesture of forward motion and an upward, forward look. Her broad belt and overdrapery are decorated in Indian fashion, with stripes and pointed vandykes in blue, with red fringe and yellow drapery, a blue doeskin bag, her dress of red and green, and her moccasins highly ornamental. She must have been a brave sight above the *Laughing Waters*, for which she is named. Her long black hair flows backward from a small close-fitting cap, and no doubt every man aboard loved her dearly with a devotion and fidelity which might provoke envy in many a sailor's wife.

"But the eagle is in some ways most splendid of all. Not so heroic in size as the human figures, the vigor of his pose and the splendid carving of his feathers is evidence that this early New England craftsman knew something of his art as well as of eagles. . . .

"The builder of a ship felt it incumbent upon him to give a finishing touch to a vessel by the addition of ornamental carving. While it was always his ambition that this should take the form of a figurehead, his appropriation would frequently not permit this extravagance. Then he compromised with the scroll-work on the prow or a carved fiddle-head, the latter placed on the ship's cutwater."



COLUMBIA

A stirring figurehead that once ornamented a steamer plying in Long Island Sound. Now in the collection of Elie Nadelman.

SHAKESPEARE—A PROPAGANDIST, TOO

AT THE VERY MOMENT when the newspapers are all worked up to their biggest type over propaganda, it is a shock to hear that William Shakespeare played at the same game. The particular case of Richard III is under discussion now in England, and the Shakespeare Fellowship maintains as the result of recent researches that this monarch was not the black and murderous fellow so painted, but that "the charges against him . . . are based on Tudor Government propaganda, and have no relation to the actual facts." Mr. B. R. Ward, Secretary to the Fellowship, writes an unexpected defense to the *London Morning Post*:

"From an examination of the Exchequer account books preserved in the Public Record Office we have discovered that the Anglo-Spanish War of 1585 to 1604 was a Great War in precisely the same sense as the Napoleonic War and the recent World War deserve to be classed as Great Wars.

"The average expenditure on the Army and Navy during the last eighteen years of Queen Elizabeth's reign (1585-1603) amounted to no less than 72 per cent. of the national revenue.

"All the famous Elizabethan historical plays—including Shakespeare's *Richard III*—were produced during this period of national stress. The evidence we have succeeded in accumulating shows quite conclusively that a Government Propaganda Department was instituted in 1586, and that stage plays in the public theaters were made use of during the remaining years of Queen Elizabeth's reign in order to infuse a warlike spirit into the English people and to inculcate the virtue of loyalty to the Tudor dynasty.

"The play of *Richard III* belongs to the latter category,

and is a fine piece of government propaganda, bearing no relation whatever to the facts of the case.

"These facts have been investigated by Sir Clements Markham, whose defense of *Richard III* is not only a brilliant piece of advocacy, but a judicial review of contemporary evidence.

"Our discovery of the Elizabethan Government Propaganda Department is a complete confirmation of this view."

The Morning Post, speaking editorially, does not surrender its Shakespeare willingly, but if forced to accept the facts, falls back upon the time-spirit of almost all historic periods to make excuse:

"Most people will be content to take *Richard III* as they find him in Shakespeare; but there is interest nevertheless, and, no doubt, some substance also, in the contrary view that the dramatist was partial and the monarch maligned. It is certainly too much the way of history to take its color from the prevailing interest. So it was in Roman times, when every Emperor hired a pamphleteer to defame his assassinated predecessor. So history was made—and continued to be made to our own day. A correspondent, in the letter we publish elsewhere, goes a step further, and suggests that '*Richard III*'—and, indeed, all Shakespeare's historical plays—were Tudor Government propaganda. England being at the time engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the Empire and with Spain, it was thought necessary to 'infuse a warlike spirit into the English people,' and loyalty to the Tudors besides, and a Government Propaganda Department had the wit to use the theater to those ends. It may have been so: there was certainly never a better propagandist than Shakespeare. He may



ROSA ISABELLA

A Spanish maiden who sailed, not danced, poised on her toes.

have overdone it—at least for posterity—in the case of Joan of Arc; but he never erred with his own public. At least, he had the subtlety to do Richard a measure of justice, so that he remains a villain, indeed, a murderer, and a usurper, yet glorious and a patriot—

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!

We can forgive him much—even almost the murders in the Tower (if, indeed, he was guilty of them) for that glorious rally on Bosworth Field."

THE COVER—Southern Colonial America is brought before us to-day in the picture of the "Virginia Homestead," by Anthony Thieme. Perhaps painted from life to-day, the scene stretches back to cover also the early days of large estates, ample porticoes and elegant leisure. From a sketch furnished it will be seen that the artist's life has been various:

"Anthony Thieme was born in Rotterdam, Holland, in 1888. When only a boy he shipped as an apprentice seaman on a coastwise steamer. The knowledge of the sea gained in these years is apparent in his sea subjects. Leaving the ship life, the Dutch Army claimed him. Here he acquired his unusual understanding of human nature. So great was the spirit of the wanderer within him that while enjoying one of the special privileges given him by his superior officers he left the Army and traveled into Germany, where he studied under that accomplished master, George Hacker.

"In Italy he continued his studies under Professor Carlobini, Professor Guardacione in Naples, and Giuseppe Marcini in Rome. Returning to his native country he continued his studies in the Royal Academy of Holland in The Hague.

"Thieme's travels have carried him into the scenes of Africa, Australia, Italy, Austria, and every land where true art exists. Now located in Boston, Massachusetts, Mr. Thieme is a truly versatile artist, still young and filled with a beautiful conception of art. He excels particularly in his original and daring treatment of landscape and marines.

"He has been painting for the last fifteen years in this country with very definite appreciation. The summer of 1928 at the Gloucester Art Association, Gloucester, Massachusetts, he took first landscape prize for his painting 'Virginia Homestead,' and in November, 1928, first prize for 'Gloucester Harbor' at the Springfield Art League, Springfield, Massachusetts.

"Anthony Thieme has exhibited at Pennsylvania Academy, Copley Society of Boston, Springfield Art League—1927-1928, taking prizes both years, Chicago Institute of Art, and the Providence Art Club. The Rhode Island School of Design invited 'Virginia Homestead' to the 1928 annual Fall Exhibition of Contemporary American Paintings."

"COMMODORE TRUNNION" RESURRECTED

THE PROFANITY THAT HAS INFECTED our stage since "What Price Glory" has begun to lose its punch.

The same thing is heard too much in real life, and the eighteenth century, even, would seem to have nothing new to teach us. But a forgotten masterpiece of that period has been

the point of departure of one offering of the new theatrical season—"The Commodore Marries"—running at the Plymouth Theater, and we can enjoy most of the rough talk while "our withers are unwrung." *Commodore Trunnion* emerges out of Tobias Smollett's "Perigrine Pickle," and runs true to form for one act at least, according to reviewers, tho whether he would countenance the destinies devised for him by the modern playwright, Kate Parsons, is a problem that playgoers may decide after a course of the play and the book. One of the critics, Mr. Littell of the *New York World*, turned with virgin soul to old Smollett, and was convinced of three things: "That I shall never finish 'Perigrine Pickle,' that I shall read deeper into Smollett only if I am hired to do so, and that Miss Parsons has vastly improved upon the source of her play." Mr. Littell compares his state with the eighteenth-century readers of Smollett, who boosted his work into fame:



LADY EDMONTON

An aristocratic Briton, who was chin-up to the waves while she rode them.



MINNEHAHA

An Indian girl, who might have provoked envy in many a sailor's wife.

"When novels were few, newspapers and fiction magazines practically non-existent, and when time lay heavy on the hands of literate Englishmen, I can understand the success of a vigorous, episodic, broadspoken, and exceedingly tedious two-volume chronicle of the loves, travels, and adventures of a young rascal named *Perry Pickle*. I can also understand a New England lady of salty humor and eighteenth-century heartiness reading this chronicle and saying to herself: 'What a magnificent half-length, quarter-length sketch for a rare portrait lies buried here in the character of the retired sea-dog who lived in a house rigged out like a ship.'

"I shall rescue him from the long-winded adventures of *Perry* and turn him loose, rip-roaring, cantankerous and pathetic, in a play all his own.' She has taken, to be sure, snatches and fragments from other characters in the book, but the book is primarily about *Perry*, and the play is entirely about *Trunnion*, her own *Trunnion* far more than Smollett's, a *Trunnion* whose ancestry runs back to 1740, but whose obstinate feet are planted on the New England coast in the days when Salem and Wiscasset were great and famous over all the seas of the world.

"Miss Parsons's play is a mixture of

many things, of a book she has read and of people that she knows; of attempts at reality, of fantastic foolery, of pathos, rough-house and rather cruel tragedy. The play as a whole does not seem to me nearly as good as its parts, and the first act, where the exuberant language and rich farce predominate, is easily the best. Later on the idea and the plot come out from their hiding-places and astonish one into thinking that perhaps it was all meant to be taken seriously. For Miss Parsons has an idea sandwiched in between thick-slices of Cruikshank character-drawing and fantastic comedy, and the idea, the very simple one of the opposition of a man's daydream with reality, flavors the whole play more than suited my taste. Here lies the play's weakness."

Mr. Littell pays a high tribute to Walter Huston's performance of the *Commodore*, who "does not give a performance of himself, but of the part he is playing," and thereby hangs up "a portrait worth keeping on the walls of one's memory, which is not a double exposure, with the actor's own personality and mannerisms confusing the outlines of the stage character he is trying to give us." Going on:

"That first appearance of his in 'The Commodore Marries' is a beautiful piece of work. And a difficult one. Simply to come out of a small door and set the pitch of a whole play without a word is no easy job. A few minutes later his soliloquy, going through an imaginary conversation with the future Mrs. Trunnion, was superb. He was extraordinary all the way through, but there were a few passages which stand out. The *Commodore's* description of his courting — perhaps the best bit in the play, all in deliciously appropriate nautical terms—for instance, and his sturdy, infinitely pathetic reception of the news that his wife's confinement was a colossal fraud. Or his singing at the door, to the villagers outside, of that fine old seagoing ditty:

If whisky comes too near my nose—
Whisky for Johnnie!
I tip her up and down she goes—
Whisky for my Johnnie.

"Arthur Hopkins in his directing and Robert Edmond Jones with his excellent set for the marine daydream of *Commodore Trunnion* have done as well by this curious play as could possibly be done. Mr. Hopkins has a flair for original and gifted plays by people unknown to the rest of us, and with that flair goes the courage of convictions that are not the convictions of Broadway."

To point out some differences between the book and the play, we turn to the article by John Mason Brown, the new critic of the *New York Evening Post*. Mr. Brown first quotes a correspondent:

"To summarize briefly the events of the story as they concern us here: After a stout resistance the *Commodore* succumbs to matrimony with Mr. Pickle's sister, who spends her marriage night in a ship's hammock, "enlarged with a double portion of canvas and dilated with a yoke."

"The next day the lady brings in her own bed and completely feminizes the house. Unlike Miss Parsons's *Commodore Trunnion*, Smollett's is finally overcome in his resistance. Dying, early in the second volume, he pays this tribute to his wife:

"There's your aunt sitting whimpering by the fire; I desire you will keep her tight, warm and easy in her old age; she's an honest heart in her own way, and tho she goes a little crank and humorsome by being often overstowed with Nantz (eighteenth-century Gordon dry) and religion, she has been a faithful ship-mate to me."

"In 'The Commodore Marries,' the Miss Pickle Eda Heinemann plays is anything but 'warm and easy.' When she has once married *Trunnion* she is, in truth, a waspish shrew of the shrillest sort. In Miss Parsons's play, too — charged as it is with overtones of the superior reality of illusions as opposed to the unreality of facts — the *Commodore* does not die. He reasserts himself and his masculine authority, and the final curtain reveals him and his madeap crew living once more in that dream world of the *Commodore's* imaginary ship."



THE NEW COMMODORE TRUNNION AND WIFE

As played by Walter Huston and Eda Heinemann, the match does not turn out as well as in Smollett's novel, for Miss Pickle lives up to her name.

THE JOKE WAS ON CONSTANCE—

Max Beerbohm has been revealed as a practical joker of superior type. His victim was the famous actress, Miss Constance Collier, who has lately written her memoirs, "Harlequinade" (London, John Lane), that a reviewer in the *London Bookman*, Lewis Melville, declares to be second only to Ellen Terry's "Story of My Life." Miss Collier might be supposed to be an expert theater woman enough to catch the import of a play, tho it was pre-

sented in a language unknown to her, but here is her confession involving "Max":

"He was fond of elaborate jokes, and would take a great deal of trouble over them. One day he took me to the little theater in Dieppe, where a visiting French company was playing. Madame Granier was the lead. We had been discussing, in the afternoon, the lack of understanding sometimes shown by an audience, and how awful it was for an artist when the public laughed in the wrong place.

"I didn't know a word of French, but he told me the plot of the play as we went to the theater, and, in whispers, as we sat in the stalls. He described it as a drama, and altho there was a great deal of laughter in the course of the performance, he assured me that this was a case in point that the holiday visitors could not understand or appreciate the pathos of the plot!

"So great was Max's power of suggestion that I got seriously annoyed at their interruptions during the evening. The artists' gestures coincided with the story he told me, and he kept it up the whole evening with the utmost gravity. He nearly made me cry.

"During supper with some of our friends, I discovered the play was high comedy, with a totally different plot, and the audience was right!"

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE



Wide World photograph

"EVERY MAN'S SWORD SHALL BE AGAINST HIS BROTHER"

And British Tommies come marching in again to bring peace to the land of Christ and the sons of Abraham, where the sons of Ishmael have fallen on and murdered their Hebrew brothers. Radical Zionists are held partly responsible for the ill-feeling that started it all.

DIVIDING THE BLAME FOR PALESTINE BLOODSHED

THE ARROGANCE of the so-called Zionist Revolutionists is doubtless a causative factor behind the Moslem outbreaks against the Jews, says *The American Hebrew* (New York), in apportioning the blame among all those immediately concerned in the blood-letting in Palestine. Primary responsibility is placed on the British authorities for permitting the opening of the blind end of the Wailing Wall area "to an inflamed and frenzied Arab mob," but the "unscrupulous Moslem agitators" come in for a share, "and what we say of the Arab malefactors," continues *The American Hebrew*, "we apply also to the Jewish agitators in Palestine. The bravado with which they claim Jewish Palestine against the Arabs, the aggressive zeal with which they demand an exclusive Jewish nationhood in Palestine, the inflammatory political harangues with which they demonstrate their foolhardy assertiveness, are in no little measure to blame for the ill-will and recurrent clashes between Moslem and Jew in the Holy Land." This criticism applies, of course, only to the radical element among the Zionists, for in a later editorial pleading for a better understanding between Moslems and Jews in Palestine "for the sake of Palestine," it is stated that "the Jews of the world would not desire a homeland for their brethren in Palestine if it is to be won and held at the point of a bayonet." Rabbi Isaac Landman, the editor, calls the attention of the Moslems to the purpose of the Jewish Agency for Palestine, enunciated by Dr. Chaim Weizmann speaking for the Zionists, and Felix M. Warburg, speaking for non-Zionists, both of whom have declared that the objective of the Jews in Palestine is to create "a work of peace" that will benefit Moslems, Christians, and Jews alike. The editor thinks that this work of peace can be achieved mutually by Arabs and Jews, if the former, like the latter, would create an Arab Agency for Palestine on the lines and with purposes similar to those of the Jewish Agency.

Thus we have a reapportionment of blame for the latest tragedy which has afflicted a long-suffering people, and from Jews themselves a generous appreciation of Arab sentiment. Here again, tho he places primary responsibility for the murderous outbreaks on "the entire British policy," Victor Rine, a Jewish journalist who is a close student of Eastern affairs, and who has made five trips to Palestine as an observer and student

of events, apportions some of the blame on both Zionist and Arab leaders. Writing in the *New York World*, he tells us of the reverence in which the Arab was wont to hold the Jew, and then recites:

"The sad changes observable in the Arab attitude to-day are the inevitable results of definite causes, of fallacious policies, malicious incitements, and arrogance on all sides. They have led steadily through misunderstanding to hatred, murder, and plunder.

"Arab propagandists are not without responsibility. They, too, have been willing to interpret the Balfour Declaration as some Zionists interpret it, and they have stirred up their people with the argument that their homes have been taken away from them.

"They have been willing to ignore the plain fact that Jewish colonization has brought to all Palestine, including the 80 per cent. of the population which is Arab, a prosperity which has not been known there for many centuries. The millions of dollars which are collected every year by Jews all over the world for Zionism are largely spent in Palestine, and the Arabs for the most part are the recipients.

"Land prices have risen to heights which no Arab landowner had ever dreamed of before. The colonists are compelled to use Arab labor, and the wages of the workers, low enough by all European standards, let alone American standards, are still much higher than in the days of the Turk. Sanitation, hospitalization, all the comfortable influences of civilization are benefiting the Arabs as never before.

"But some of the Arab leaders speak of these things only as a warning of increasing Jewish influence which will one day deprive the Moslem of his heritage. The argument is strengthened by those Jews who deny the validity of that heritage, who regard a thousand years of Arab occupancy as a usurpation, and claim the whole country as their own."

A Roman Catholic view-point of the tragedy is furnished us by *The Commonwealth* (New York), which criticizes the British Government for withdrawing the garrison from Palestine, and says it "should have long ago defined and defended the right of the Jews to worship in their immemorial holy places." Tho it has "no wish to deny that certain sections among the Palestine Jews have supplied their share of provocation in the present feud," *The Commonwealth* believes "their right in the holy places is anterior to the Moslems' in history; and, speaking as Christians," holds "that their right is spiritually superior, as well."

Remarking that "naturally, American newspapers and politicians are inclined to emphasize the sorrows of the Jews, wantonly attacked by barbarous hordes of fanatical Moslems," *The Reformed Church Messenger* observes:

"This is a popular view—and it must be remembered that the Arab vote in America is pitifully small, nor are the Arabs able to give large patronage to advertising columns. Of course, the Hebrew people, with their higher culture and a faith more akin to our own, seem considerably closer to us than the followers of Mohammed. Nevertheless, the Arabs are greatly in the majority in Palestine, and we wonder if they are to be blamed for not wanting to turn over the country they call their own to a rather uncompromising minority, backed by the material force of a British Mandate. It is a pretty complicated situation, and we can only hope that an enlightened British policy will see to it not only that peace is preserved, but also that substantial justice is done."

It is interesting to recall here that two years ago Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, pastor of the Riverside Church, New York, predicted that blood would flow in Zion unless the chauvinistic and arrogant attitude attributed to certain Zionist leaders was abated, and a more tolerant and sympathetic attitude toward the sons of Ishmael observed. In his "A Pilgrimage to Palestine," written after a four months' trip in the Near East, Dr. Fosdick asserted that Zionists themselves contributed largely to make a bad situation worse. For instance, we read that "one of the most prominent Jews in the world, in his exuberance over the new hopes of Zionism, told the Arabs to 'trek along,' and the repercussions of that phrase are heard wherever Arabs live to-day. Zionism to the Jew is an idealistic movement; seen from the Arab side it is predatory, and one who gains entrée to the Arabs' confidence will hear bitter words expressing their desire to convert the Jewish national home into the Jewish national cemetery."

"Meanwhile, the Zionists themselves are displaying two attitudes, one tending to mollify the Arabs, and the other to infuriate them. On one side stands the unwisdom and arrogance of Dr. Eder, former acting chairman of the Zionist Commission in Palestine. Publicly before a court of inquiry on Jewish-Arab disturbances in Jaffa, he said in 1921, as the report of the commission reads: There can be only 'one national home in Palestine, and that a Jewish one, and no equality in the partnership between Jews and Arabs, but a Jewish predominance as soon as the numbers of that race are sufficiently increased.'

"This is typical of the madness with which some Zionists have rushed into trouble. They have profest their determination that 'Palestine should be as Jewish as America is American and England is English.' Even in *The Palestine Weekly*, published in Jerusalem itself, they have insisted that as between the two portions of the Balfour declaration, the first promising a national home for the Jews, and the second promising that the rights of previous inhabitants shall not be invaded, 'the principle of the British policy for Palestine lies not in the second but the first.' The upshot of all this has been disastrous."

Dr. Fosdick is not entirely critical of the Zionist project. He lauds it as one of the most ambitious racial struggles in history. But, he declares, "if it would be successful it must be

unselfish. It must count Arab welfare as precious as its own. It must center its efforts on creating in the Holy Land a cultural expression of world-wide Judaism." If Zionism will thus clean house, Dr. Fosdick concluded, "then success may come. But if the partizans of political Zionism, as now seems probable, are allowed to force the issue, I am willing to risk my reputation on prophecy: Zionism will end in tragedy."

CAN THE CHURCH KEEP OUT OF POLITICS?

MUST POLITICS BE GIVEN OVER TO THE DEVIL, so far as the Church is concerned? Or should the Church enter the devil's own parish, as some are apt to characterize the field of politics, and fight him on his chosen

field? The question has long been a matter of dispute among theologians, and between theologians on the one side and laymen on the other. Among the latest advocates of confining the ministry to the spiritual field is Dr. Caleb R. Stetson, rector of Trinity Episcopal Church in New York, quoted in these pages August 24. Dr. Stetson, it will be recalled, urged that the Church should concern itself with the spiritual welfare of the individual and not with political activity. Now comes the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*, asking why the Church should not concern itself with both? "They are not exclusive of one another," says this *Advocate*. "The Church ought to cultivate, of course, the personal character of its members, but that does not make its political activity impossible, or its social responsibility less heavy. We had supposed that this was a



Wide World photograph

SAVED BY THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

A home in Jerusalem is shown marked with the emblem of Christianity to protect it from raids by Arabian followers of the Crescent when they were attacking the Jews.

commonplace of present-day religious work." How, we are asked, is a Church that refuses to turn its thought and time to such subjects as "world peace, disarmament, the liquor traffic, and other nefarious kinds of business, the soul-cramping conditions under which many men, women and children labor, the causes of blighting poverty and despair under which multitudes struggle—how is a Church that ignores these problems, whose solution is so vital to human happiness, to defend its character as a Christian institution?" As the *Pittsburgh weekly* sees it:

"We are in a world where public conditions, social systems, political acts and international relations affect for weal or woe the life of every individual. The Church wants, we may fairly say, the life of every individual to be the best and happiest possible—every individual, Christian or non-Christian, church member or outsider, worthy or unworthy—every human being, no matter where. The Church has the power, through political and social action that is perfectly legitimate and Christian, through stirring public sentiment and creating international brotherhood, through encouraging law enforcement and rebuking the forces of injustice, to save and bless the individual.

"This is not only the business of the Church; it is her glory. Statesmen, publicists, writers, labor leaders, passionate lovers of humanity, who are mostly indifferent or antagonistic to the Church, snatch away the wreath that Christ offers His Church. The multitudes will always look with larger hope to these secular forces than to an institution, however holy it may call itself, that has only a parish instead of a world for its field."

JACOB'S BAD EXAMPLE

CHILDREN WITH THE HIGHEST BIBLE RATING had the highest cheating rating, according to the startling results of a test reported by Prof. Pleasant R. Hightower, of Butler University, Indiana, to the ninth International Congress of Psychology, which met recently at Yale University. The tests were made on 3,316 children, both delinquent and normal, in two Middle Western States. "The tests do not show that the Bible is the cause of it," said Professor Hightower, as he is quoted in the New York *Herald Tribune* by Ishbel Ross, "but people have been saying for years that if they gave their children a knowledge of the Bible they would walk the straight and narrow way. Well, the tests show that they won't walk the straight and narrow way."

Professor Hightower found that among the delinquent children one boy who rated only two in Bible knowledge did not lie or cheat, while a girl in the same institution, who achieved 100, or perfection, in her Bible rating, was at the bottom of the scale in all other phases of the test. As Professor Hightower is quoted further in *The Herald Tribune*:

"The results obtained from the study show that the pupils with high scores and those with low scores on the tests of Biblical information reacted similarly on the conduct tests, thus indicating that there is no relationship of any consequence between Biblical information and the different phases of conduct studied."

"Even tho this position seems entirely defensible, it does not show in the least that the Bible or a knowledge of it is of no value in character building. It does indicate, however, very definitely that mere knowledge of itself is not sufficient to insure proper character attitudes."

To vast numbers of devotionalists the results of the tests may seem more shocking than they really are, comments the Brooklyn *Eagle*. "The Book of Books is a volume, knowledge of which," it says, "is important to any individual's general cultivation." But it thinks the present difficulty lies in intellectual dishonesty in the methods of teaching the Bible. Saying that we need not question that the Old Testament shows higher ethical standards among the ancient Jews than prevailed at the same period elsewhere, *The Eagle* observes:

"Yet if you teach a boy to admire the way in which Jacob 'bought' away Esau's birthright for a mess of pottage, when Esau was very hungry, or the way in which he won the paternal blessing, by putting kidskin on his arm so that blind old Isaac might take him for the hairy-limbed elder son, or the way in which Jacob passed off his wife as his sister among the Philistines of Cerar, or the way Jacob played tricks with Laban's cattle, you are manifestly teaching him to admire not honesty but chicanery. Also you are teaching him the same thing if you tell the Scripture story of the 'borrowing' of the jewels and garments of the Egyptians, before the Hebrew trek into the wilderness. And if you go farther and offer to the child mind the picture of the Almighty commanding the Jews to do in their warfare most of those things which the Germans were accused of doing in Belgium; if you ask him to applaud the Deborah song over the treacherous killing of Sisera by Jael, who drove a tent peg through his head while he was sleeping as her guest, you are not molding his character in the right way."

"Treat all these tales as the folk-lore of the Jews, and children will not suffer from them any more than they suffer from other gruesome human history. Treat them in Sunday-schools as they are treated in the theological seminaries, and they become educative and not demoralizing. Exalt the altruistic ethics of the New Testament, and mere 'honesty' becomes the first rung of the ladder for those who are going upward. The literal acceptance of the whole Bible is the bar in the way of making the Sunday-schools what they ought to be."

THE SOVIET FEAR OF RELIGION

GOD AGAINST MARX—that is the great duel going on in Russia to-day, for it is the fear of religious success, Paul Hutchinson tells us, in effect, that has driven the Soviet State to inaugurate a reign of terror to eradicate the last vestige of vital religion from Russian life. Mr. Hutchinson, who is managing editor of *The Christian Century* (Undenominational), had just come out of Russia, and was in Warsaw, Poland, when he penned a letter to his magazine to tell what he had observed in "two crowded weeks" in Russia. He is afraid to mention names or places or dates, for he had been warned that any specific reference would be tantamount to signing the death-warrant of those immediately concerned. But he tells his readers that they must take his word for it that he has personal knowledge "that the Soviet Government is to-day closing churches wholesale; sending hundreds and probably thousands, of persons to jail for the sole crime of religious activity; reverting to the old G. P. U. (secret police) terror, under which persons are arrested, tried and sentenced without public trial,

the employment of counsel, and frequently without letting even the families of the accused know where they are confined or with what they are charged." Why this terrific assault on religion? As Mr. Hutchinson sees it:

"In the first place, the Soviet Government has been astonished, and badly frightened, by the success of the reforming religious movements in Russia. This has been particularly true of the Protestants. Numerically, Protestants are still lost in the Russian mass. But the rate of growth in recent years has been phenomenal. In the past two years this growth had begun to reach respectable figures—figures in the millions. If this rate had been maintained for another five years, the Protestant constituency would have been numbered in the tens of millions. A government committed to the establishment of an atheistic nation could not regard such an outlook cheerfully."

"In the second place, the Government has been aroused by the success of the Protestant churches in organizing the young people. It was asserted by Bukharin at the last convention of the Communist party that the membership of Protestant young people's societies had passed that of the Comsomols—the 'teen age organization of Communists—and that the rate of growth was much more rapid. There was probably some exaggeration in this, in an effort to secure party action forcing governmental suppression of the church societies, such as followed. But it is undoubtedly true that the young people's societies of the churches were growing at such a rate as to excite the apprehension of the Communists, who place their hopes for a communized Russia so entirely in the coming generations."

Christians in America can do nothing to help their brethren in Russia, thinks Mr. Hutchinson, because the Soviet Government is under a mental war strain, believing that the rest of the world is in combination to crush it. Recognition, he believes, would relieve this strain, and he writes:

"Once this strain is eased, the Government will feel less necessary the stern repression of certain elements. Out of that might quickly come a lessening of the drive against religion. But that is all something that might come to pass, and in a future that I fear is still remote."

"In the meantime, gentle women and noble men—Orthodox, Protestants, Zionists, and of many other groups—are being sent by the hundreds, perhaps by the thousands, to the loneliness of exile in Siberia, in central Asia, in the Caucasus, because they have dared to preach or profess a religion that you and I take too much for granted."

AFTER PRAYER

BY SARA HENDERSON HAY

LORD, I suspect You often look to earth,
Leaning from Heaven's gracious golden calm,
And hide a curve of rather goodly mirth,
Behind one kind, scarred palm—

At all the funny prayers we say to You,
And our so earnest scurryings to and fro,
As mothers smile at things their children do,
And never let them know—

—*The Churchman, New York.*



L U X U R I O U S T R A N S P O R T A T I O N

THAT Packard is the greatest name among motor cars is far from being either accidental or mere good fortune. That no other car possesses the Packard reputation is but the natural result of Packard's unusual history—its thirty-year background of experience that cannot be duplicated and that money cannot buy.

Packard reputation has a very practical meaning to Packard owners. It assures not only advanced engineering, the finest of materials, and supreme craftsmanship, but also unusual service and an exceptionally low depreciation cost.

It is a fact well worth considering that two out of three of those who buy Packard cars give up other makes to do so.

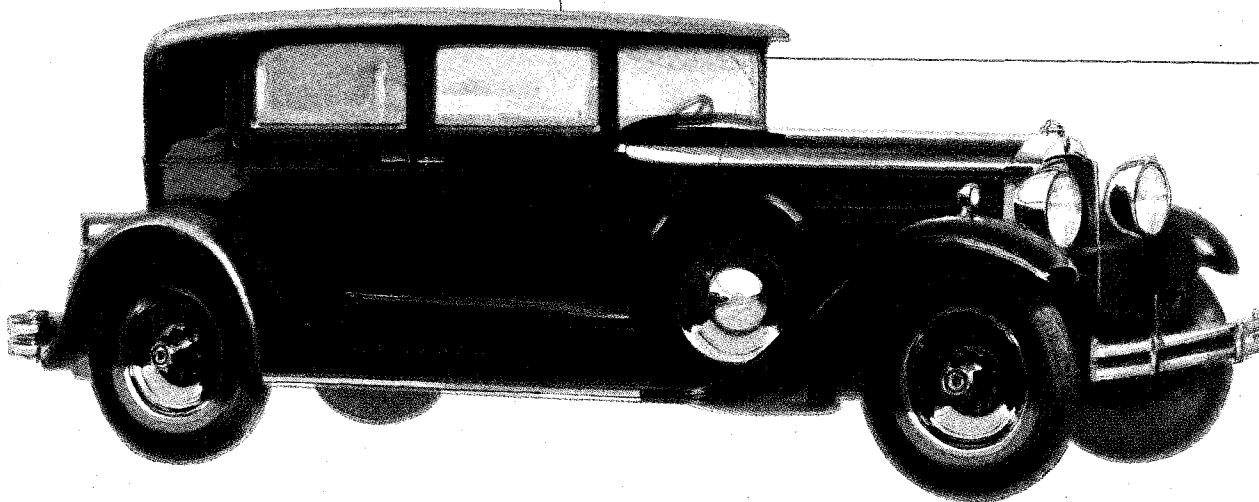
These thousands are for the first time enjoying truly luxurious transportation of a sort they have never known before. Their satisfaction results not only from superior performance and unusual comfort and beauty but also from the constant realization of the fact that their cars bear the crest of Packard.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN
WHO OWNS
ONE



The slaves of the Caliph's household gently carried the women of his harem in luxurious palanquins



CURRENT • POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department cannot be returned

THE new oil-burners of the sea are death to the birds whose history is so touchingly sung in the September *Bookman* (New York):

TO A SEA-GULL

By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

With your harsh-screaming voice and smooth-gliding
Wings poised above your spindle-moulded body,
You are the watcher of fate who warns mankind of
tempest,
The crier of requiem over poor drowned sailors;

You wheel as sentinel where the harbor rocks
Wind-sharpened, stand to part the moaning white-
maned waters,
You settle in quarrelsome flocks upon the shallows,
You clamorously rise to cheer the coming dawn.

You, sea-gull: searcher of the crumbling cliff,
Nesting on shelterless granite, you whose pink feet
Print the blue ice that rings grim Arctic barrens,
Dip to the purple trough where slanting ports
swing home!

For centuries you soared ere man, an infant,
wakened
On his first wonderful shore and rubbed his eyes
To see your wings in steady pulsation flickering
Between the bowing palm-reef and the sky;

Now you drift helpless, trapped on polluted
waters,
Hither and thither tossed, a draggled heap of
feathers,
Smudged with black engine-waste, a noisome
shape of horror,
Slaughtered by ships whose voyaging you cheered
on.
Dying in shoals, because men, unregarding
Of all but their own greed, have willed oil-wells
shall rule
Henceforth their swaggering purses, and you leave
us
Tenantless oceans without screams of joy.

THE motor-car makes the whole world
kin, and this impossible suggestion for the
use of motorists from the London *Morning
Post* may be tried where you happen to
run across an English traffic cop:

THE BUSINESS TOUCH

By TOUCHSTONE

A coster, when threatened with pains of the law,
Was observed to exhibit no symptom of awe,
But a strong business instinct impelled him to
say,

"I suppose you don't want no tomatoes to-day?"
Now this is, I think, an example to all,
To be ready for custom whatever befall,
And if I should be hauled up for dangerous speed
I shall know, in the future, just how to proceed.
I shall say to the "cop" who my passage may bar,
"May I venture to ask if you're needing a car?
If so, here is one which you see can perform
Quite remarkable feats when the engine is warm.
Yet the speed you have seen can be greatly
increased

Without notable risk—to the driver at least.
Come, do not say 'No.' If you'll only hop in
It will be a real pleasure to give you a spin.
Don't think of pedestrians—both the worms!—
If you like her I'll give you the easiest terms,
For here is the sporting concern that you seek,
It is yours for a nominal payment per week.
Come along," I will say, "when you're sitting by
me

You will find how delightful a joy-ride can be!"
If I tried the appeal it might work on the spot,
But I still must remember the coster's did not.

IN *The New Republic*, Chesterton rears
his church eternal in the heavens, out of
touch with the ancient faiths:

UBI ECCLESIA

By G. K. CHESTERTON

"You must seek a castle east of the sun and
west of the moon."

"For as the lightning cometh out of the east
and shineth even unto the west, so shall also the
coming of the Son of Man be."—*St. Matthew*,
XXIV. 27.

Our Castle is East of the Sun
And our Castle is West of the Moon
So wisely hidden from all the wise
In a twist of the air, in a fold of the skies,
They go East, they go West, of the land where it
lies
And a fool finds it soon.

Our Castle is East of the Sun
And abides not the law of the sunlight
The last long shot of Apollo
Falls spent ere it strikes the tower
Far East of the steep, of the strong,
Going up of the golden horses,
Strange suns have governed our going,
Strange dials the day and the hour.
With hearts not fed of Demeter
With thoughts unappeased of Athene
We have groped through the earth's dead day-
light

To a night that is more, not less:
We have seen his star in the East
That is dark as a cloud from the westward
To the Roman a reek out of Asia
To the Greeks foolishness.
For the sun is not lord but a servant
Of the secret sun we have seen
The sun of the crypt and the cavern
The crown of a secret queen
Where things are not what they seem
But what they mean.

But our Castle is West of the Moon
Nor the Moon hath lordship upon it
The Horns and the horsemen crying
On their great ungraven God:
And West of the moons of magic
And the sleep of the moon-faced idols
And the great moon-colored crystal
Where the Mages mutter and nod:
The black and the purple poppies
That grow in Gautama's garden
Have waved not ever upon us
The smell of their sweet despair
And the yellow masks of the Ancients
Looking west from their tinkling temples
See Hope on our hill Mountjoy,
And the dawn and the dancers there.
For the moon is not lord but a servant
Of the Smile more bright than the sun
And all they desire and despair of
And weary of winning is won
In our Castle of Joyous Garde
Desired and done.

So abides it dim in the midmost
The Bridge called Both-and-Neither,
To the East a wind from the westward
To the West a light from the East:
But the map is not made of man
That can plot out its place under heaven.
That is counted and lost and left over
The largest thing and the least.

For our Castle is East of the Sun
And our Castle is West of the Moon
And the dark labyrinthine charts of the wise
Point East and point West of the land where it
lies
And a Fool walks blind on the highway
And finds it soon.

SEEN from Saint Germain-en-Laye this
picture of Paris—but perhaps not of the
French—is a gay little surmise of the
expatriate. From *Japm* (Atlantic City):

NUIT D'ETE

By CHARLES HOWARD MARSH

(Saint Germain-en-Laye)

Rose-tinted and saffron
Gleamed the fairy towers of Sacre-Coeur,
In the setting sun
As the purple haze drifted over the roofs of Paris;
Slowly the fire-fly lamps began to glow
And Paris,
The city of springtime and love,
Danced lightheartedly into the night,
Singing a gay little chanson
And wearing a red rose jauntily
Over one ear.

IN *The New Statesman* (London) is this
tale of the countryside:

LIFE AFTER DEATH

A PASTORAL

By F. L. LUCAS

"What is there wrong with the farm high up the
hill?
For nettle, thistle, darnel grow at will;
The poppies choke his corn. The garden's dead.
The quitch-grass lays green fingers on each bed,
Choking what's left to kill."

"The man is finished now. Once things went
right;
He'd pass you in old days, up with the light,
Young and fresh-colored, whistling down the lane;
Or riding late and tired back again
Give you a gay Good-night.

Then he brought home a girl from Somerset,
Sloe-eyed, full-blooded; fond of him, and yet
Hating the earth he loved, mad to live now—
Spring haunted her with longings, the first plough
Of autumn, with regret.

She picked her roses in the bud's first red,
She burnt them at the first loose petal shed;
She pulled his apple-blossom for her hair,
Smoothed his grave face, and kissed, and left him
there
With a laugh at his shaken head.

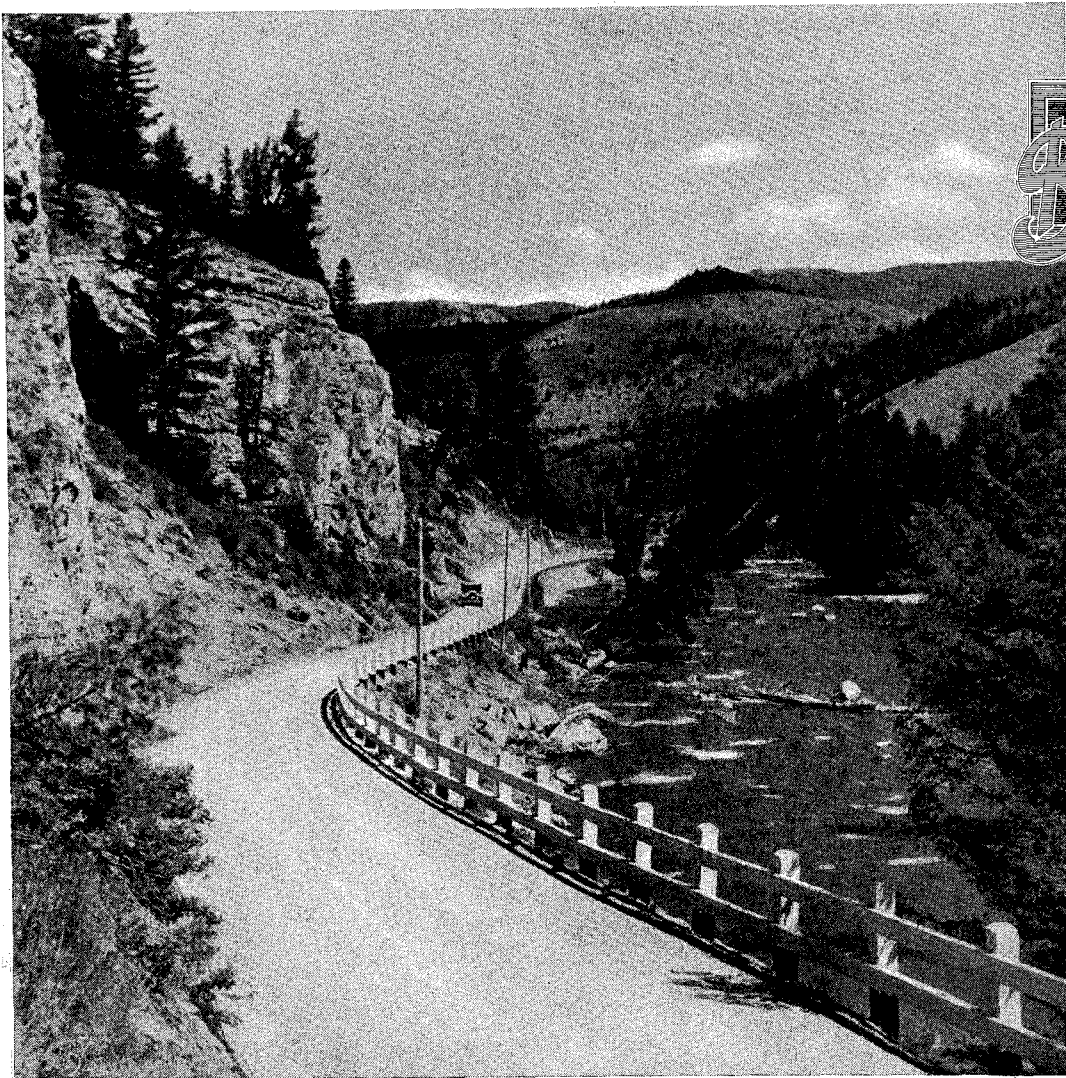
Tired from the hayfield, he would find his wife
Tricked out for town. 'One only has one life,'
She would cry, defiant. In his brain that tune
Hammered all day under the sun of June:
'One only has one life.'

Months passed; she went more often; bolder
grown,
Would coax him too to come. Her pleading tone
Won once or twice; and then, more easily;
She grew less eager for his company—
He went, unasked, alone.

She looked for fresher faces; not in vain.
She catalogued his faults with tired disdain;
She cared not what he did, or ceased to do.
He lost heart, losing her; he gathered, too,
Roses instead of grain.

Then suddenly she died. We were fools to say:
'He'll be all right again, with her away.'
He's growing in debt. He drinks to drown his
care,
And thinks of her white body buried there,
Thinks 'I must live to-day.'

So that's what's wrong with the farm high up the
hill;
Why nettle, thistle, darnel grow at will;
Why his roses run to briars. The town's too near.
Crumbling within her coffin, year by year,
She rots him still."



A BUICK with 20,000 miles behind it is a BUICK 20,000 miles young

Here is a secret of motor car buying which thousands of discriminating men and women know, and which other thousands are learning with each passing year —

You can get far greater value, as well as far greater motoring enjoyment, in a Buick which has given a few thousand miles of service than in any ordinary new car of comparable price.

Buick provides so much more power, speed, stamina, and all the fine qualities which motorists desire that there is literally no comparison. . . . And ten — or twenty — or even fifty thousand miles — are merely the prelude to Buick's career of service, as you can readily prove by noting the number of Buicks with more than 100,000 miles on the speedometer.

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McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont. Corporation Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

HOW RINGLING MADE THE GREATEST SHOW GREATER

THE GHOST OF P. T. BARNUM must be agitated and peevish these days. For a greater king of the big tops has arisen, in the opinion of many writers. The last of the Busy Brothers of Baraboo—John Ringling, that is—has become emperor, rather than mere king, of circusland. Back



P. & A. photograph

"MR. JOHN," WHO OUT-BARNUMS BARNUM

John Ringling, overlord of circusland, in his Sarasota, Florida, garden with Tell, a police dog, presented to him by a brother circus magnate of Germany.

in the '70s, John Ringling and his brothers—Al, Alf. T., Charles, Otto, Henry, and Gus—like many small boys, had circuses in their back yard in Baraboo, Wisconsin, charging pins for admission. Each of the boys learned to do something. John, for example, we read in the New York *Telegram*, could "sing a bit and clown quite a bit." So when they outgrew pin shows they counted their money, found they had five dollars among them, and organized "Ringling Brothers' Moral, Elevating, Instructive, and Fascinating Concert and Variety Performance." You will notice that, like all good circus men, they learned early to use adjectives.

Now, after having owned one of the biggest circuses in America for years, John Ringling has bought out all of his important rivals, and stands supreme, we are assured, among circus men. The other circuses—Sells-Floto, Hagenbeck, John Robinson, Sparks, and Al G. Barnes—were owned by a combine, the American Circus Corporation. Recently, as we shall see, there has been some belief that the combine might acquire the Ringling-Barnum and Bailey show. Imagine the surprise of all when just the opposite occurred. The result, some may fear, will play havoc with the exceptionally well-stocked vocabularies of circus press

agents. "The biggest," "the best," "the most stupendous," "the only spectacle in the world," "glittering," "enthraling"—all of these terms will be too pale to describe the glories of Mr. Ringling's present holdings. Perhaps it is for this reason that he will probably operate the shows separately, under their old names. Under this arrangement the press agents should easily perform their adjectival duties. As for the details of and the possible reason for the amalgamation, let us turn to the New York *Sun*:

Last of the brothers whose name has come to be synonymous with this form of entertainment, Mr. Ringling has bought out the American Circus Corporation, operating company of the last five large circuses in America, save for the Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey Combined Circus.

The units which have passed to his control are the Sells-Floto Shows, John Robinson Shows, Hagenbeck-Wallace Shows, Sparks Shows, and the Al G. Barnes Shows. It is the largest deal ever consummated in the circus world, and the price runs into many millions.

It is expected that Mr. Ringling will continue to operate the various groups separately and under their own names, most of which have been household words in the United States for decades. The oldest aggregation, and one which goes back to the days when circus trains engaged in bitter warfare over territory, is the John Robinson Shows. This circus is more than a century old.

Mr. Ringling's deal makes him beyond all question the circus magnate of the country, a far cry from the day when he, with his brothers, started out as "The Ringling Brothers Variety Performance" on a capital of five dollars in a little Wisconsin town.



Keystone View Company photograph

PITCH OUT YOUR PILLS AND CALL A CLOWN

When the circus folk went to entertain hospital mites, Poline Herman, one of the clowns, shown above, proved equal to several bottles of medicine, as may be deduced from his small audience's faces.

The consolidation is particularly significant in view of the recent announcement that the Ringling shows would not exhibit in Madison Square Garden next spring. This was due to Mr. Ringling's refusal to allow Friday-night prize-fights to interfere with his show. Mr. Ringling, who is chairman of the board of directors and one of the principal financiers of the Madison



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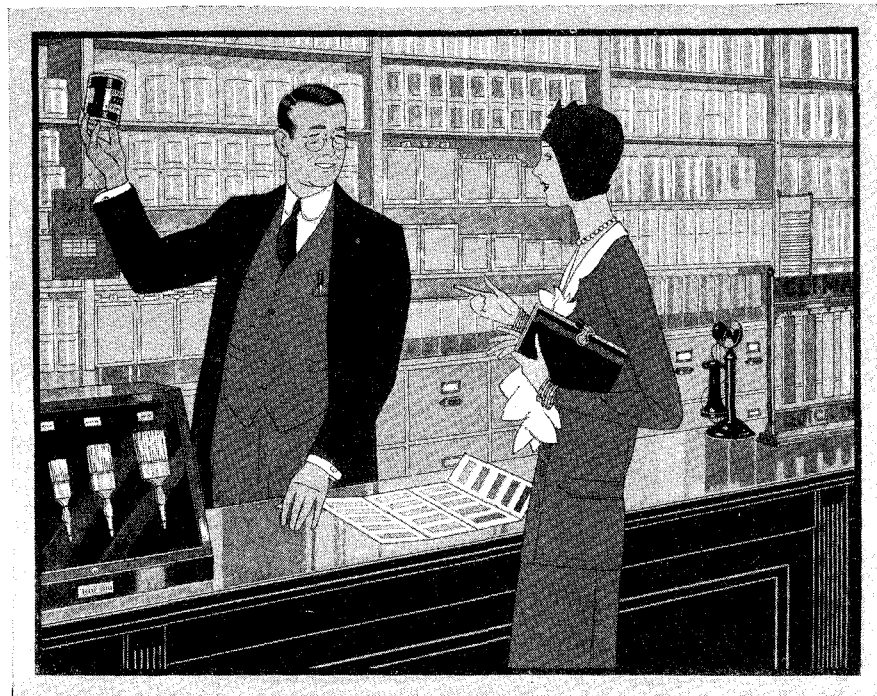
This new feature of "Where to Buy It" was put into your classified telephone directory to make your telephone even more useful to you. Dealers are welcoming it as an excellent way to let you know they sell the things you want. It cuts down the number of steps between your home and their stores, by saving you the bother of searching from



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to find just which dealer sells
the article you want.*

place to place to find where a particular article may be had.

Many articles—and their dealers—are already entered in the directories: articles as varied as paint and motor cars, clocks and automobile tires. Many more are being added as new editions of the directories are issued. The "Where to Buy It" feature is new and necessarily incomplete, but it is growing rapidly. Manufacturers and dealers are co-operating to list their



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Your classified telephone directory is *your* guide to the articles and services available in your community. You will find it a valuable aid in locating the dealers who sell the exact thing you want to buy. With it you can save many steps and much time. Consult it freely.

"WHERE TO BUY IT"



THE NEW SERVICE IN YOUR
CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY



International Newreel photograph

DO YOU REMEMBER, WAY BACK, WHEN THIS WAS YOUR FAVORITE OUTDOOR SPORT?

When spring comes round, and the big tops are pitched, youngsters all over the land stage this typical scene, taking a surreptitious peek at the marvels on the other side of the canvas.

Square Garden Corporation, denied that this indicated any break between himself and the Garden.

The Garden officials, on learning Mr. Ringling would not concede Friday nights to fight promoters, arranged with the Sells-Floto company to perform there this spring. Mr. Ringling's acquisition of the latter show puts the whole arrangement in a different light, and it remains to be seen whether or not he will countenance fight interference with his newly acquired units.

An idea of the mammoth proportions of the merger may be gained, we read in the *New York World*, from a consideration of these facts:

Two hundred and forty full-length railroad cars are required to transport the equipment, menageries, and personnels of the six shows involved. The Ringling-Barnum Circus itself has approximately 100 cars. Sells-Floto moves on 35 cars, Hagenbeck-Wallace and Al G. Barnes each have 30 cars, John Robinson has 25, and Sparks is last with 20.

The personnel of the Ringling show numbers just about 1,500, while the other five outfits have a total of something like 2,500, making 4,000 in all.

The *New York Herald Tribune* believes that the rise of Mr. John Ringling from a two-pins-a-head show in a barn at Baraboo, Wisconsin, to the position of undisputed circus king of America, ruling over thousands of artists, bareback riders, cowboys, and circus hands, controlling miles of railway cars, acres upon acres of tentage, and innumerable elephants, is a tale with that final, that satisfying flavor that a tale should have. And it argues:

How many country boys, admitting the first shy ambition some day to ride the flying trapeze or tame lions, would not rejoice to dream of so glittering a culmination to a splendid career! The circus world is the place, if anywhere, where such things ought happen. Baseball czars or toothpaste dictators have rather a flat, a commercial suggestion; but a circus king, King of Barnum and Bailey's, and Emperor of the Greatest Shows on Earth, risen direct from ring-mastering in the back yard and hard work on the trapeze after school—that is something.

Countless urchins will be more pleased to learn that this brilliant fulfilment is a possibility than to be told that any boy may become President. And the ambitions which Mr. Ringling's career will stir are likely to be less harmful than those aroused by Mr. Hoover's—for the rising generation is far more certain to recover from the former than the latter. But if Mr. Ringling's achievement arouses those who still regard the circus as a splendid wonder, it will have another

and an almost equally strong appeal for older people who like to look back to a now-distant past. What does it matter that the circuses are being consolidated like chain grocery stores? Circuses were made to be consolidated, to be the biggest, the best, the most stupendous, the only spectacle in the world. The picture of Mr. Ringling and his brothers, starting out with their "variety performance" from Baraboo through the snows of rural Wisconsin, and growing slowly through the years to the final triumphant, if queerly incongruous, appearance in Madison Square Garden itself, is a picture of so much in American life, of so many memories for so many people.

Mr. Ringling has declared that the five shows he has acquired will be maintained under their own names. One is glad of that. Those familiar hyphenated names, which have paraded in their splendid euphony across so many thousands of barns, or flaunted themselves, with the brilliantly lithographed "lady equestrians," from so many rail fences and country storehouses, have themselves the flavor of the American countryside—that far-flung territory, differing widely in different sections, but strong in its own uniqueness, its resistance to standardization, its peculiar quality, and its spell over those who have known and left it.

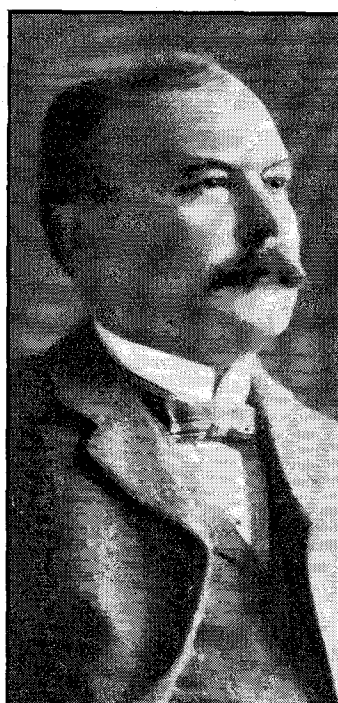
Of how John Ringling and his brothers launched upon their spectacular careers there are many tales, none of which is necessarily inconsistent with the others. Some chroniclers, it would seem, merely go back farther to make a beginning. For example, the *World's* account starts with the pin-show period, telling us:

August Ringling, the father of the seven boys, was a harness-maker in McGregor, Iowa, most of the time while the youngsters were growing up. John was one of the brothers who were born in that town.

Next to the Ringling home in McGregor there was a large vacant lot, and here, on Saturday afternoon principally, the boys would put on "circuses." Other children of the neighborhood frequently took part in these exhibitions, but the Ringling boys themselves were the star performers. Sometimes the shows were given in barns, in improvised tents, and in halls.

A decrepit old white horse, the neglected property of a man "up the street," was the pet of the Ringling youths, and on the back of this favorite animal they took their first lessons as "bareback riders."

The five younger boys also acquired musical training, mostly under the tutorship of Al, and they went out as a concert troupe, almost before some of them had reached their teens. Team-work—the same systematic division of duties that carried them to amazing success in later years—helped them to get by surprisingly well. They worked hard. Each one had his special



From the Albert Davis Collection

UP FROM A PIN SHOW

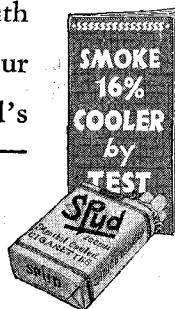
Otto Ringling, another of the famous brothers, who devoted a life that started with back-yard entertainments to bigger and better circuses.



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When the loud speaker brings roar of crowd and crash of conflict into the library... do you light cigarette after cigarette? Then light Spud, the cigarette that always keeps your mouth in its natural, moist-cool comfort... your tobacco senses ever responsive. Spud's

"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST"... a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you... sent gladly on request.



smoke is scientifically proven 16% cooler. That "16% cooler" heightens your enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco flavor. It broadcasts Spud as the new

freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky.

JUDGE SPUD... Not by first puff... but by first pack. Surprise of first puff soon forgotten... continued coolness heightens enjoyment of the full tobacco flavor.

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duties. All of them played in the orchestra and doubled on the stage.

The Ringling family moved to Baraboo, Wisconsin, and after some more back-yard circus activity there, the boys launched their first regular show, a miscellaneous entertainment presented in the town opera-house. They tramped around for about two seasons, the boys meanwhile developing their skill as performers.

Then we turn to the *New York Times* to carry on the story:

The Ringling brothers started upon their careers as showmen with \$5 in their pockets. They improvised an entertainment program which they had printed at the village printshop for \$3.70. With \$1.30 left in the treasury, John tucked the bills under his arm, and started on one of the coldest of winter mornings, in the late '70s, from the parental roof to Abelman's, five miles away. He billed the town for "Ringling Brothers' Moral, Elevating, Instructive, and Fascinating Concert and Variety Performance, One Night Only." His four brothers

settled in the Middle West in the last century, and by patience, frugality, and industry made the prairies rich.

John Ringling's father was a harness-maker, in moderate circumstances. He probably failed to become wealthy because he was blest with no fewer than eleven children, of whom seven were boys. But each of the lads had some talent. Al was a mechanical genius. Alf. T. was literary. Charles was musical. Otto could train animals. Henry and Gus, when their chance came later, showed they were excellent organizers. John's gift seemed to be business acumen, combined with sagacity in the ordinary affairs of life—what old-fashioned folk called "horse sense."

When the boys were still young the father pulled up stakes and moved to Baraboo, Wisconsin, a State already tinctured with strong Teutonic elements. Here the Ringlings plugged along, gaining little formal education, but learning much about human nature. The father continued in the harness business, and became a bit more prosperous in that preautomobile era of the '70s and '80s.

In the late '70s a gorgeous wagon show—it may have been "Popcorn George's Show"—was badly in need of parade harness to dazzle the eyes of the Middle West yeomanry. So when the troupe put up for the winter near Baraboo, the owner contracted with Father Ringling for twenty sets of harness, with all the scarlet pads and red-white-and-blue trappings that should go with accouterments of this nature.

But in the following spring the show fell on evil days. Whether it was the grasshoppers, the blight, or simply a prolonged season of "wet tops" (that is, rainy weather), the tradition does not say.

At any rate, the bill for the expensive harness was not paid. Two of the Ringlings went out to see why. They brought luck and good business management to the show, and by watching the ticket tent carefully, returned to Baraboo at the end of the circus year with a comfortable balance.

That decided the Ringlings. They knew now what they wanted to do. In time their wagon show grew larger, until it became one of the factors in the amusement business of the Middle West.

Like B. F. Keith in the vaudeville enterprises he established, the Ringlings realized that the native American people like clean shows, and are believers in Sundays devoted to worship rather than amusement. They emphasized the point that they gave no Sunday shows. That made a hit with churchgoers.

They also were pioneers in realizing the value of advertising, and, as John Wanamaker did at about the same time, they went in for heavy purchases of space. One of their twelve-sheet posters of that era showed the features of five Ringling brothers, their heads on an inclined plane. That same poster was copied by a chewing-gum manufacturer shortly afterward, and not only aroused amusement, but helped the Ringlings to gratuitous publicity—meat and drink to the circus.

About 1890, or it may have been a year or two before that, the Ringlings made "their first great move to expansion by converting their circus into a railroad show that speedily grew to an equipment of thirty cars," we are told. The then overlords of the circus world began to realize that the Ringlings were becoming a force to be reckoned with. For example:

James A. Bailey, the shrewd successor to Barnum, saw the move and foresaw the struggle that was to come—a battle of titans. But as the Ringlings became stronger the Ringlings and Bailey signed a truce, a "concordat," the irrepressible Tody Hamilton called it, whereby the two circuses divided the territory, with the Ringlings centering in Chicago, and the Barnum and Bailey circus in New York. Not until 1909 did the Ringlings appear in Madison Square Garden, and that was after the death of Bailey, when his widow sold the Barnum and Bailey show to the Ringlings for \$410,000, in 1907.

All of John Ringling's brothers died, four of them in quick succession about ten years ago, and "Mr. John" became the ruling factor of the whole American circus business.



International Newsreel photograph

THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING OF THE WONDERS THE CIRCUS BRINGS

The tent is up on the vacant lot on the edge of town, and every one is out for a joyous afternoon of animals, acrobats, equestrians, popcorn, peanuts, and pink lemonade.

followed his trail the next morning. Under the direction of John, the brothers toured the town to inspect John's billing. They had a rehearsal at 11 o'clock. They showed the same night to an audience of forty-seven in the opera-house.

The next year they joined two wandering troubadours, and toured the Northwest with a so-called concert and sketch troupe. Their season netted them \$300—\$60 each. They invested \$20 each in Minneapolis "hand-me-down" shops, and when they returned home in their new suits and silk hats, the town turned out and took a holiday in their honor.

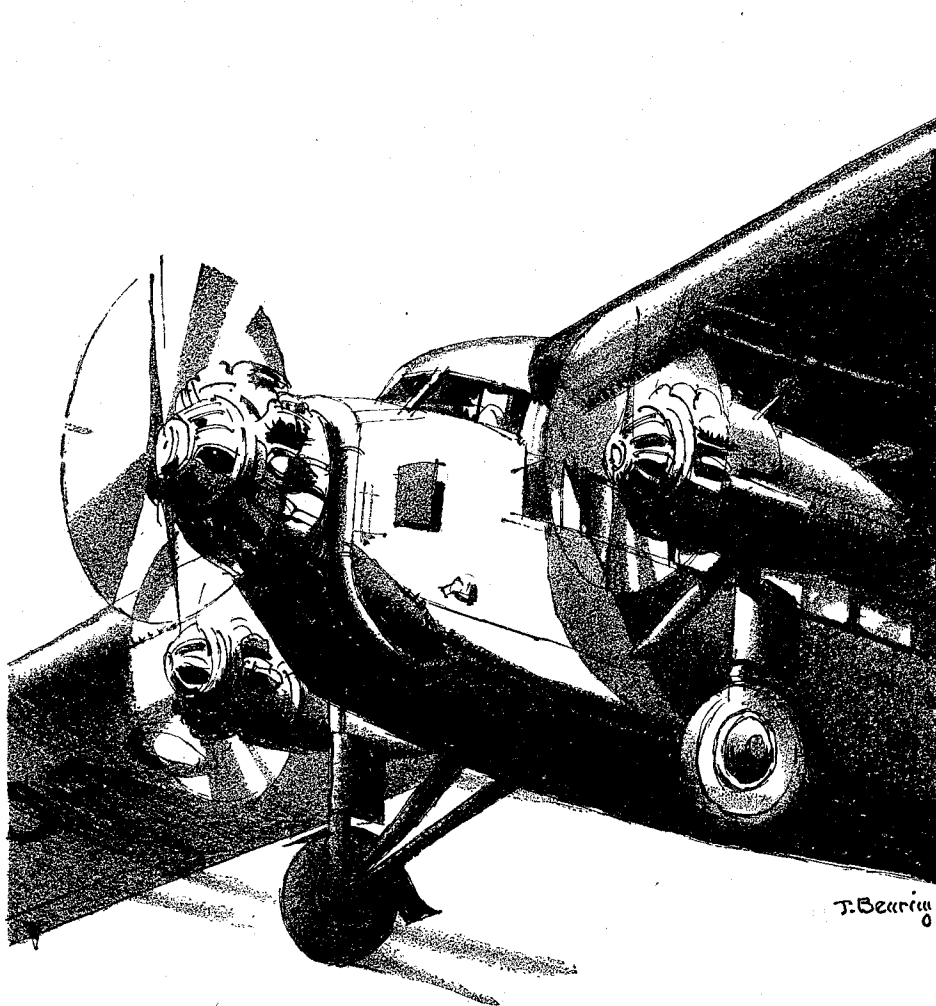
In the following winter they organized a one-ring tent show. Al was now quite a juggler. John could sing and was a good clown as well. The other brothers could do their parts with great skill. At the end of a year they added a trick horse and a bear to the menagerie.

While Mr. Trapp in *The Evening World* offers this further information:

Circus properties a few years ago were estimated by some statistician to be worth \$100,000,000. How much of that valuation is represented in the circuses acquired by Mr. Ringling, no one knows, perhaps, except Mr. Ringling himself. But there is scarcely a circus of importance outside his control, and it may be fair to assume that his properties are worth rather close to the figure mentioned. In addition to the Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey Combined Circus, which already was a combination of several earlier units, his holdings include the Sells-Floto Circus and the Hagenbeck Animal Show, as well as the John Robinson, Sparks, and Al G. Barnes circuses.

At the top of this pyramid is the powerfully built, huge and silent man, about sixty-two, with thousands and thousands of acquaintances, but no intimates, a lover of art, a man with a punch that could fell a steer, an excellent picker of subordinates, a genius of transportation detail, a fine bridge player, a shrewd business man, and a master in knowing what the public wants, and why.

The Ringlings came from McGregor, Iowa. Originally the name was Ruengling, of that sturdy German pioneer stock that



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IN this new industry of the skies where progress depends upon unfailing performance and dependability and where low price is not a lure, "the highest priced bearing in the world" is used by practically all aircraft and aircraft equipment manufacturers... Aircraft manufacturers can't afford to take a chance on anti-friction bearings. Neither can manufacturers in other fields. They merely *think* they can. Nothing is apt to cost so much as a bearing that cost so little.



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PRIMITIVE EMOTIONS AFLAME IN A NEGRO FILM

HUNDREDS OF PLANTATION HANDS were gathered on the bank of a Southern river to take part in a scene of exhortation and baptism. Converts in white robes were marshaled in long lines to wait for the ecstatic privilege of wading out into midstream one by one, and receiving the baptismal rite. Meanwhile the evangelist, a prepossessing young negro with a resonant voice, appealed for more repentant sinners to approach the mercy seat. From his little platform he hurled exhortation and warning at the sea of dark faces before him, and suddenly an electrical response swept over them. Devout ejaculations burst from their lips,

and magnificently photographed, but that it achieves the impossible—it is something new under the sun.

I am afraid many people are going to visit Mr. Vidor's film with the attitude that they are about to inspect the mechanism of some quaint toy. "The colored race . . ." "The persecuted black man . . ."

Instead of looking at "Hallelujah" as an exposé of a quaint aspect of this our America, I think we should settle down to the fact that the Negro is as different from the rest of us as we are from the Russians, the Germans, or the French.

"Hallelujah" is chiefly concerned with two characters, Zeke, the sonorous-voiced revivalist, who is so deeply troubled because he finds sex and religion so bewilderingly interwoven, and little Chick, who also confuses her desires for religion with her desire for Zeke.

The characterizations of man and girl are splendid—they are distinct and indelible. They have no movie tricks or mannerisms. They are simple, direct, and hold your attention to the very last.

I think Mr. Vidor should be awarded some sort of Pulitzer prize for this picture. It seems to me quite as penetrating as "In Abraham's Bosom," and much better entertainment. And, after all, you do go to the theater—or the motion-picture—to be interested, excited, amused or stirred, rather than to have documentary evidence thrust under your nose in a mournful sequence of miserable events.

The American screen has in Mr. Vidor a director to be immensely proud of. Not to be too unkind, let us examine in detail one sequence, and imagine how it might have been done by one of our earlier directors—D. W. Griffith, for instance.

Mr. Vidor shows us Zeke returning to the cabin with the body of his little brother, whom he has accidentally killed. Moreover, he has lost in a crap game all the money he received for the sale of the season's cotton crop. He falls on his knees in front of his mother

moaning and wailing. The smaller children gather around. The aged parson stands at one side, also moaning, chanting, invoking.

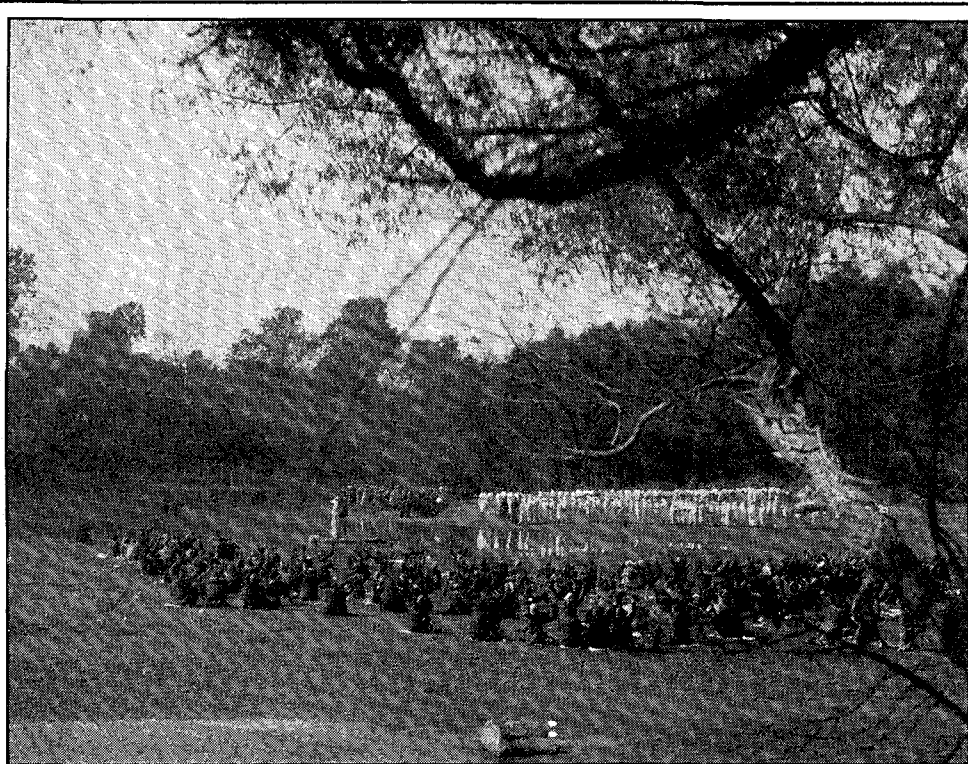
Zeke is humble . . . he is contrite . . . he asks the Lord to forgive him . . . he is utterly confounded. Then the parson tells him to look aloft, for the chariot of the Lord cometh . . . for his salvation . . . the chariot of the Lord cometh . . . the chariot of the Lord cometh . . .

Zeke looks upward and sees a great cloud blotting out the sun . . . gradually it drifts away and, as he chants and prays, the white light of the sun strikes down on his face . . . the chariot of the Lord has come . . . it is forgiveness . . . his God has spoken . . . the black man standing in the field raises up his hands, and accepts the fiery benediction of the sun . . .

Now, how would Mr. D. W. Griffith have managed this bit of business? I am very much afraid that he would have resorted to double photography and a superimpression of a brace of chariots dashing by filled with angels with papier-maché wings over some cloud effects. Mr. Vidor knew that his actors were so excellent, that his direction was so simple, so clear, and so honest that he had no need of double exposures, scenic effects or cardboard chariots. With half a dozen people and a ragged field he has done a fine and a beautiful thing. Also, it should honestly be said, much of his success is due to Mr. Haynes's magnificent voice calling so passionately on his God. Mr. Griffith, of course, had no microphone to help him in the old days.

"One of the most distinguished and exciting moving-pictures ever made" is the verdict of Richard Watts, Jr., who appraises screen productions for the New York *Herald Tribune*. He continues:

The enthusiasm of the moment, which a sedate reviewer



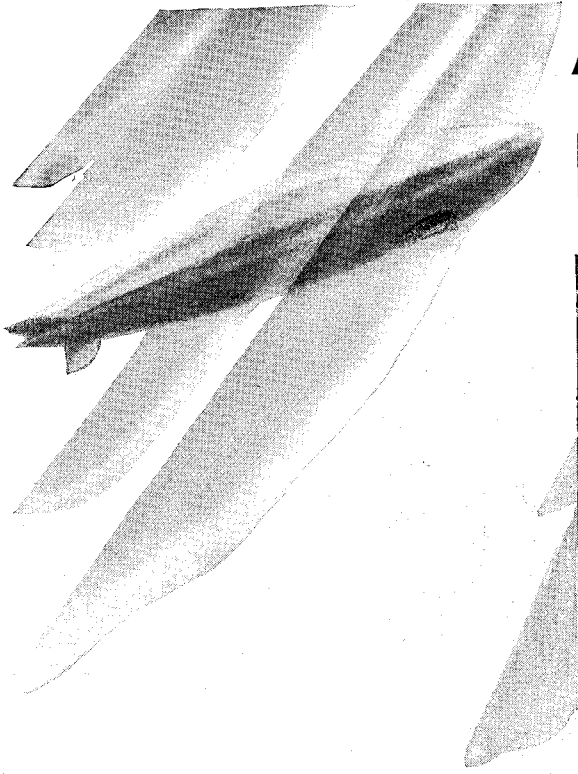
REPENTANCE, BAPTISM AND JOY ON THE BANK OF A SOUTHERN RIVER

One of the striking scenes in "Hallelujah", King Vidor's talking film of negro life. It deals with the religious and other emotions of the untutored plantation hands of the cotton belt.

their bodies swayed in emotional sympathy, and their arms were tossed skyward.

The whole-hearted spontaneity of their response brought a look of keen delight to the face of a white man who brooded in the background with a megaphone in his hand. For these "colored folks" of town and country had been hired as movie extras, the young evangelist was the leading man of an Afro-American screen talkie, and the brooding white man with the megaphone was King Vidor, who won his spurs as a director when he launched "The Big Parade." It was he who had assembled this multitudinous scene on the river-bank, and the crown of its success was that the quick emotions of the extras had caught fire from the extemporaneous sermonizing of the leading man—who had actually been an evangelist in his time—and were giving the busy cameras far richer food than Mr. Vidor had dared to hope. And now the full-fledged result of that impromptu revival, and of many other unusual scenes of rehearsal and camera work, are given to the world in "Hallelujah," a movie which has aroused intense public interest, and given rise to much discussion. We quote Creighton Peet, the critic of the New York *Evening Post*:

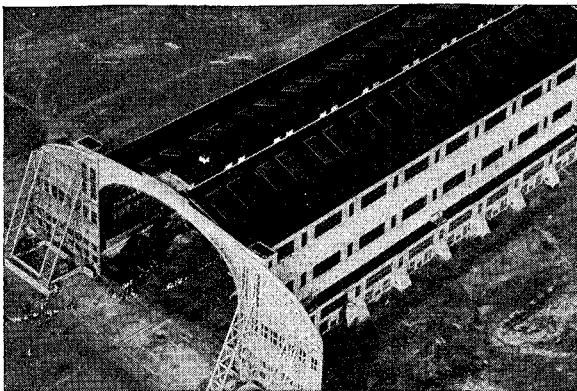
"Hallelujah" is a truly great motion-picture and, consequently, it is going to receive a lot of attention from the "visual flow" and "rhythmic sequences of action" boys who go in for art in a big way. They only see three or four films a year, and these are invariably "significant." Most of us, however, will be satisfied to find that "Hallelujah" is not only beautifully acted



A DRYDOCK FOR THE LINERS OF THE AIR

Johns-Manville Built-up Roofing Safely Covers the Vast Hangar of the Los Angeles at Lakehurst

THE great liners of the air, the Los Angeles, and her overseas cousin, the Graf Zeppelin, swim like tireless silver fish through the trackless blue. But like the slow going ocean liners these great ships must have care and rest at journey's end.

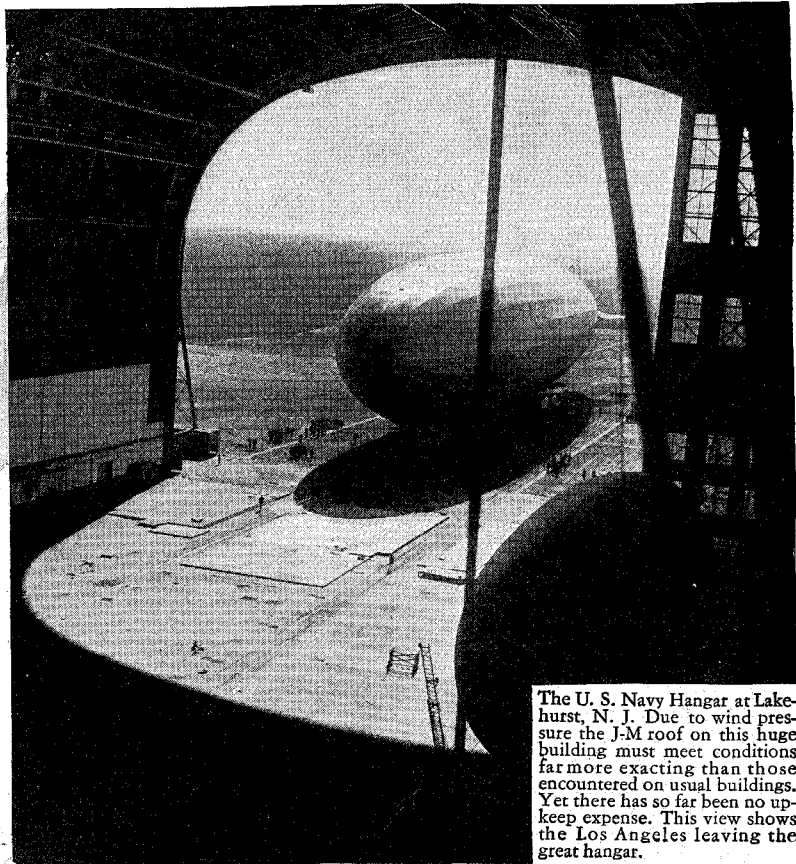


The huge hangar of the U. S. Navy at Lakehurst, N. J., provides, not only safe harbor for these amazing craft, but also for a pair of blimps which a few years ago would have been thought giants themselves. Since it was built in 1921, this remarkable building has been protected by 300,000 square feet of Johns-Manville Super Class A Roofing. Impervious alike to driving rain or blazing sun, fireproof and weather-proof the J-M roof protects this enormous building, and the millions of dollars of property it shelters.

There is only one hangar such as the one at Lakehurst, yet there is a J-M roof suitable for it. There is, in fact, a J-M roof suitable for any building, large or small, permanent or temporary.

Johns-Manville has ended doubt in roof selection by providing a sufficient variety of roofs. J-M engineers have perfected, and offer you, more than twenty distinct types of Built-up Roofing. Among these roofs is one exactly suited to any building you may own, whatever its uses, and wherever it may be located. And besides their known ability to meet specific conditions, these J-M roofs are also definitely rated as to length of life. You can, at your option, have a roof covered by a surety bond for 20, 15 or 10 years or an unbonded roof.

This means that whatever type of building you own you can have a Johns-Manville roof suited to your investment in it, and to its probable length of life. Each J-M roof is designed to give more than full value, to do its job without failure.



The U. S. Navy Hangar at Lakehurst, N. J. Due to wind pressure the J-M roof on this huge building must meet conditions far more exacting than those encountered on usual buildings. Yet there has so far been no upkeep expense. This view shows the Los Angeles leaving the great hangar.

Let a J-M Roofing Expert Advise You

A J-M roofing expert is available for consultation without cost or obligation. He can give you impartial advice, because Johns-Manville makes both asbestos and asphalt roofs, smooth or gravel topped—roofs suitable for every building and every purpose. Our specialist will answer your questions, and make recommendations. You, of course, will select the roof that will best meet all your requirements.

When the right roof has been chosen a J-M Inspector checks every detail during application, and afterwards makes inspections at regular intervals. Thus Johns-Manville provides the right roof for your job, sees to it that the roof is properly applied and subsequently kept in good condition. Every J-M Bonded Roof is guaranteed by Johns-Manville and also by the National Surety Company for an agreed-upon term of years.

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should guard against carefully, might suggest that all caution be impulsively tossed aside and the drama categorically described as the most distinctive American screen work since "Greed," were it not for an unfortunate anticlimax. The final scenes are pictorially excellent, but they cause a hitherto brilliant dramatic effort to sag into frailty.

Such a momentary defect, however, should cause no one to overlook the definite fact that "Hallelujah" is one of the great motion-pictures, a work to be compared, with unashamed enthusiasm, to such a foreign classic as the mighty "Potemkin." It is poetry, drama, and pictorial magnificence, combined in one stalwart whole, and the result is something that constitutes a definite contribution to the local strivings for artistic expression. It is the talking-picture made into a distinctive American dramatic form.

With the expression of such hasty enthusiasm, it is probably time to give a reason or two for the departmental cheering. Perhaps the chief cause is the conviction that here is almost the first time in the audible photoplay when all the potentialities of the form, from dialog and musical effect to pictorial excellence, are merged into a drama that is definitely American, and definitely lacking in any trace of theatrical imitation. It traces a simple and believable story of Negro life, and until the unfortunate final sequences, it never seems obtrusive or incredible.

It is as a symphony of the Negro in the South, rather than as a straightforward narrative, that "Hallelujah" will be remembered. The story is of a young Negro, who is lured into a crooked crap game, unintentionally shoots his brother and, as a penance, becomes a wandering evangelist. It is the climax of the narrative when in a revival meeting he makes as his chief convert the girl who had been the cause of his downfall. Such an account is entirely incomplete, but it does suggest how lacking in theatrical complexities the drama is.

Nevertheless, when combined with its beauties of acting and production, the story is not without its major virtues. As directed by Mr. Vidor, and played by its brilliant cast, "Hallelujah" manages to achieve much of the ironic comment on the bitter alliance between religion and sex that M. France succeeded in getting into "Thais," while retaining the pictorial achieve-

ments of the brilliant "Porgy." The chief differences discernible at the moment are that the irony is far more kindly than the great Frenchman would ever have countenanced, and that the pictorial qualities retain a sort of quiet realism that makes "Porgy" look like a mere theatrical spectacle.

It might be advisable, as a piece of faithful reporting, to describe in some detail the scenes of a Negro revival, of the life of the countryside, of the abysmal swamp land, of the natural gaiety of a black-and-tan cabaret in its real environment, of the wild sadness of a death lamentation. Here, however, it must be enough to say that all of these sensitively portrayed episodes succeed, among other things, in suggesting that the presence of the Negro race is one of the greatest esthetic blessings possessed by this striving land. Certainly the quiet portrayal of its simple drama, which moves from a total lack of plot—that manages to be even more dramatic than its story-telling—casually and surely into unostentatious tragedy, results in one of the proudest of photoplays.

At this point it is hardly necessary to say that the acting is excellent. There should be space, however, to add that Miss Nina Mae McKinney, who must certainly be one of the most beautiful women now at large, shows that there is nothing in this law of averages by giving a perfect performance as the Southern Thais, and that Daniel L. Haynes is brilliant as the gorgeous-voiced evangelist. The rest of the cast is, without exception, excellent, too.

Here the chorus of praise may be interrupted to record the fact that dissentient voices are heard from two sources—

the Negro colony of New York's Harlem and one or two white critics of Southern origin. The producers of "Hallelujah" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) followed the novel course of giving the film two New York premieres, one on Broadway, and the other some miles north, in the prosperous Negro colony. A number of the more important critics elected to view the production in its Afro-American environment, and these noted with interest that sections of the audience were inclined to

(Continued on page 49)



LISTENING TO THE VOICE OF THE SIREN

In this scene Zeke, the hero of the story, has won a bunch of money in a crap game, but the adventuress, Chick, is right there to get her hands on it without losing a minute.



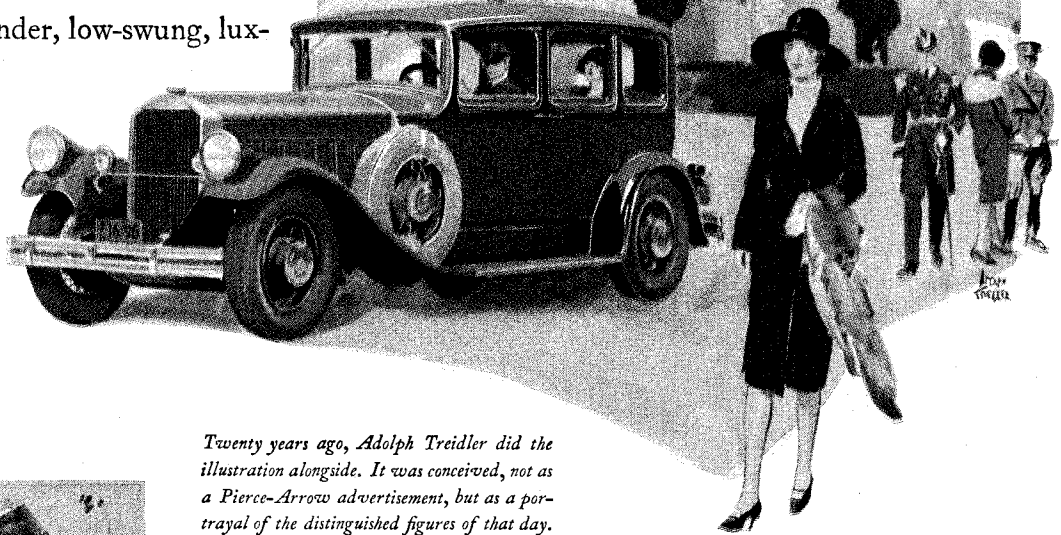
HARVEST TIME IN "DE LAND OB COTTON," BACKGROUND TO THE COMEDY-TRAGEDY OF "HALLELUJAH"

Most of the characters of the Vidor film are to be seen at work in the white-flecked fields from which they wrest a living.

This Fine Courtesy *Pierce-Arrow Commands!*

IN almost any motoring circumstance, Pierce-Arrow commands a courtesy seemingly reserved for no other automobile, however fine. Attention that is extra alert, a certain gracious right-of-way . . . even a trifle more humanness on the part of traffic officers . . . are among the unvarying experiences of Pierce-Arrow owners.

All of which is important only as it denotes a universal and never-failing appreciation of that which is genuinely fine. On this single premise is moulded every Pierce-Arrow tradition. Thus, while the new Straight Eight is an ultra-modern expression of America's finest motor car . . . slender, low-swung, luxurious, powerful . . . crisp and modish as something fresh from Paris . . . it is, beyond all, a *Pierce-Arrow*.



Twenty years ago, Adolph Treidler did the illustration alongside. It was conceived, not as a Pierce-Arrow advertisement, but as a portrayal of the distinguished figures of that day. And, save for changing fashions, the same subject serves equal purpose today — with the aid of Pierce-Arrow and Mr. Treidler, as above.



Pierce-Arrow prices are from \$2775 to \$8200, at Buffalo. In the purchase of a car from income, the average allowance usually more than covers the initial Pierce-Arrow payment.

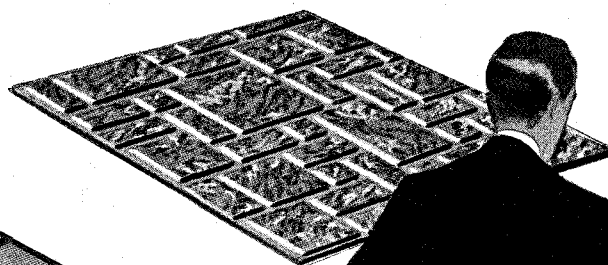
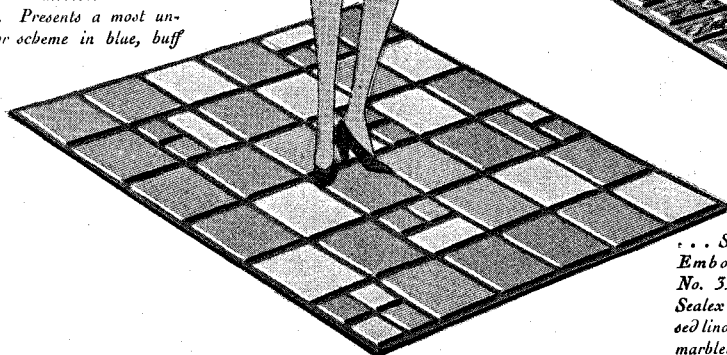
PIERCE-ARROW



"*ABBEY*" . . . *Sealex*
Straight-line Embossed Linoleum
No. 3307. Lends an air of smart-
ness to shop or restaurant.



"*GAZA*" . . . *Sealex*
Straight-line Embossed Linoleum
No. 3511. Presents a most un-
usual color scheme in blue, buff
and grey.



"*ALPS*"
. . . *Sealex* Straight-line
Embossed Linoleum
No. 3502 shown above.
Sealex is the only embos-
sed linoleum made in lovely
marbled patterns.

MOST better class department, furniture and
linoleum stores sell *Sealex* Linoleums. There
is a type of *Sealex* Linoleum suitable for
every flooring need in home, office, store or
public building — from delicately-veined
marble patterns to the most conservative of
solid-color effects.

A charming "hand-made" look about these flo-
lightful originality! You picture some old-t-
carefully laying each separate tile in place. Ha-
that this is such a modern material as *Sealex*.
Inlaid Linoleum—that these tiles are not har-
but afford instead a quietness and velvety ease

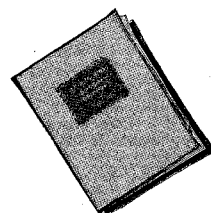
An exclusive manufacturing method prevent
in the raised tiles from blurring over into the
pressed mortar joints — giving a clean-cut r
found in any other embossed linoleum.

And there are fascinating details which you
in these small swatches. The different colors
arranged with that artful variation so chara-
fascinating old-world floors.

And this, please remember, is *Sealex Linoleum*
every invisible pore sealed tight against dirt :
things by the ingenious *Sealex Process*. A m

SEALEX

FREE — A helpful handbook on home-decoration: "Your Floors as a Decorator Views
Them" by the well-known authority, Winnifred Fales. Address Congoleum-Nairn Inc.,
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VIVIDUALITY of hand-laid tile

care keeps these floorings immaculately clean. An occasional light waxing preserves the rich, velvety lustre of the beautiful colorings.

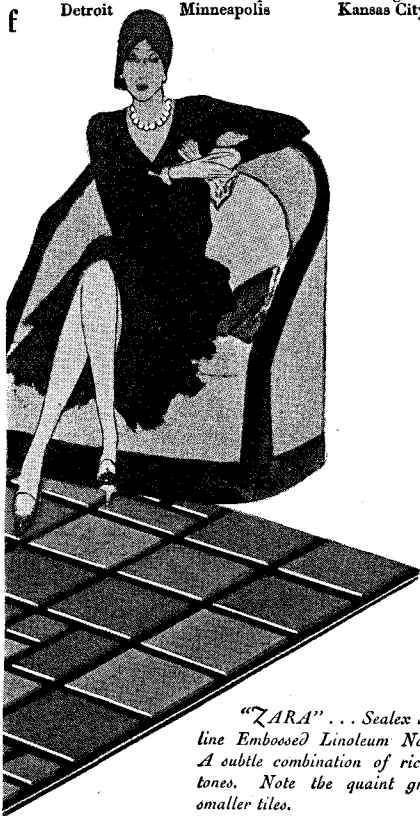
Besides the embossed inlaid designs, shown here, there are other types of *Sealex Linoleum* — richly colored In-laid, two-tone Jaspé, Plain and Battleship.

Why not prove to yourself the beauty, and economy too, of this modern flooring? Take, if you like, an old shabby floor that needs refinishing and hide its ugliness with an appropriate pattern of *Sealex Linoleum*. The transformation can be accomplished in less than a single day. There's no better way to understand why these smart and stylish floorings are in use today in many up-to-date homes.

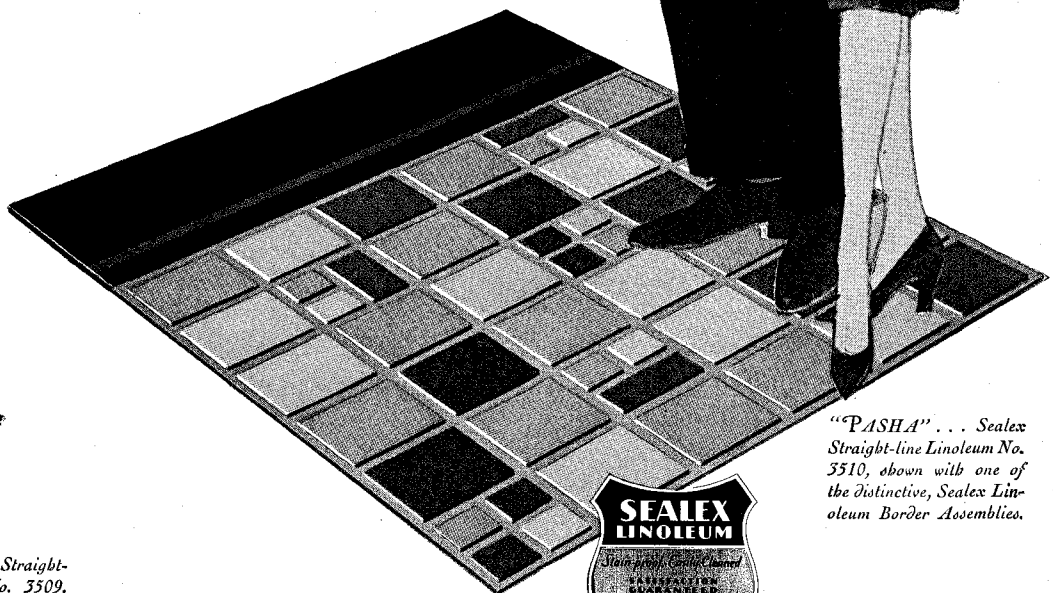
When buying your linoleum be sure to ask for "*Sealex*."

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC. Gen'l Office: KEARNY, N. J.

New York	Philadelphia	Chicago	San Francisco	Pittsburgh	Boston
Detroit	Minneapolis	Kansas City	Dallas	New Orleans	Atlanta



"ZARA" . . . *Sealex* Straight-line Embossed Linoleum No. 3509. A subtle combination of rich color-tones. Note the quaint groups of smaller tiles.



"PASHA" . . . *Sealex* Straight-line Linoleum No. 3510, shown with one of the distinctive, *Sealex* Linoleum Border Assemblies.



ALL *Sealex* Linoleums can be readily identified by this shield which appears every few yards right on the face of the goods.

Stain-proof - Spot-proof - Easily cleaned
LINOLEUMS



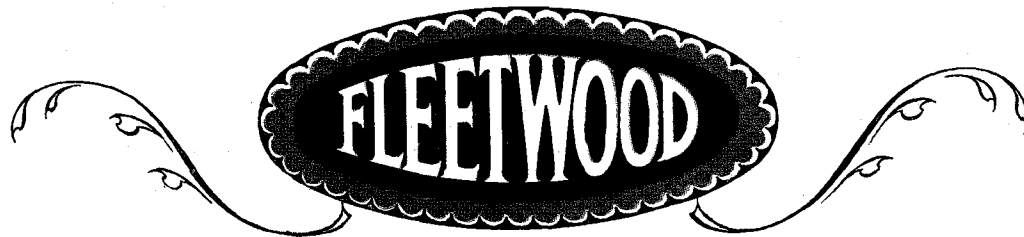
From the Painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller
HENRY FLEETWOOD, Esq.
OF PENWORTHAM
LANCASTER
ENGLAND

GOLDEN TRADITIONS ★ THE INSPIRATION OF

No manufacturer is more vividly aware of the debt of gratitude which modern industry owes to the artisans and the craftsmen of the past, than is Fleetwood. ¶ The spirit which moved the carriage builders of those earlier days, is *today* the inspiration of the artisans in the custom body shops of Fleetwood, in America—a community of craftsmen which takes its name from that beautiful English town founded by the celebrated Fleetwood family which flourished in England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. ¶ The rich traditions of three hundred years of coach building, applied and developed by Fleetwood, have secured for Fleetwood Bodies a special and separate place in the minds of the most discriminating circles in the world. ¶ The quality of every Fleetwood Body is heightened by the superb

FLEETWOOD

engineering contributed by Fisher and its actual value vastly increased by reason of the fact that Fleetwood commands the unequalled facilities and resources of the Fisher Body organization. ¶ It is particularly fitting that the names and the physical and designing resources of Fleetwood and Fisher should reinforce each other, and particularly notable that this association brings to Fleetwood advantages which Fleetwood, alone among custom body builders, enjoys. ¶ In the past, Fleetwood Bodies have graced such notable chassis as Hispano-Suiza, Isotta Fraschini, Mercedes, Minerva, Rolls-Royce, Duesenberg, Cadillac and LaSalle. Fleetwood will continue to create custom designs for these and other chassis, and to deserve, in ever larger measure, the high repute attaching to the Fleetwood name.





ZEKE'S FIERY EXHORTATIONS TO A BETTER LIFE SWEEP HIS SIMPLE HEARERS WITH STORMY EMOTIONS
One of the indoor scenes of evangelism following the young man's conversion, which occurred after he had inadvertently killed his little brother.

(Continued from page 44)

laugh at some of the serious scenes of plantation life, especially the highly emotional ones. Broadway, on the contrary, takes them with sympathetic seriousness. Protests from the educated element of Harlem's population developed a few days later in the correspondence columns of *The Herald Tribune*, from which we quote the following letter:

The photoplay "Hallelujah" is a woful misrepresentation of Negro life, and does a grave injustice to the race. The whole aim of the picture seems to emphasize the worst side of Negro life, and to hold the race up as one without a serious purpose and aim in life. The picture greatly exaggerates and over-stresses the side of the Negro's life, which is not at all typical of the real purpose, ambition, and aspiration of the Negro race.

Throughout the picture you see nothing but the shiftless, carefree, criminal type, habitués of dens and dives, and a menace to society rather than an asset. The last impression in the picture is one that brings out the worst side of the Negro. No race wants its worst side presented.

Even the religion of the Negro is made a joke of in the picture. The reverence, deep devotion, and seriousness which characterize the religious life of the Negro have been made the butt of fun, and appear to be a huge joke in "Hallelujah." I have attended many camp meetings in the South, but never have I seen such an utter recklessness as what is made to appear in the religious gatherings in "Hallelujah."

The baptism scene is not at all a true portrayal of the religious expression of the Negro, and this beautiful expression of the religious emotions of the Negro has been made the occasion for jest, levity and comedy. To prostitute the ideals of a race in this fashion, and to misrepresent its greatest heritage is one of the greatest sins that could be committed against it. The producer of the "Hallelujah" picture, who claims to be from the South, is evidently acquainted only with the shiftless type of Negro and has made little effort to find any other.

CLEVELAND G. ALLEN,
Negro writer.

A spirited defense of "Hallelujah" came from the Rev. William A. Byrd, a negro clergyman, whose letter was dated from Jersey City. He wrote:

Undoubtedly, many things are overdrawn by this play, but it is a sad commentary on Negro life and religion to ad-

mit that what is portrayed of these two factors is mainly true. Not only in the South but here in the North and possibly in Harlem may be heard and seen the things set forth by "Hallelujah." If Mr. Allen and other Negroes who feel so badly about conditions not extant among Negroes would set about in a campaign of uplift to change these things they would serve a better purpose than they are now doing—grumbling because some one is showing up the race largely as it is. Upon reliable information a Negro bishop from the South, who holds conferences in the North, entered one of these pulpits recently and enacted a scene of fanaticism, bedlam, and ignorance equal to any shown by "Hallelujah."

The writer is a Negro clergyman, and regrets that too true to life are many things depicted by this play. Instead of camouflaging indignation, we as a race should immediately begin to make such religious orgies impossible among us. The Negro bishopric should be filled by men who are educated, pious, and devout. These same bishops should endeavor to man their pulpits with men of that type also, and what is said of the Methodist churches should be true of all other churches.

The careless, shiftless, and criminal type of Negro is too conspicuous among us. He has become a menace to our standing in all sections of the country where he is. When to this is added the pernicious spirit and habit of attempting to put himself on equality with all other Negroes, the condition becomes almost perilous. Instead of decrying "Hallelujah" let us praise it for bringing to our attention such a deplorable state of affairs.

Still another clerical defender of "Hallelujah" declared himself in the following letter:

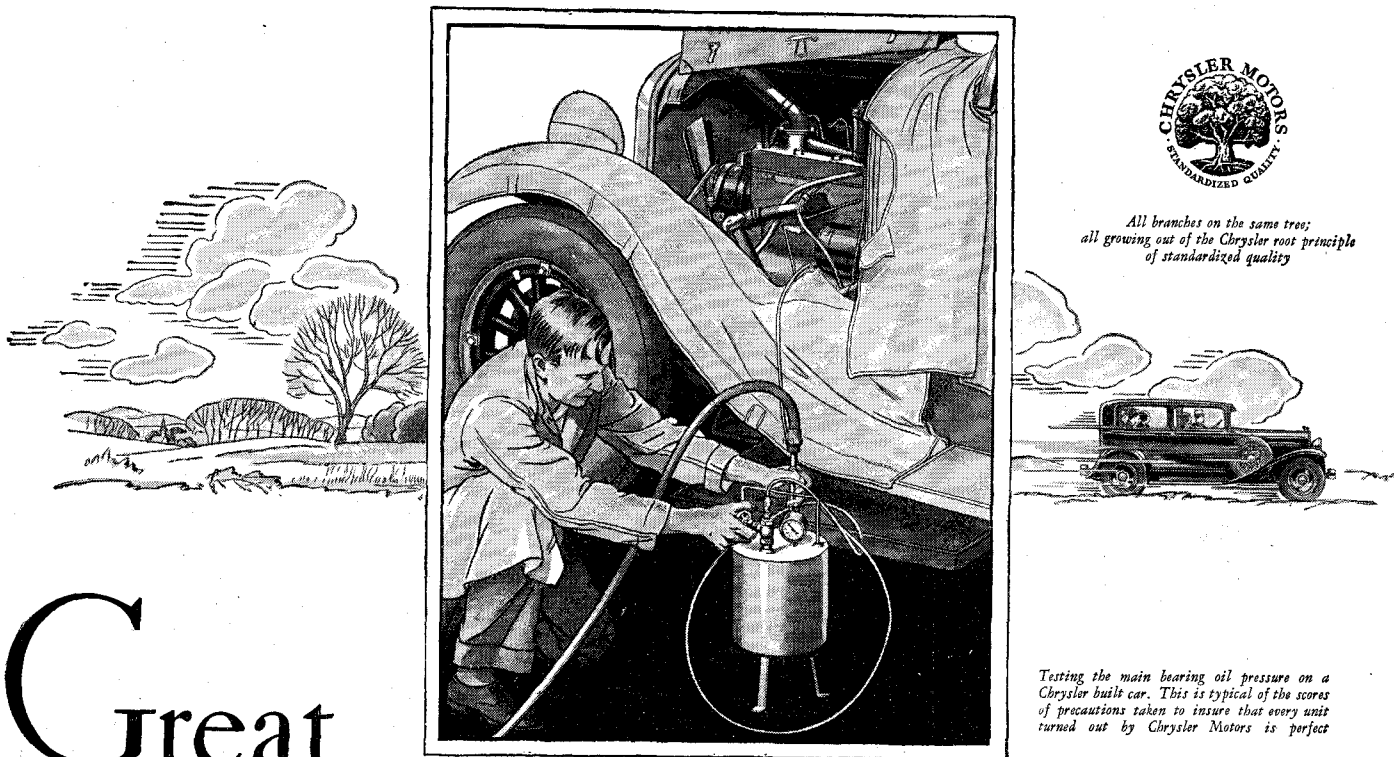


A LOVING SUBJECT OF KING COTTON

One of the hero's small brothers lives up to the character of an emotional race by going goo-goo over the staple product of the soil.

It would be a pity if Mr. Allen's reaction to "Hallelujah" should be imagined to be the only possible one. With all due respect to him, I can not agree with his point of view. I attended the premiere of this film, and I do not agree that one only sees "the shiftless, criminal type." There are the cheerful industry of the workers in the cotton-fields, the marvelous, consistent love of the old father for the erring son, the ready forgiveness of mother and sweetheart, and the obvious sincerity of many of the misguided worshipers.

As one who has lived and worked among these people, I regard the film as a faithful representation of things that I myself witnessed. This is not to cast any slight on the race. The "dives" shown only indicate the aptitude of the Negro for learning by what he sees, and how even the worst things in our civilization are faithfully reproduced. This reflects on



Great

streams of progress from one source

IN THE automotive world, Chrysler Motors is as a great central lake from which many streams of progress flow.

Motorists in 93 different countries now look to Chrysler creativeness for the newest and smartest advancements in design, and the newest and finest progress in engineering.

Why this should be so is easily understood. From the first, Walter P. Chrysler has surrounded himself with eminent engineers and

executives who share his "tomorrow-mindedness"—men of exceptional insight and outlook, specialists who have won a name for themselves through rare ability and originality.

The intensive application of all this organized brainpower has enabled the giant Chrysler Motors forces to overthrow old standards and sweep aside traditions in every price class in which they appear.

Every product in the Chrysler Motors group shares to the utmost

the advantages and benefits of all the scientific research, experiment and discovery that constantly take place in the great Chrysler Motors engineering laboratories.

All units are banded together by the ties of a common policy and a deliberate plan to make each Chrysler Motors product, from the highest priced to the lowest priced, the finest and most advanced product in its field. Therein is Chrysler Motors rendering a *better public service*.

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL

CHRYSLER "77"

CHRYSLER "70"

CHRYSLER "66"

DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR

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PLYMOUTH

DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS,

BUSES and MOTOR COACHES

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CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES

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CHRYSLER MOTORS

FOR BETTER PUBLIC SERVICE

Plymouth *is changing* Car-buying habits



\$655

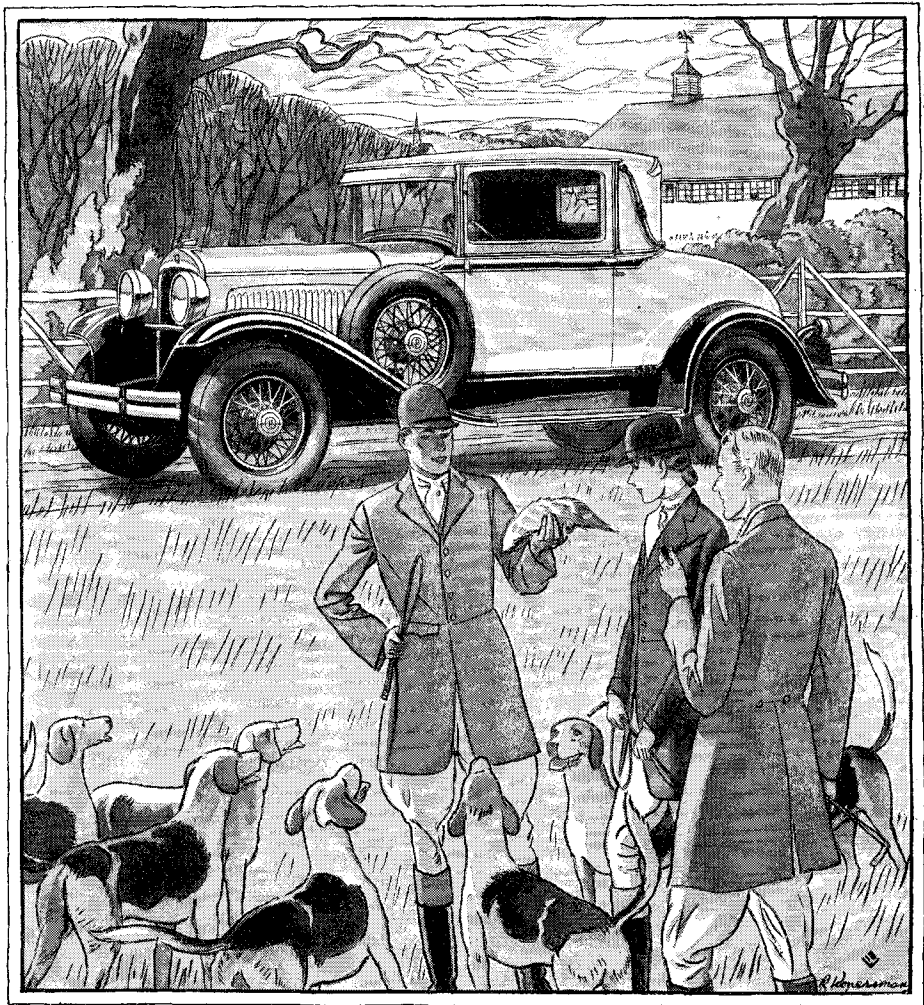
and upwards,
f. o. b. factory

SINCE Plymouth arrived — a car of *full-size* dimensions and uncramped comfort for adult passengers — thousands of former owners of more expensive cars have discovered a way to save money and at the same time own an automobile fulfilling all reasonable requirements.

Tens of thousands of motorists who have always bought in the low-priced field are now turning enthusiastically to Plymouth because of its Chrysler-like smartness, its Chrysler-like performance and its Chrysler-like stamina and economy.

Thousands of two-car families likewise now realize that their "second car" need not be under-size — and so today thousands of Plymouth cars are found in the same private garages as expensive automobiles.

Plymouth proves that it is possible for a low-priced car to be



PLYMOUTH DE LUXE COUPE (with rumble seat) \$695—Special equipment extra

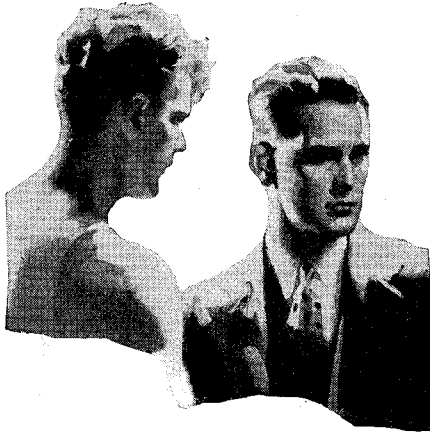
distinguished in style — amply roomy and comfortable — swift and smooth and quiet in flight — and, above all, *safe* at any speed.

Plymouth has a stronger body construction than any other car anywhere near its price. And Plymouth is the *only* low-priced

car with the safe, quick control of Chrysler weatherproof internal-expanding 4-wheel *hydraulic* brakes — self-equalizing and permanently noiseless. Legions of motorists are daily learning behind the wheel that Plymouth truly is changing car-buying habits.

Coupe, \$655; Roadster (with rumble seat), \$675; 2-Door Sedan, \$675; Touring, \$695; De Luxe Coupe (with rumble seat), \$695; 4-Door Sedan, \$695. All prices f. o. b. factory. Plymouth dealers extend the convenience of time payments.

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AMERICA'S LOWEST-PRICED FULL-SIZE CAR



The Start of a Perfect Day
is the Finish
of a Perfect Shave!

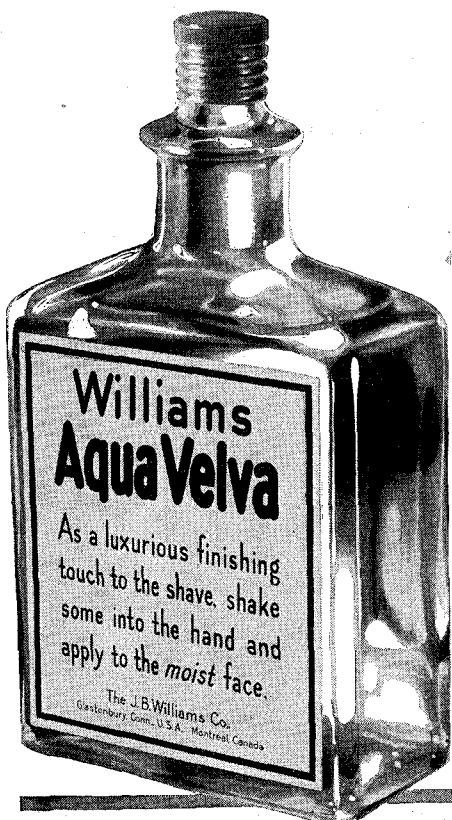
Aqua Velva for After-Shaving!

Aqua Velva, made just for after-shaving, first gives a pleasant tingle that is livening, healthfully stimulating to the skin.

And before long you will discover how well it cares for tiny nicks and cuts . . . protects from dust and germs, wind and weather . . . helps, because of its mild astringent quality, toward firmness of skin texture.

Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Soaps, Aqua Velva keeps the skin all day as the Williams lather leaves it, flexible and Fit!

5-oz. bottle 50 cents at all dealers.
Or a Free Trial Size by addressing:
Dept. D79, The J. B. Williams Co.,
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

our example rather than on those less sophisticated folks who copy it. The religious scenes are mild compared to some that I have myself beheld, and these also merely show how the enthusiastic response of the Negro is misdirected by the unbalanced teaching and practise of our less responsible sects.

That there is a better side I know, but the educational value of this film is that it clearly depicts the all too common results of bad teaching and leadership. The qualities thus exploited may obviously be trained and directed into better channels. The film, therefore, is noteworthy as depicting scenes that actually exist, and at the same time revealing potentialities that can be (and in many cases have been) utilized for better things and as a means of achieving that "serious purpose" of which Mr. Allen speaks.

REV. A. T. BENNETT HAINES.
New York.

A Southern white reaction is represented by a critic of the Brooklyn Times, who signs his work "C. F. F." He writes:

We have seen the colored people of Louisiana, the Carolinas, Alabama, and Virginia in actual revivals. We have seen thousands lined up along the banks of a river, as converts were escorted out into the water for baptism.

Scores of times we have attended church services where the Negroes shouted and prayed. We recall the days when the celebrated John Jasper, whose belief that the "sun do move" gained him nation-wide reputation, exhorted his followers.

And we were impressed more than anything else, in seeing last night's production, with the fact that Mr. Vidor had failed to get the true atmosphere that surrounds the poverty-stricken people of the colored race in the South.

Mr. Vidor is unquestionably a great artist. The scenes in the swamplands and the portrayal of cotton-field workers are masterpieces of his ingenuity. The scene where Daniel Haynes prays for his dead brother, with a frenzied following gathered around, seemed to us, however, to lack the element of serious hysteria which grips such throngs when they are really in earnest.

The element of controversy that has arisen over "Hallelujah," and swelled the tide to the box-office, is well illustrated by this outburst by Pare Lorentz in *Judge*:

After tearing my collar off and yelling myself hoarse over "Hallelujah," I thought I had better go back and see it again, just to make sure.

Before the end of the picture I not only got the idea that King Vidor knew his subject but that he had an extraordinary understanding of the motivating instincts of his character. Vidor chose a robust, kindly buck plantation Negro for his main character. All plantation Negroes are no more like Zeke than all Baptist ministers are like Elmer Gantry. However, Elmer Gantry is the loud-mouthed and cheap dramatization of a loud-mouthed and cheap group of apostles. Zeke is the simple, superstitious and savage epitome of the unspoiled healthy plantation Negro.

The revival scenes in "Hallelujah" are not typical revival scenes, but they were

not created out of fantasy. I have seen a hundred Negro services, and the only two that resembled the movie ceremonies were two Holy Roller camp meetings in the Southwest. They were, however, the most exciting and primitive orgies I have ever seen. If you think Vidor "guessed" his movie scenes, then Conrad guessed at the character of seamen.

Some jaundiced instinct seems to restrain the boys and girls from tipping their hat when a great man comes along. I think Vidor, in his casting, his music, his story, and his photography, created the greatest dramatization of the Negro, as he still exists outside the Harlem culture belt, that ever can be done with the movie form. The movietone was the best I have ever heard. I have yet to see a better job of acting than that performed by Daniel Haynes.

"Porgy," "The Emperor Jones," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" are cited by a number of writers in seeking comparisons with which to define their appreciation of "Hallelujah." A New York *World* writer calls it a "daring departure from its timid predecessors built along the familiar and well-worn lines of box-office appeal, and continues:

How receptive the South will be to this boost of the Negro—the word "boost" will probably evolve into finger-pointing "propagander"—should make for some excellent moralizing and a Sunday story or two.

How great a percentage of the motion-picture public is willing to digest so fine and reverential a theme will probably open up new fields of conjecture, and should it prove financially successful may be the necessary impetus to sending this coarser art off on an arty tangent that may uplift the entire tone of the motion-pictures. In any case, it is to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's credit that they extended to capable King Vidor the facilities to work for fourteen months on this single costly experiment that will bring as emphatic pointers to rival companies as it will to itself.

"Hallelujah" is a fine and simple record of the most emotional race on earth, presenting its story in just that manner, and conspicuously minus the distortions of the Negro's character that have previously been used to capitalize on his pseudo-humorous mannerisms.

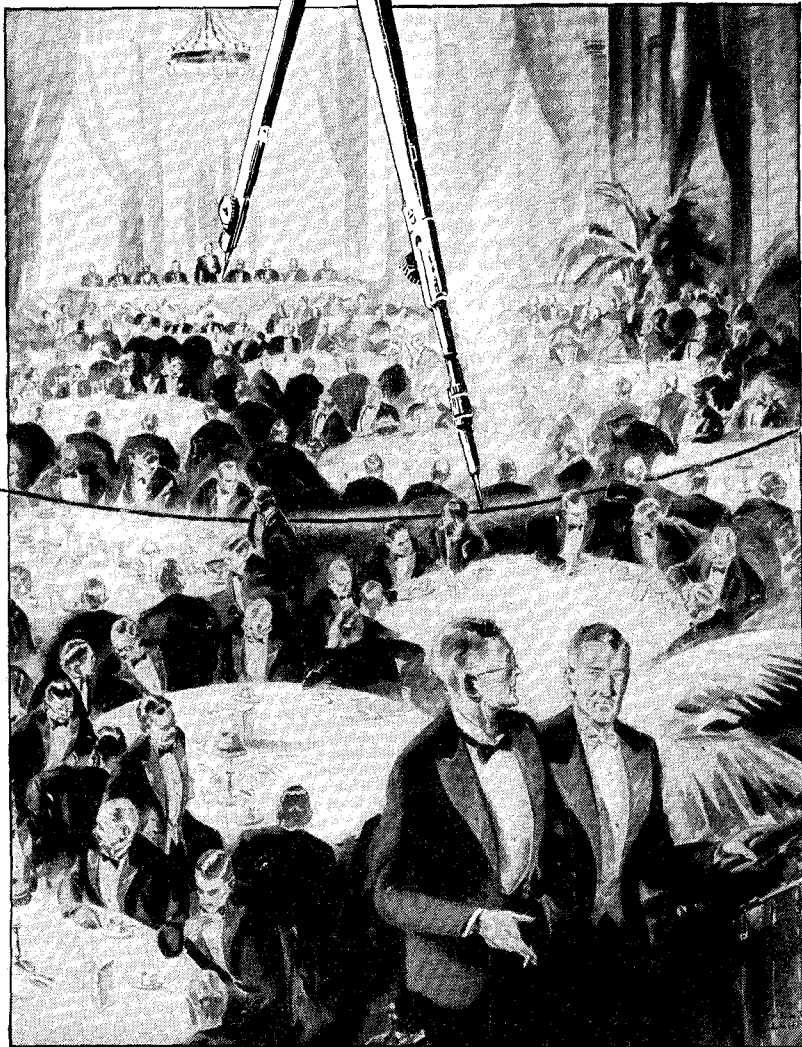
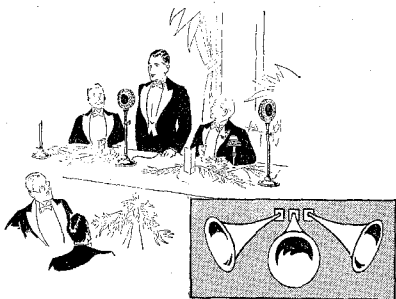
King Vidor contributed a milestone in the history of silent films with his production of "The Big Parade," *The Motion Picture News* reminds us. "He has contributed another, this time in the field of sound pictures, with 'Hallelujah.' It's a big picture. Big in its story, big in its acting, big in its direction and, above all, despite the fact that it is enacted by an all-Negro cast, big in its box-office potentialities." And we read on:

When one can sit in a theater and be so absorbed in a story that one forgets that it is being enacted by Negroes, then the director and author have turned out something. When one looks at the images of the Negro players on the screen and forgets that they are black, then they too must be said to have contributed something far greater than anything that has been done before. That is the case with "Hallelujah."

Even in the South they are going to

Widen the Circle ...

Let the people
in the *rear* seats
H E A R



EQUIP a convention hall or large dining room with the Western Electric Public Address System, and you enable the entire gathering to hear the speakers with equal ease.

This product of the telephone amplifies sound and distributes it to all sections of a crowd, indoor or outdoor, and to any number of rooms desired.

More and more hotels are turning to the Public Address System as a means for making their meeting rooms more popular. It is moreover a medium of economy because it permits

a single orchestra to play at the same time in restaurant, grill, lobby, and everywhere else that loud speakers have been installed.

The apparatus which thus "widens the hearing circle" is made with all the skill and care which have so long characterized the manufacture of telephones and communications apparatus by Western Electric. It is clear toned, faithful in reproduction, dependable, modern. It has a wide variety of uses and is made in sizes to fit every need.



Healing by music—a service of the Public Address System in hospitals.

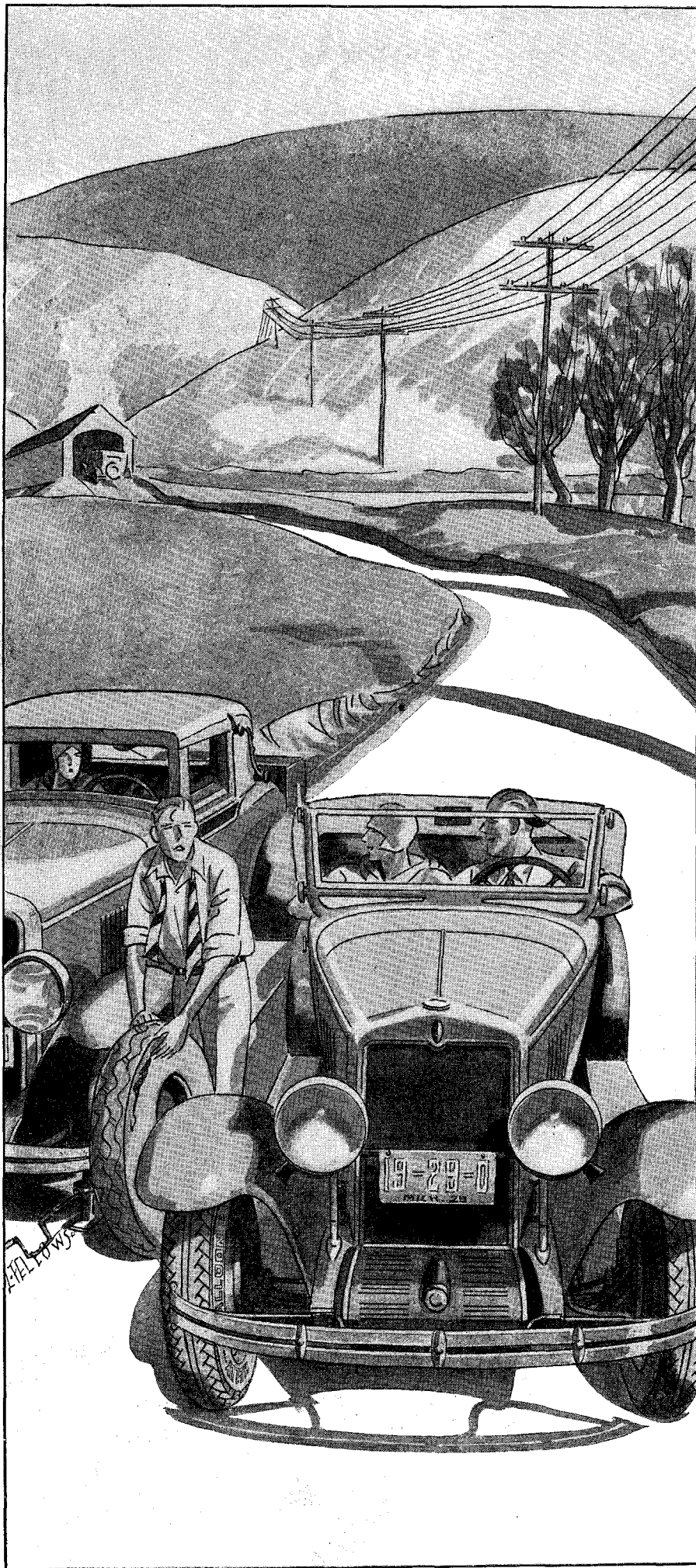


One of many interesting uses of Public Address in the schoolroom.

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"It certainly is funny—every time we start out on a long trip it either rains or I have some kind of tire trouble."

"Well, you can't do much about the weather, but you could use Kelly-Springfield tires."

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

see this picture and like it. For the picture depicts Negro life as they know it in that country, and because of that they are going to be willing to accept it.

Himself a native of Texas, Mr. Vidor is quoted as saying that in his youth he used to watch the Negroes, study their music, and "wonder at the pent-up romance in them." Reading on:

It was a virgin field then. Later the stage invaded it, and plays like "Porgy" were produced, and made hits.

This gave me the ammunition I wanted. If stage plays with all-Negro casts, and stories like those by Octavius Roy Cohen and others, could have such great success, why shouldn't the screen make a successful Negro play?

But it remained for the talking-pictures, which I admit I don't really approve in the main, to get over my point. For in the talking-pictures we could use the Negro spirituals and the haunting music of the race. That settled it, and we went to work.

The story is based on events with which I was familiar as a boy at home in Texas. The picture is, I hope, evidence of the correctness of my theory that the screen can do more than just narrate a series of events. In "The Big Parade" we tried to catch the view-point of the doughboy by summarizing many of them in certain characters. In "The Crowd" we tried the same idea. We've tried to do it again in "Hallelujah" with the Negro.

I have been tremendously interested in my cast. I don't imagine any picture ever was made with more whole-hearted fun than was this one. We had singing for meals, and singing between scenes, and laughter and play all the time. But we had to work tremendously hard, and under great strain at times.

In the emotional scenes the players lived through the episodes; they truly didn't act them. They felt them. And, I'll tell you, it got even me at times. Some of the players will tell you that only real tears, and no glycerin ones, flowed in this picture. I will go so far as to say that a larger proportion of tears in this picture were real than in any other picture with which I am familiar.

A Negro is a natural actor and singer, and a born mimic. Any group of them naturally can sing and dance in harmony. They are born that way. It was a great experience to work with them.

With the average Hollywood actor one can calculate camera angles and get his cooperation in utilizing the mechanics of the set to the best advantage. Most actors have a business as well as histrionic attitude toward their work. But with the Negro it is best to allow full play to his emotions, getting the scene as well as you can. If you bother too much with the ordinary rules about cameras and microphones, you may find you've lost the most valuable asset the Negro brings to the screen—his remarkable spontaneity of feeling.

Almost every type I can think of was represented in the cast of our production. Daniel Haynes was understudy to Jules Bledsoe in "Show Boat" when he was signed for the chief rôle, and was at one time an itinerant preacher. Harry Gray.

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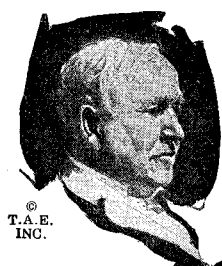
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Radio Program Monday Evenings

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

a former slave, now in his eighties, had never acted before. Nina Mae McKinney was picked up from the cast of "Blackbirds." Fannie Belle De Knight played in "Lulu Belle." William Fountaine was a typical vaudevillian. Then there were cotton-pickers and plantation singers, dancers from colored cabarets in Chicago and Los Angeles, even a couple of Pullman porters. They all showed the same naturalness, readiness to work just for the satisfaction of acting, and an enthusiasm for singing and praying that often resulted in breaking the delicate light valves used on our sound sets.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF A SOUTH AMERICAN REVOLT

'T WAS a very famous victory, indeed.

Three hundred supposed prisoners of war from the revolutionary army and 3,000 guns of a sort were paraded through the streets of Baranquilla, Colombia, by the Federal General Gaitan, who led the parade on horseback. Like little *Peterkin's* grandfather in Mr. Southey's poem about the Battle of Blenheim, we find it hard to explain just what came of it at last. But this demonstration in the course of Colombia's long civil war early in the century, produced a profound effect on those who witnessed the formal triumph. Particularly imprint was a young American doctor in Baranquilla, Herbert Spencer Dickey, who had only recently come to South America to seek his fortune. Dr. Dickey tells the story in his book, "The Misadventures of a Tropical Medico" (Dodd, Mead), written in collaboration with Hawthorne Daniel. The book is the exciting record of Dr. Dickey's thirty years in South America. At the time of this "victory," the doctor was a captain in the medical corps of the Federal Army, on duty in an "imitation" hospital. Of his life at that time he writes:

I still lived at the Pensión Inglés, where I kept up my inadequate personal practise, and thus was able, for a little while each day, to get away.

One day I was called from my office at the hotel by Wallace Hoare, and to my surprise saw an extraordinary parade. General Gaitan, on horseback, led it, and behind him came several companies of soldiers, with each company followed by a string of native peons. Ropes were about the necks of these fellows, and their captors led them along the street, shouting joyously. Then came long strings of burros—how many, I do not know—and on each burro's back was a bundle of captured rifles. Obviously, this was a really important triumph. There were, perhaps, 300 prisoners, and there were certainly 3,000 rifles—not less, and possibly more.

Around the town the parade continued, the soldiers shouting their glad tidings. The rebels, it seemed, had been set upon not far from Baranquilla, had been routed with great loss, and these prisoners and these guns had been captured. It was very effective, and obviously very important.

I stared with wide-open eyes, for tho there had been many threats of the Conservatives against the Liberals, this was the first direct evidence that I had seen since my arrival in Baranquilla, that a battle had been fought.

I turned to Wallace Hoare with frank astonishment written on my face.

"Where was the battle?" I asked.

"Battle?" he replied. "What battle?"

"Why, the one at which they captured these men and these guns."

He laughed.

"Those guns," he explained, "have been in Baranquilla for fifteen or twenty years—maybe longer. They are old and out of date, and almost utterly worthless. But Gaitan got a bright idea yesterday. He had them all taken from their storehouse last night, and tied on those burros. Then, after midnight, he had his men take them out of town. No one saw what was happening except myself and maybe one or two other night owls. Then they went out into the country and rounded up the 'captives.' They are plain, ordinary, everyday peons who never have carried guns—who never have been in either the Conservative or the Liberal army. Didn't you see how many of them were grinning with pleasure at causing so much excitement? Well, prisoners in this neck of the woods are too uncertain as to what is likely to happen to them to find time to grin."

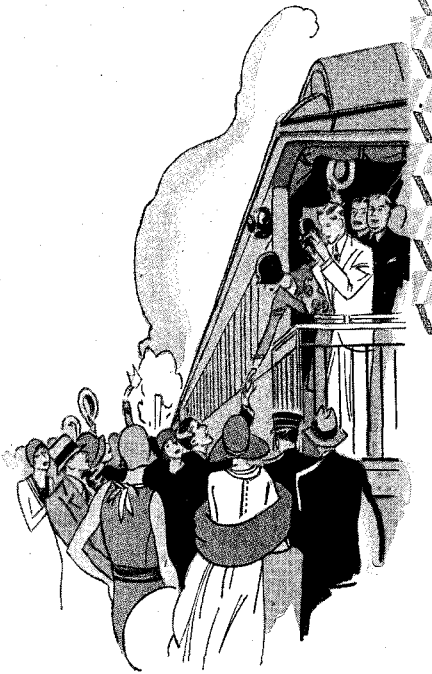
"You mean that all this parade was faked in order to make us believe that there had been a Conservative victory?"

"Exactly."

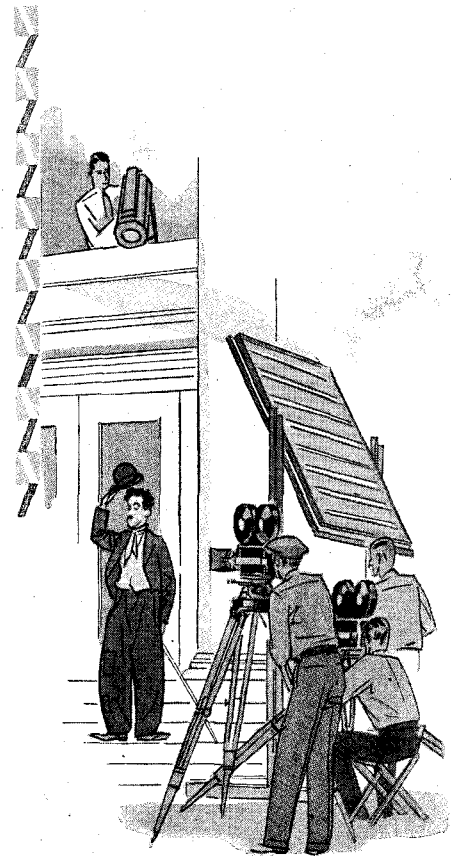
Whether or not as a result of this "victory," I do not pretend to say, but not long after General Gaitan's bloodless capture of 300 "rebels" and 3,000 "rebel" guns, the Liberals moved precipitately away from Rio Hacha and lessened the pressure against Baranquilla.

When we said that Dr. Dickey was a captain, we meant that he was called captain—and he regarded himself as such, altho he had received no formal commission and no pay. He had a rude awakening when, tired of life at Baranquilla, he decided to accept a position as physician at the camp of the Tolima Mining Company, an English concern operating a silver mine in the interior. When he tried to collect pay for his Army services, he found that he could get nothing—and General Gaitan, who had engaged him, was far away on an expedition. He was left without money to get to his new post, for his private practise had been far from lucrative. However, he managed to get a pass on a boat going up the Magdalena River to his destination, and, thus equipped, he set out. But altho away from Baranquilla, he was not away from the civil war, for the boat had to pass through rebel territory, and there was constant danger of attack. But the voyage was not concluded without one extremely amusing episode. Of this we read:

Our voyage up-stream, due to the ever-present—if generally imaginary—threat of the Liberals, was, from the view-point of those on the steamer, in the nature of an expedition through hostile territory. There was no way of telling in advance whether the next village was or was not in the hands of the rebels. The result



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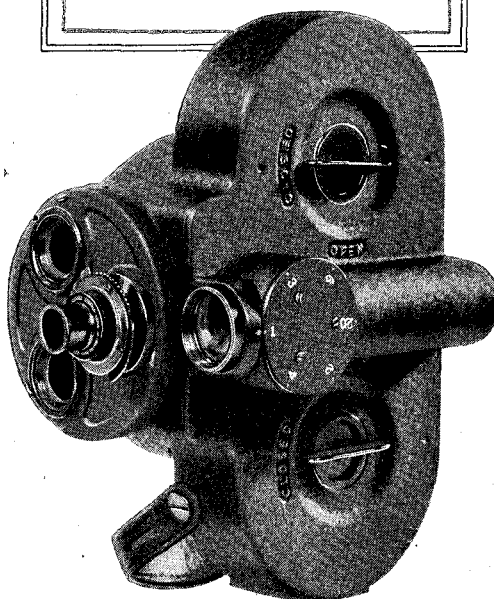
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With best wishes, I am
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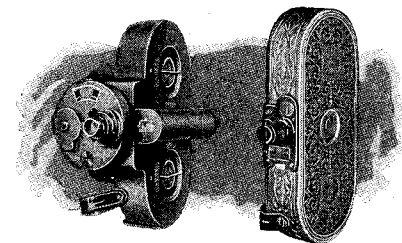
Charles Chaplin



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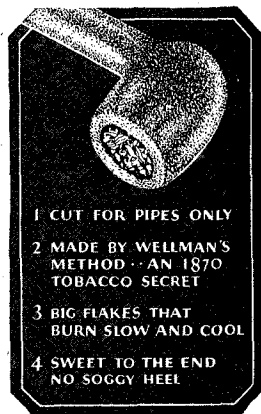
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

was that we invariably assumed that the enemy was lying in wait for us there. We were extremely fortunate, however, in having a Conservative general on board, and under his effective command we had a company of *voluntarios*. That was not uncommon in those days, by the way. A general rarely felt it beneath his dignity to command merely a company. Many generals had no troops at all.

My own knowledge of military tactics, even yet, is very limited indeed, but I was able to learn many interesting facts about Colombian tactics on that up-river voyage, which, because of excessively low water, consumed twenty-one days. One particular village created more than ordinary trouble, and, perhaps on that account, I recall in some detail what happened.

The name of the village I do not remember. Perhaps I never knew it, for the place was small—it had not more than twenty or twenty-five houses in it, some of which were straw-thatched adobe, while others were of palm. The one street was of dusty red clay, and only a few bedraggled palm-trees with their leaves drying and brown in the intense heat, provided a little shade from the rays of the blistering sun.

We could see the place as we rounded a curve half a mile below the landing, and the ship, under the command of our general, made her way slowly up-stream until we were within about a quarter of a mile of the bath-houses along the bank. There we stopt and anchored. The town was, I was told, in the hands of the rebels, and so I watched with my usual interest for the coming fight. For five minutes or so an excited group, including the general, shouted loudly to the city to surrender. There was no reply, however. Not a sound—not a movement that was visible. It was obvious to the general that we might expect a sturdy resistance.

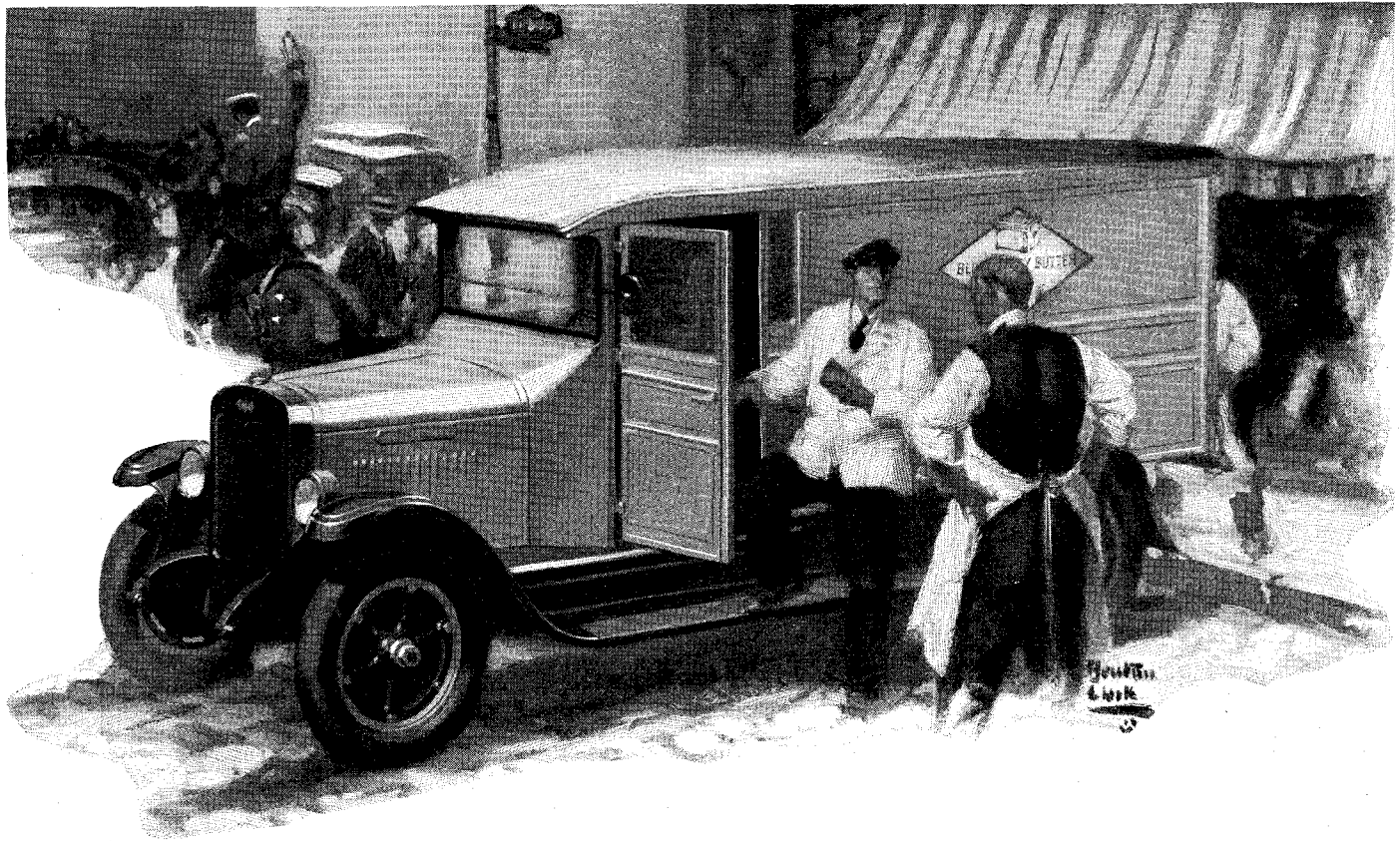
He frowned, and strode back and forth. Then, having decided that force was required, he ordered the Maxim-Nordenfeldt gun into action. After some delay the gun was mounted, and for a time it sprayed bullets on the houses. We could plainly see the dust fly when they struck the adobe walls, and now and then we could tell when they penetrated the thatch of the roofs. But through it all there was no reply.

This lack of action on the part of the defenders spurred the general on, we read, and he ordered the boat to move closer inshore. Still only silence. They "made fast to the bank, after one of the crew with sufficient courage could be prevailed upon to leap into the water and swim to a convenient tree that stood by the water's edge." Reading on:

Now, with great care, the gangplank was slid ashore, and a selected lot of patriots, all heavily armed, nervously dashed ashore, shooting as they went. Up the bank they scrambled, shooting and yelling. Still there was no response, and presently we saw our valiant men dashing into houses and out again. I could not make out, at first, just what they were doing, but finally I understood. They had captured the place and were looting it. They made quite a haul, too. They brought back nearly a dozen chickens,

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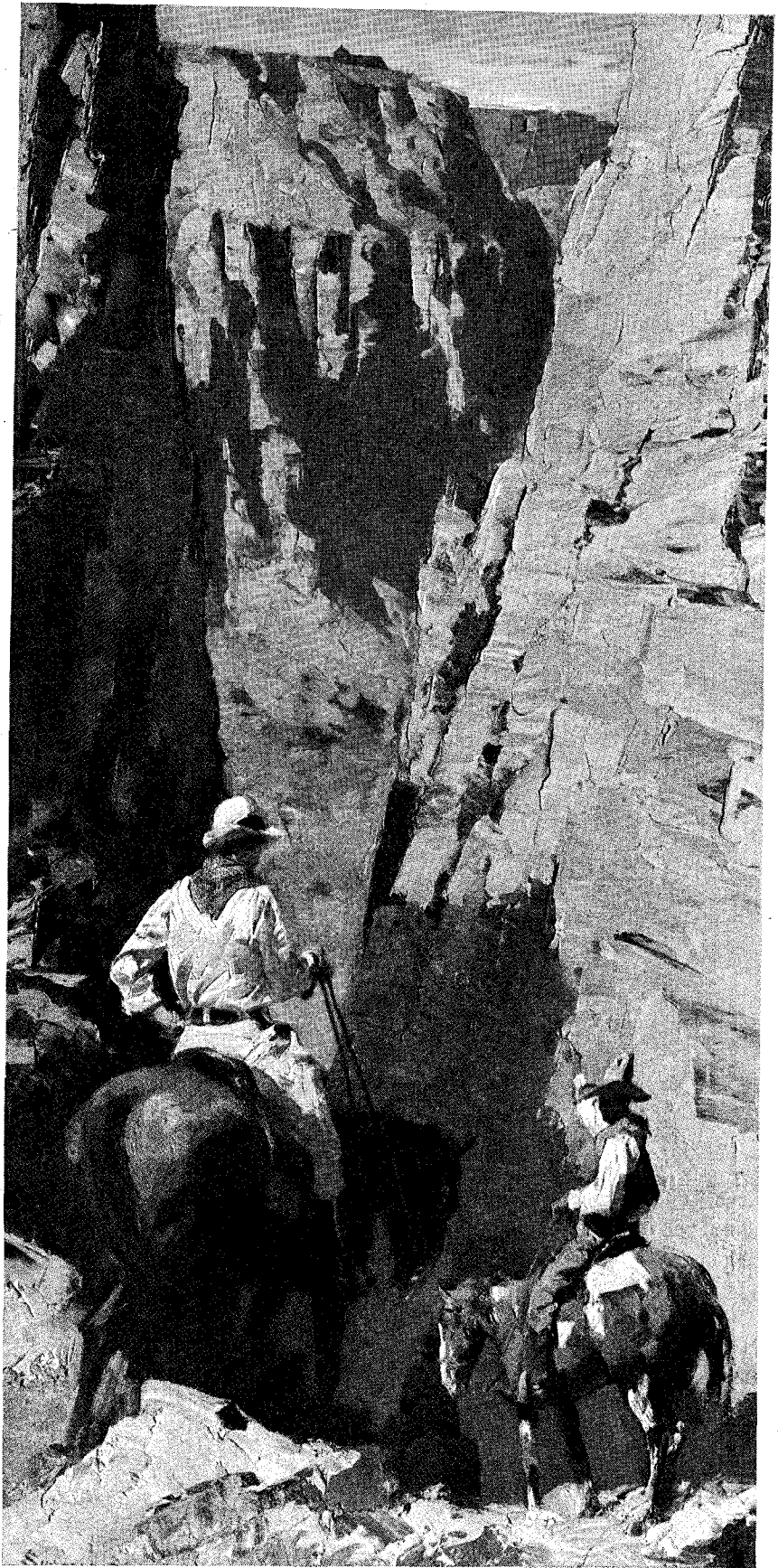
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

which we welcomed. A pig followed, and then came one man with some women's clothing over his arm, followed by another with a sewing-machine. The success, without doubt, was brilliant.

But now the general decided to send a second party ashore, in order to burn the place. The men had grown somewhat careless, perhaps, on account of the lack of resistance, and they marched brazenly up to the houses, set the dried thatch afire and searched about for such valuables as had been overlooked. They found little, however—all but the general himself. He was more fortunate, and came back bearing a harmonica, which the first band had overlooked.

By the time the town was blazing nicely, however, the inhabitants, of whom we had seen none, had had time to decide on resistance. Just what they proposed to do I have no idea, but as the pyromaniacs returned, I saw a head appear in the brush a hundred yards away. The general was making his way across the gangplank at the moment, and was, I imagine, entirely unconscious of the presence of any of the city's defenders. There was the crack of a rifle, and the general all but fell from the gangplank. With an effort, however, he recovered himself, and leapt aboard, his hands held tightly to the seat of his trousers.

"They have killed me!" he cried frantically.

His voice, it is true, was anything but the voice of a dying man, but I did not think of that at the time. I hurried to his side, while he cried aloud in terror, repeating, "They have killed me!"

For the moment there was no one in command, but the crew needed no orders. In record-breaking time they managed to get the boat out into the stream, while I, with all the solemnity that I could muster, was examining the general's wound. It was not serious, tho it was most painful and unfortunately placed. I bandaged him as best I could, and with great ingenuity we managed to upholster a chair with pillows so that, with much groaning, he could sit down by turning well to one side, but during the rest of the journey he was anything but his natural self. I really believe, however, that the indignity of such an unfortunately placed injury was the greatest cause of his discomfort. Needless to say, I never, in the slightest degree, made light of that honorable wound.

Even at Frias, at the mining camp, the war was present. The camp lay between two hills which were held from time to time by opposing armies, which were in the habit of shooting at each other across the camp, which thus became a dangerous place. Dr. Dickey at this time had a personal experience with the rebels, which combined danger and comedy in about equal parts. The doctor had bought from the mine superintendent a very fine riding horse, which later was stolen by a Rebel general, Figueroa. Not wanting to lose the fine animal, Dr. Dickey resolved to retrieve it. Figueroa, he knew, was going to join another and higher general, Marin, a Negro, with whom the

author was on friendly terms, a circumstance which gave him some hopes of success. Before leaving Frias, however:

I had had quite a complicated conference with the superintendent of the mine. He was—very properly, for his bread was buttered on that side—a rabid supporter of the Federals. On that account he opposed my proposed visit to the chief of the rebel forces. Such a visit, by the medico of the Tolima Mining Company, might, he thought, strike the Federal officials as "trading with the enemy," or as something similar, and this might be disastrous to the mine. But in the course of the conversation I learned something more of the history of my horse. The superintendent had, it is true, purchased the horse from a Federal general, the general assuring the purchaser that the animal had been raised on his own estates near Bogota. This, however, was not exactly according to fact. The general had, actually, expropriated the animal from a planter of Liberal tendencies very shortly before the superintendent had bought him. Therefore, the horse had been particularly liable to expropriation by the Liberals.

But I pointed out that I had purchased the animal in good faith, not knowing that he was, actually, stolen property, and that unless the superintendent would permit me to make an effort to regain the beast, I did not see my way clear to complete the payments. It is strange how powerful such an argument can be. Half an hour earlier the superintendent had been adamant. Now he decided to let me go and recover the horse if I could.

When Dr. Dickey arrived at his destination, we read:

I immediately made my request to Marin for restitution, and he sorrowfully declined. I waxed eloquent, but he was adamant. Then, by some chance, I came upon Figueroa during a moment—it could hardly have been more than that—when he was sober, and he told me that he would return the animal to me when the army had reached Ambalema. Ambalema was not much farther, and so I followed the army there on the next day, but when I renewed my request, Figueroa was drunk, and refused. After some argument he told me that he would give me the horse when he reached Tocaima, but Tocaima was over half-way to Bogota, and furthermore, Bogota was in the hands of the Federals, who might not permit the Rebels to approach Tocaima.

It was all very discouraging, but while I was wandering hopelessly about the "camp," my eye fell upon General Marin. I was angry and paid little attention to him at first, but he beckoned to me, and as I approached I saw that his jaw was swollen until his face was very decidedly lopsided.

I almost laughed in the general's face, and the picture of the scene of which the general was the center I am likely never to forget. There sat the general on a box, his wide-brimmed Panama hat, about which was a red ribbon, far back on his head. His shiny black face was as lopsided as a face can well be, and his blouse, which was made of freshly starched white drill, was buttoned and hooked so tightly under his chin that a fold of flesh from his neck hung over the collar. Between his elbow and his wrist on each of the sleeves of this blouse there were eight wide red bands—bands that, rather obviously, had been cut from some very red and

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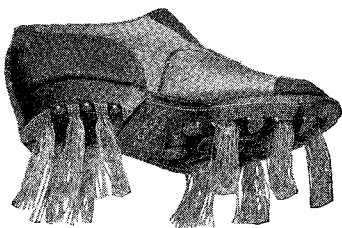
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GRO-CORD

NON-SKID

SOLES AND HEELS

"Cord tire wear in every pair"



How cord tire cords are fused on end in GRO-CORD Soles and Heels

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

discarded flannel. These indicated his enormous rank, which was something far above brigadier-general, tho I never knew just what it was. His white drill trousers (not so clean as his blouse) were tucked into high and very new laced boots, and down the side of his trousers, disappearing with them into those too tight boots, were stripes of that same red flannel—stripes not a whit less than four inches in width.

Somewhere—goodness knows where—he had acquired a sword. It was one of those highly decorative affairs used by secret societies given to uniforms, and had an etched blade that delighted Marin. This he wore in a varnished paper scabbard which was attached to the well-filled cartridge belt that encircled his waist. For real use he carried a machete from the other side of his belt, and a revolver, in a holster, also hung from the same encircling support.

About him were scores of men, most of whom—as there had been a raid on Ambalema—wore shoes. These shoes, so far as I remember, were all sharp-toed and were made of very shiny patent leather with cloth tops, but there were no socks apparent. Probably the shops at Ambalema had not thought to carry any in stock. How these poor devils must have suffered in those shoes! Very few pairs were buttoned, for the ankles of those who wore them were too thick for that. Furthermore, few of them had ever worn real shoes before, and these were, for the most part, far too tight. The result was that they hopped about in them like parrots with scalded feet.

"My tooth—" began the general. "He hurt like the devil."

I grunted unsympathetically.

"You are a medico," he went on. "Can you cure my pain?"

"Yes," I announced, without making a move.

"Then do so," he ordered.

"I will if you order my horse returned to me," I replied.

He frowned, but that leaping toothache must have been really painful, for he nodded.

"When the pain had gone," he replied, "the horse he is yours."

The doctor looked around. There was his horse, not thirty yards away. Near by "stood the decrepit steed upon which I had come from the mine. All I had to do was to transfer my saddle and saddle-bags, my roll, and a few odds and ends, and I would be free to depart at a speed that would defy recapture." Reading on:

I took out my hypodermic syringe and fumbled with my medicine case. I couldn't cure his toothache, but I could stop it—for the time being. The question was how to go about it. Cocain injected into the gum near the tooth would do the trick undoubtedly, but I had no cocain. Furthermore, the effect of that drug would wear away before long, and even my surpassing steed could not have taken me far in that time. I needed more heroic measures.

A vial of morphin tablets was tucked in its accustomed place in my case, and this appealed to me as an excellent method. Morphin is a general anesthetic. The

toothache would promptly stop, and then, after a little while, the general would go to sleep. That was better. He might sleep for some time, and I would have a good lead. I decided to use the morphin.

Had Marin been a more intelligent person he would undoubtedly have questioned my order for him to roll up his sleeve. It was certainly a high unusual treatment for toothache, but Marin was suffering, and he obeyed me. In a twinkling of an eye a potent injection of morphin was beneath his black skin, and with such suddenness as both surprized and gratified him, his toothache was gone.

His face wreathed itself in a lopsided smile.

"Is the pain gone?" I asked.

"Si," he nodded.

"I told you I could do it," I continued.

"How about my horse?"

Marin beckoned Figueroa to him.

"My friend the medico has cured my ache," he announced. "For that I have promised his horse. Give the beast to him. You shall have another."

Despite Figueroa's cargo of liquor he did not question the order of his superior, and within five minutes my belongings were transferred, and I was in the saddle. I waved Marin a farewell, to which he replied sleepily, and in my very best manner I galloped away from there, on the road to San Lorenzo, with Frias forty miles beyond.

Had I had more time to think of the possible outcome of my hoax, I might never have given Marin that powerful injection of morphin, but the idea came to me suddenly, and I acted upon it at once without due thought to the possible attitude of Marin when, after his drugged sleep, he should awake and find that toothache as painful as ever. But tho I had not thought of this before I "treated" him, I had more time to think now that I was making my way toward the mine. I had heard many stories of Marin. He was a strange mixture of kindness and ferocity. He went to extremes, and what troubled me as I made my way along the crooked trail across the plain, was what he might do should he wake up angry.

So Dr. Dickey hurried home on his recovered horse. And when he reached Frias, he says:

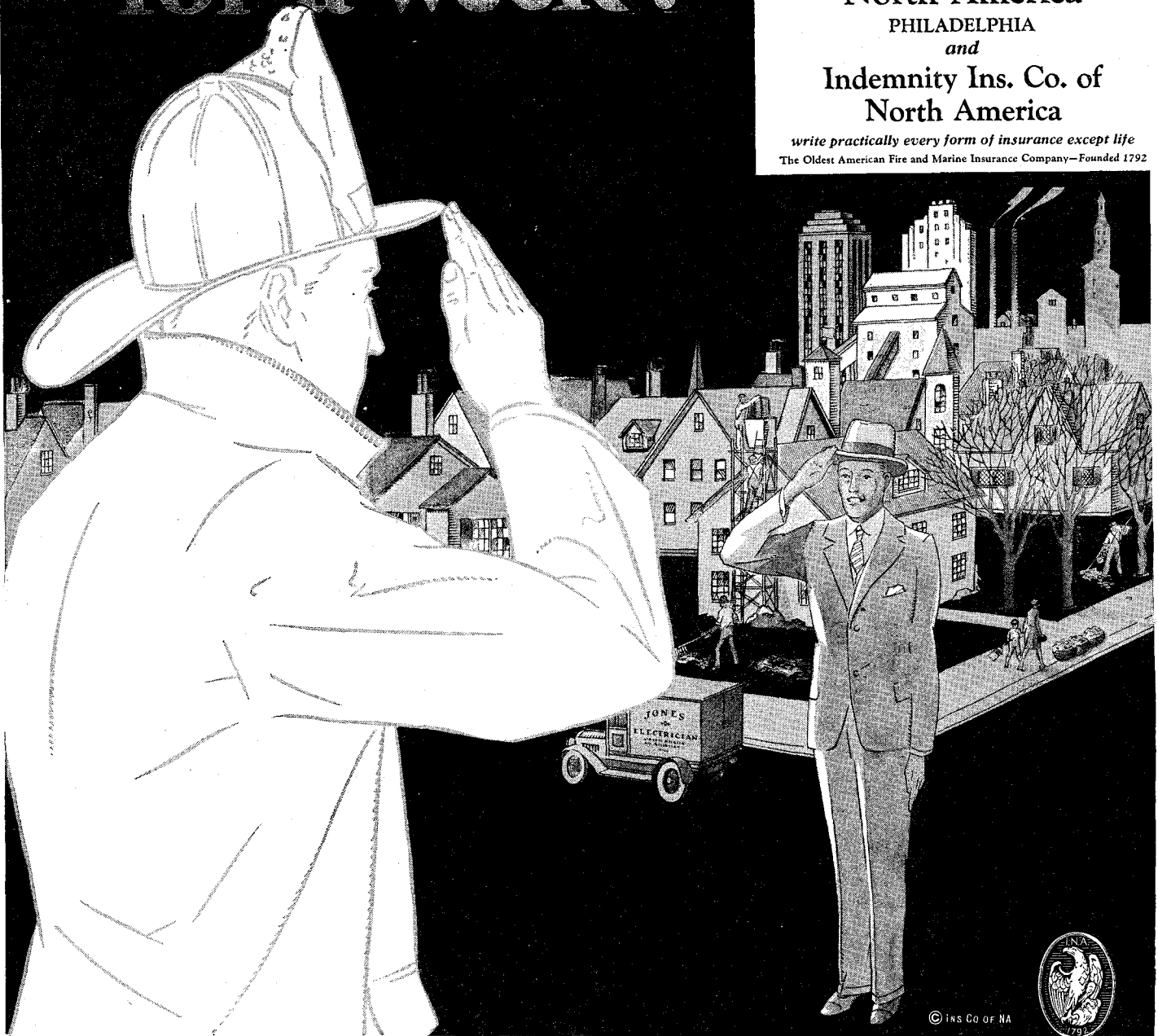
Nor did I rest until I had gone to the hospital and made up a large package of toothache drops and cotton, which I sent post-haste to Marin, in the hope that still I might benefit that toothache. But apparently he did not hold the incident of the morphin against me. Probably he did not think much about it, or if he did he imagined that his toothache, if it returned, was another one with which I had had nothing to do.

But finally Marin was disposed of by the Federals:

The argument that always wins in South America was used. His understrappers were bought off and disappeared, leaving Marin with only a handful of loyal troops.

After this campaign comparative peace settled down on the mine. My duties resolved themselves into attending to my personal practise, and to the knife wounds that appeared every Saturday night after the British minister had regained our peons for us from the Army. These men worked steadily, and punctuated their otherwise monotonous days with visits to the "cantina" on Saturday night where, as always, their rows came to a head and their knives were often drawn.

Will you be a White Fireman for a week?



WHO is the White Fireman? He is used in this advertising to symbolize loss-prevention engineering service—a nation-wide service, supported by insurance companies, having for its purpose the reduction of loss-hazards. Consultation on proposed structures, inspection of property, testing of materials and equipment, and many other kinds of technical assistance comprise the work of this service. Ask your North America Agent.

North America Agents are listed in the Insurance sections of classified telephone directories under "INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA."

**Insurance Company of
North America**
PHILADELPHIA
and
**Indemnity Ins. Co. of
North America**

write practically every form of insurance except life
The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company—Founded 1792

NEXT week (October 6 to 12) is Fire Prevention Week, time for mobilization of the Nation's forces for the protection of homes, industry and resources against America's greatest enemy—FIRE. Next week every citizen is expected to be as fire-conscious as the White Fireman and DO SOMETHING to reduce America's fire loss, the greatest per capita fire loss in the world.

Home owners will have their chimneys and flues put in good condition, will call in competent electricians to check up on the safety of all wiring, will see to it that all rubbish is

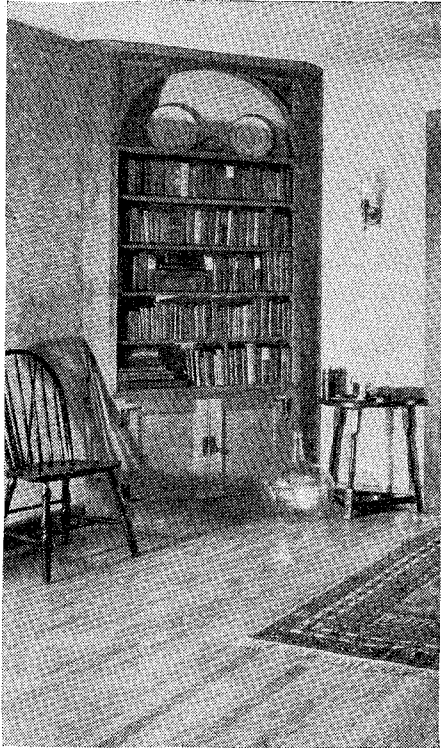
removed from premises, that metal containers are provided for ashes, that open fireplaces are equipped with screens, that matches are placed out of reach of children. They will instruct members of their households to be careful in the use of electrical appliances. They will warn against the dangers of using flammable cleaning fluids. They will emphasize the importance of care in the disposal of lighted cigars, cigarettes and matches. They will have extinguishers installed.

Owners and managers of manufacturing, mercantile, hotel, apartment, office and storage

buildings will have careful inspections made to assure themselves that all fire hazards are properly protected and that fire-protection equipment is in efficient working order.

Every week is Fire Prevention Week for the White Fireman, symbol of the organized loss-prevention service supported by insurance companies. He is working day in and day out to protect property owners from loss. He is ready at all times to help owners of property reduce fire hazards. Responsible insurance agents and brokers will tell you how to secure his services.

Property Owners may Secure Loss-prevention Service through Responsible Insurance Agents or Brokers



**SO MANY
HOME OWNERS
HAVE FOUND
OAK FLOORING
COMPARATIVELY
INEXPENSIVE**

OAK FLOORS are fine floors. Highly polished, beautifully grained, friendly and cheerful, they add a tone to any house.

Yet many home owners have been surprised at the low cost of equipping a house throughout with the gleaming warmth of floors of oak. Oak Flooring costs little more than floors of softer woods that wear quickly and need replacement. Oak Flooring costs less than carpets or manufactured flooring substitutes. Today, many are remodeling their houses with Oak Flooring, laying it tight over the old worn floors—at little cost—and not only adding tremendously to the beauty of their homes, but actually increasing their values, should they ever wish to rent or sell. Floors of oak, upstairs and down, transform a house.

Write for the free, illustrated booklet, "The Story of Oak Floors." Have your contractor, retail lumber dealer, or architect give you an estimate on oak floors for your home. Oak Flooring Manufacturers Association of the United States, 1233 Builders' Building, Chicago.

THIS MASTER TRADE-MARK is stamped on the under side of all Oak Flooring produced by members of the Oak Flooring Manufacturers Association of the United States. It is complete protection for you. Every piece is thoroughly inspected and accurately graded, insuring uniformly high quality.



There is beauty and character in the natural grain of OAK that lesser materials can never hope to express.

HOW AN EX-SLAVE WAS BURIED IN ARLINGTON

WASHINGTON'S red tape was quickly untangled. High officials in the War Department dropt affairs of State. There were hurrying up and down corridors when the news came, and conferences in private offices, until the question was put to the final authority. And the Secretary of War said "Yes." The burial would be in Arlington Cemetery, the resting-place of the nation's greatest heroes. This was no debate about the right of a general, an admiral, a commander-in-chief, or a hero of the front-line trenches to lie in the burial-ground that the *Washington Evening Star* calls the "American Valhalla." All the conferences had been about "Uncle Jim" Parks, who had been born a slave. The rule that forbids the interment of civilians in the national cemetery was lifted, we read in the *New York Sun* and when "Uncle Jim" was laid away, soldiers fired a salute over his grave, and an Army chaplain read the service.

"Uncle Jim," as *The Evening Star* tells us, was the last of the Arlington home folks, a reminder of the day when Arlington was a stately plantation and not a cemetery. He had belonged to Maj. George Washington Parke Custis, George Washington's adopted son and father-in-law of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Even after "Uncle Jim" was freed, he continued to live amid the familiar scenes where, during his nearly ninety years, he had seen some of the most famous men and women of the nation at close range. It was his devotion to his home place that led to "Uncle Jim's" final honor, we learn from *The Evening Star*, which tells us thus of his career:

He was born and married there in those far-off days of stately minuets and crinoline and old lace at Arlington House.

He had been "fussed at" by George Washington Parke Custis, and sent on errands by Miss Mary. He had bowed obsequiously to the stately figure who was Miss Mary's husband, riding along the Arlington bridle-paths—afterward known to history as Gen. Robert E. Lee. He had seen the black wind of war sweep over the green hillside, the invasion of the big house by spurred and muddy boots, the long lines of blue-uniformed soldiers passing southward to Manassas, and, finally, the dead in great heaps of coffins in the garden. And out of this Uncle Jim had emerged, a puzzled, aging man, into a new age.

But all the time he clung to Arlington. Like a ghost out of the rich, dead past, he haunted the hillside. It was "home." He became known as the one infallible authority on everything connected with the history of the place. The rest of the Custis slaves died or moved away. The white folks came no longer to the big house, but Uncle Jim stayed on.

So when death came to him at last, the War Department felt that he was a part of the scene, and lifted the long-standing rule against the burial of civilians in the ground sacred to those who had fallen in the nation's wars.

"Uncle Jim" was very precise and accurate in his reminiscences, and there was one habit common to those frequently

urged to reminisce, into which he never fell. We are told:

The old slave never knew Robert E. Lee very well. Here again he never fell into the pardonable sin of exaggerating about his past. He knew "Miss Mary," the general's wife, much better, since she attended to much of her father's business with the slaves. Lee himself, however, was not at Arlington House a great deal.



Photograph by Enoch A. Chase

LAST OF THE HOME FOLKS

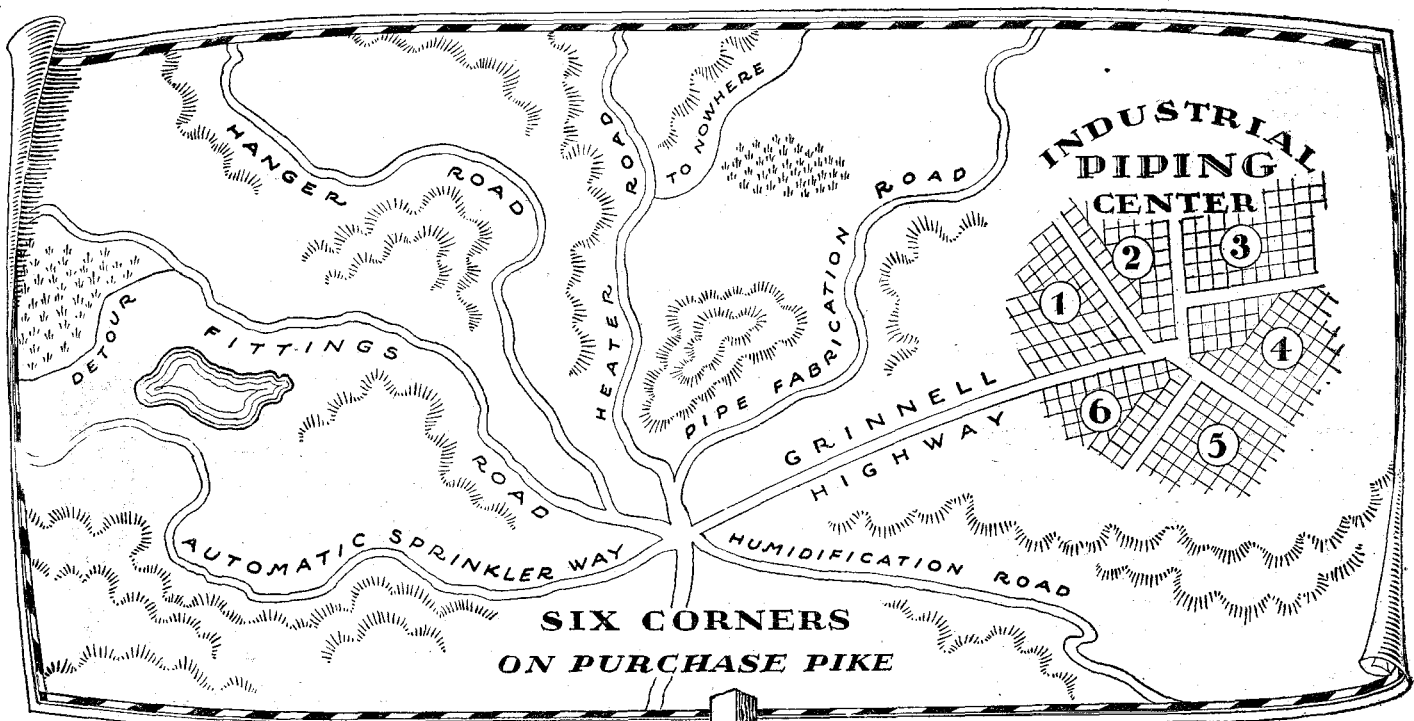
"Uncle Jim" Parks, in whose honor the War Department untied red tape, so that he might be buried at home, in Arlington National Cemetery.

He came there only for intervals between tours of duty, and "Uncle Jim," who was only a farm-hand, never had much contact with him. But he remembers the stately figure very well.

In 1857 Major Custis died. His slaves were freed by his will.

Parks remained on the plantation, and when the war came he did odd jobs for the Union Army. He helped build Fort Whipple, the Civil War fortification on the present site of Fort Myer. Then, toward the end of the war, when the estate was beginning to be used as a military cemetery, he helped dig graves and bury the dead. Among the graves he prepared was that of General Meigs, who did more than any one else to convert the plantation into a cemetery.

His clear memory retained an excellent picture of the old landmarks, gradually overrun by the march of progress. During



Misdirected by a signpost

AT "SIX corners" most men make a mistake on the way to buy their industrial piping requirements.

Pointing signs give no information about the roads or the destination.

A lost business man, after exploring a devious road, stopping at each trading center, finds that none is the important modern market-place he expected.

If he only had an official map of the whole region, he would learn immediately that his particular industrial piping need should not be sought from some isolated company. He would see plainly the Grinnell highway to the industrial center where *all* his industrial piping needs are satisfied.

And if he had a guide book he would learn how all these Grinnell factories and Grinnell services grew up through 80 years; how experts learned from each other; how accumulated experience was exchanged by draftsmen and superintendents in the various branches of piping and piping supplies.

Consulting engineers, of course, need no map. Hundreds of the greatest industrial concerns in America



likewise take advantage of their knowledge of the complete range of products and services offered by the Grinnell Company.

This map is worth tearing out. Someone in your organization may get lost because he assumes that any road sign means a direct, safe highway to the market-place he is seeking.

At Industrial Buying Center he will meet the leading concerns of the world buying some or all of the six products mentioned below.

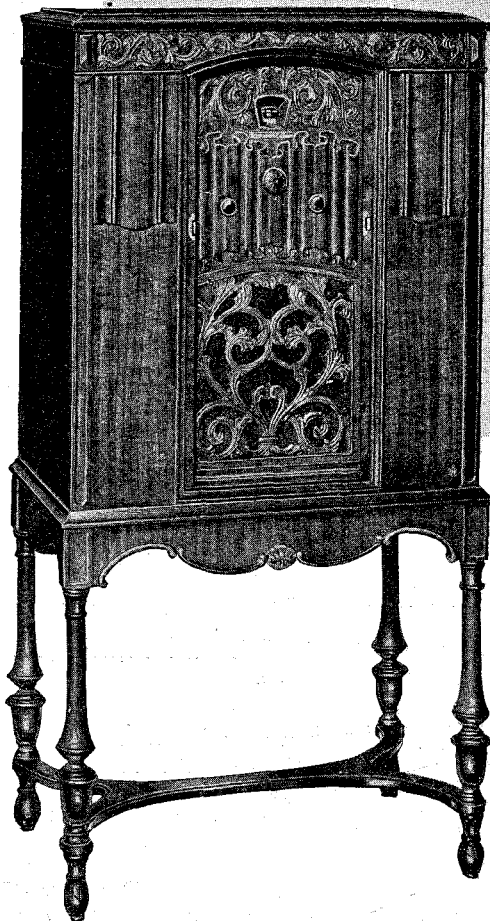
1. **Thermolier** the copper unit heater. A better and cheaper means of heating many types of industrial and commercial buildings.
2. **Pipe Fabrication.** Pipe bends, welded headers and the Triple XXX line for super power work.
3. **Cast Iron Pipe Fittings** perfectly threaded, accurately machined and rigidly inspected.
4. **Pipe Hangers** featuring easy adjustability after the piping is up.
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6. **Automatic Sprinkler Systems.** The world's largest sprinkler manufacturer and contractor.

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"THERE IS NOTHING FINER THAN
A STROMBERG-CARLSON" » » »



No. 642 Stromberg-Carlson. Uses 3 Screen Grid Tubes. Price, without tubes, East of Rockies \$247.50

The Art of Taking Pains

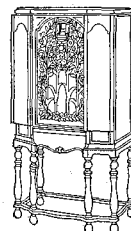
LIKE ALL their predecessors Stromberg-Carlson's new Receivers forcefully exemplify Carlyle's definition of genius—"the art of taking infinite pains."

Radio is no more an exact science than it is an art. That is why Stromberg-Carlson's spirit of engineering integrity, of uncompromising standards of artisanship, of ruthless disregard of time and cost where right methods or materials are concerned, set Stromberg-Carlson Receivers noticeably apart from the purely commercial.

Standards established throughout more than thirty-five years of developing voice transmission and voice reception apparatus, entailing satisfaction to telephony, one of America's greatest industries, and service to great human communities, have always been and must always be apparent in every Stromberg-Carlson product.

Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Mfg. Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

No. 846 Stromberg-Carlson. Half octagonal cabinet with Automatic Volume Control; Meter for visual tuning; "Silent" Push Button; Sensitivity Control; Built-in Electro-Dynamic Speaker. Uses a total of 10 tubes, three of them Screen Grid. Price, without tubes, East of Rockies . . . \$347.50



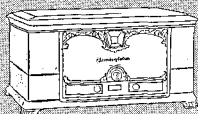
Stromberg-Carlsons have:

THREE SCREEN GRID TUBES in the radio frequency stages.

TOTAL SHIELDING of each R. F. stage, and detector, individually and over-all.

"LINEAR" POWER DETECTION to give improved tone quality from modern broadcast stations having high modulation.

PHONOGRAPH JACK for electrical reproduction of records.



No. 641. Price without tubes or speaker, East of Rockies, \$155.

Stromberg-Carlson

MAKERS OF VOICE TRANSMISSION AND VOICE RECEPTION APPARATUS FOR MORE THAN THIRTY-FIVE YEARS

PERSONAL GLIMPSES Continued

the intervening sixty years since the coffins were piled like cordwood after some of the great battles of the closing months of the war, he has lived around the cemetery, watching with sad old eyes the invasion of the lines of white headstones into the lanes and glades where he played as a child.

Major Custis used as his office a log cabin on the present site of the experimental farm. After the war, "Uncle Jim" moved in and lived there for many years. He outlived two wives, and was the father of twenty-two children. Five of his sons served in the World War. He did odd jobs about the neighborhood. He worked at the cemetery when he could, and long has been known as a gold-mine of history concerning the historic home of the Custis family and the Lees.

But through it all, "Uncle Jim" remained a modest, matter-of-fact old fellow, giving his choice information without exaggeration, working faithfully day after day, and resisting the temptation of honored old age to draw up colorful fancies out of the half-forgotten past. He passed the last years of his life surrounded by his grandchildren, watching the chickens and the babies, and serene pride in the honors sometimes shown him by persons seeking information.

THE DOCTORS WHO CURE "SICK" MAIL

FLICK! Flick! Flick! The expert mail distributor in New York's main post-office was hard at work. Before him was an assortment of mail bags marked for different sections of the United States. His fingers, eyes, and brain synchronized perfectly as he flipped the letters into their proper sacks "with machine-like speed and evenness." But suddenly, Jack O'Donnell tells us in *The Elks Magazine*, there was a break in the rhythm of his movement. In his hand he held an envelop address thus:

Down
John
Me.

Now, that puzzle may be familiar to many readers of *THE DIGEST*, but it stumped the mail distributor, who figures in an article on the dead-letter office and the methods employed to get improperly address mail to its destination. Says Mr. O'Donnell of what the puzzled distributor did with this letter:

He studied the missive a few seconds, gave a negative shake of his head, tossed the letter into a box marked "Miscellaneous" and went on with his work. In a sense he was acting the part of a physician. In that capacity he had come upon a "sick" letter which might eventually wind up in Uncle Sam's "morgue"—the dead-letter office. It had three chances of "living." The specialists in the directory service might diagnose its ailment and save it from a visit to the "Nixie ward," or hard-reader division of the postal "hospital"; but should the hard readers fail to find out what was wrong with it, nothing under heaven could save it from going to

the operating-room in the dead-letter office, where it would be cut open and its insides thoroughly examined for a clue which might lead to its restoration to "health." If this operation failed the letter would die and be cremated, just as 21,000,000 other missives were cremated last year.

The first specialist who examined it detected signs of a peculiar ailment known as "Puzzleitis," a disease given to letters by certain individuals who have a passion for inventing addresses which they believe Uncle Sam's sleuths can not decipher." They were the bane of the hard-readers' existence until postal authorities in Washington made a ruling to the effect that employees did not have to attempt to decipher puzzle addresses unless they desired to do so for their own satisfaction.

The "Down John Me" letter fell into the hands of William P. Adams, seventy years young, and as keen a detective as ever read an address. Bill looked at the letter, leaned back in his swivel chair, puckered his brow for about the length of time Gene Tunney was on the canvas after Dempsey socked him out in Chicago, whistled, came back to an even keel, took his pencil and wrote on the face of the envelop:

John Underdown,
Andover,
Maine.

Then to make sure he was right he asked the directory-service division to see if there was a man named John Underdown listed in that city and State. In a few minutes the report came back that there was. Hearing this Bill Adams just grinned and went on with his routine work, which consists of deciphering approximately 1,200 written mysteries daily.

How did Bill Adams solve that mystery?

Easy—according to Bill. Here's the way he explained it to me:

"You see, the John is under Down? Yes? Well get it phonetically—John Underdown. Now, if John under Down gets us John Underdown, it stands to reason that there's another trick to give a clue to the name of the town. I say to myself—looking at the address—John is under Down and over Me. or Maine. Get that? Andover Maine. Perfectly simple, John Underdown, Andover, Maine."

Letters of foreign origin which eventually find their way into the dead-letter office are "almost sure to have New York somewhere on the face of the envelop, altho the addressee may have written his correspondent that he lives in Arizona or Florida." The hard readers explain this by saying:

Practically everybody in the civilized world has heard of New York; many believe New York is America, and that if the letter reaches New York it is sure to be delivered to the addressee. The result is that thousands of letters come in address to Paducah, N. Y., Louisville, N. Y., and even Chicago, N. Y.

The similarity in appearance of the letters N. Y. and N. J. and Me. and Mo., also is responsible for many letters reaching the "Nixie" division. Another reason why 1,797,917 more letters were received at the dead-letter office last year than the year previous is the fact that some of the postal districts of London are designated by letters and numerals. Thousands of letters originating in England, and intended for persons living in district N 7 London, are forwarded to this country annually because

Now! AUTOMATIC Fire Protection at LOW COST //

Fire Prevention Week, Oct. 6-12

YOU
may be next!

FIRE!
what would it mean
-to you/
-to your loved ones/
-to your possessions?
Think!

Issued in the interest of Fire Prevention by
INTERNATIONAL FIRE EQUIPMENT CORPORATION
WEST NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

To date 3,416 Fires
(an incomparable record)
have been successfully extinguished
by
Shur-Stop
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
"The Automatic Fireman on the Wall"
in less than 3 years

Hundreds of thousands of SHUR-STOP (the lowest priced—most effective—fastest selling first aid fire protection in the World) are standing guard giving AUTOMATIC protection—day and night—in all classes of buildings, from bungalows to storied mansions—office and industrial building—yachts—motor boats—etc.

THE FIRST COST IS THE LAST
CONTENTS HERMETICALLY SEALED—NO EVAPORATION—NO CORROSION—NO SERVICE CHARGES—AS GOOD 20 YEARS FROM NOW AS THE DAY YOU BUY IT—HARMLESS TO PERSONS OR MATERIALS.

NO WATER DAMAGE
District Managers—Salesmen
Shur-Stop—Shur-Ex (Automobile Extinguisher)—Shur-Spray (for industrial establishments) and the many other items in the SHUR-LINE offer an OPPORTUNITY limited only by your own ability.

Mail the Coupon today

☐ Without obligation please send illustrated booklet "A Message of Security for whatever you own"

☐ Send full details of proposition for District Managers and Salesmen.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....

INTERNATIONAL FIRE EQUIPMENT CORPORATION
WEST NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

Organize Your Figure Work for High Speed Production

Progressive, forward looking offices are doing it. They have found it both practicable and profitable.

SIMPLY let centralized supervision, analysis of routines and discriminating knowledge of machines do for production in the office what they have done for production in the factory.

One of the effects of centralized supervision over accounting naturally would be more systematic selection of figuring machine equipment—selection based on no one's "think so," but on the definite business like basis of measured production.

Production gives an accurate line on machine performance, about which there can be no question. It is an infallible test, and is easily made.

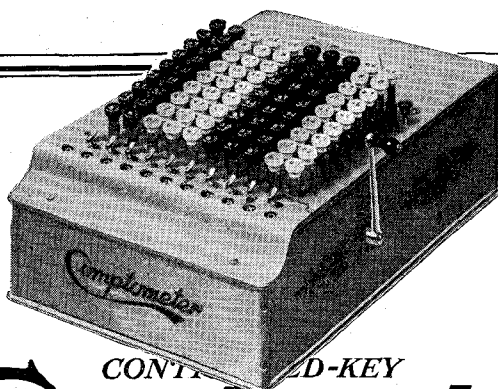
There should be no objection to such a test on the part of any machine. *Surely, the Comptometer offers none.*

Not only has the Comptometer speed to spare, but through its chain of training schools it is in position to supply high speed operators, without charge, to users of the machine.

Test before you invest.

FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO.
1731 N. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.

*If not
made by
Felt & Tarrant
it's not a
Comptometer*



*Only the
Comptometer
has the
Controlled-Key
safeguard*

CONTROLLED-KEY
Comptometer
REG. TRADE MARK
ADDING AND CALCULATING MACHINE

PERSONAL GLIMPSES *Continued*

N 7 so often looks like N. Y. when hurriedly or carelessly written.

A peculiarity about Italians writing to friends in this country is that they seem to think all that is necessary on an envelop is the addressee's name, street number and America.

One day, recently, a letter reached the "Nixie" division address to Joe Pesano, 31-32 North Square, U. S. A. No State, no city mentioned. Where to find Joe Pesano in a country with 120,000,000 inhabitants, with no more to guide one than "31-32 North Square" would stagger most of the high-powered detectives of this country. But it didn't freeze the swivel-chair sleuths in the dead-letter office. One of them picked up the letter, glanced at the address, saw that it originated in Italy, recalled that there was a big Italian settlement called North Square in Boston, scribbled Boston on the face of the envelop, and sent it on its way. Eventually the letter was delivered to the addressee.

If the writer gives the hard reader half a chance—if he will give the "Nixie" men just a little clue to what he is guessing at, the hard reader seventy-five times out of a hundred will do the rest. He knows that, when a letter is address to John Smith, Kerry Patch, U. S. A., the addressee lives in that section of St. Louis, Missouri, called Kerry Patch. South of the Slot means but one city—San Francisco; Gas House District, means New York City; the Loop, Chicago. But, when the sender of a letter drops it into the mail-box with nothing on it but a postage-stamp—and thousands of them do every month!—the only hope that letter has of escaping destruction is that the writer has written his name and address on whatever is enclosed.

The hard readers of the "Nixie" division are responsible for saving careless address writers a fortune every year. Here are some of the statistics presented by Mr. O'Donnell:

At the end of the last fiscal year Uncle Sam found that 1,010,866 letters containing money or other valuables had gone to the "operating table" in the dead-letter office. In these letters were \$113,066.18 in money, \$5,184,311.56 in drafts, checks, money-orders, et cetera, and \$29,644.81 worth of postage-stamps, or a total of \$5,327,022.55. Practically all of the drafts, checks, and money-orders were returned to the sender, or forwarded to the addressee. Money-orders always are returned to the person who sent them, even when the addressee's name is found inside the letters. This is done because in many cases the addressee, not receiving the money when expected, lodges a complaint either with the Government or with the sender, and while the letter has been going through the dead-letter-office routine another order may have been issued.

The postal authorities are able to return only about 60 per cent. of the money inclosed in dead letters or found loose in the mails. Last year, for instance, after every effort was made to find the senders or addressees of letters containing money, Uncle Sam profited in the sum of \$40,870.75, the amount left over out of the \$113,066 inclosed in dead-letter mail.

The sums inclosed in these letters range all the way from five cents to \$500. Seven

out of ten of them are pathetic. Some are tragic; some have their comic sides. Letters from mothers to their sons and daughters predominate. The average sum found in the "mother" missives is \$2. One signed Mother and Dad contained a twenty five-cent piece and a hint of tragedy. Obviously it was in answer to a plea for assistance sent by a wayward son who had gone to New York from his home in the West. Mother and Dad commiserated with him over his ill-luck in the Eastern metropolis, besought him not to carry out his threat of ending it all in the East River, and related how glad they were to forego the satisfaction of "supper" in order that they might send him the enclosed quarter.

The sacrifice had been in vain. In their haste to come to the lad's assistance the parents had neglected to place his street address on the letter, simply addressing it to him at New York City. Had the boy called for mail at the general-delivery window he would have received the letter and the quarter which might have tided him over a critical day or night.

Pennsylvanians, the writer continues, will "recall the time they were solicited by two enterprising promoters for subscriptions to a fund with which to 'buy a suitable present for Boise Penrose,' who was then a powerful factor in Pennsylvania politics." This, we learn, nearly brought trouble with the authorities:

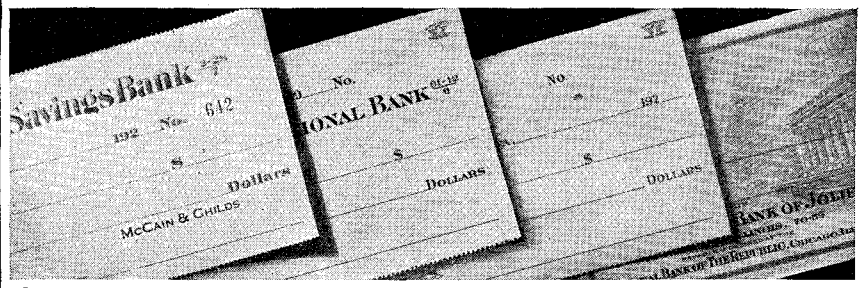
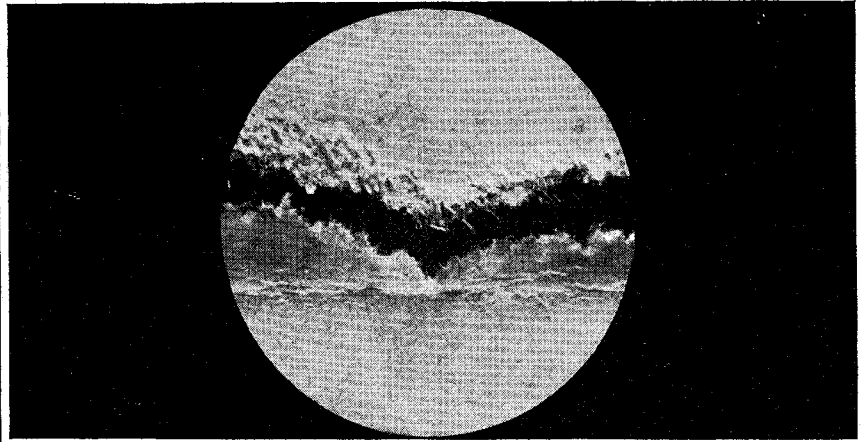
The promoters of this proposition managed to get from Penrose's admirers approximately \$15,000. But in so doing they used the mails to send out their appeals for money, and this, the postal authorities decided, after receiving many complaints from Pennsylvanians, was not according to Hoyle. An investigation followed, and while it was in progress the promoters, living up to the letter if not the spirit of their proposition, went forth and purchased a huge bronze elephant which they sent to Senator Penrose by parcel post.

The Senator, innocent of any knowledge of the promoters' scheme, and justly indignant when he heard of it, refused to accept the "present" when it was delivered to him. When it was returned to the promoters they, fearing prosecution if they accepted it, also refused the elephant. Eventually, the "suitable gift" was sent to the dead-parcel office in New York where it was auctioned off for \$15. It is on the records of the post-office department as "The Penrose elephant."

If you will be guided by the experience of these swivel-chair sleuths you will be very careful to examine all the cards you received last Christmas and New Years. Examine especially the novelty cards for these may contain money as well as a printed message or wisecrack.

Last Christmas the hard-readers found thousands of dollars in these novelty cards. Some were concealed in "umbrella" cards on which were printed the words, "Christmas Greetings and hopes this will be helpful on a rainy day." Examination of the cards disclosed that in the folds of the "umbrella" money often was hidden.

Another card that appeared often among the "dead" was one in which the senders enclosed a bank note with only the engraved face of George Washington showing in a cut-out frame. Underneath was printed "With Best Wishes For a Happy Christmas I Am Sending You a Picture of Our Greatest American." The casual observer would give these cards a glance and toss them on the pile with other greeting cards, never



The long fiber and small amount of sizing in this superlatively strong new paper are illustrated by this micro-photograph

REMARKABLE STRENGTH IS ONE OF THE IMPORTANT FEATURES OF THIS SPECIAL NEW CHECK PAPER THE NEW SUPER-SAFETY PAPER

THE average check is written upon, folded, crumpled, unfolded, endorsed, crushed, pinched and refolded as it passes along through seventeen pairs of hands, before it finally ends its journey back to the maker. Such vigorous use requires more endurance than ordinary check papers afford. So The Todd Company has developed the truly remarkable new Super-Safety Check Paper—expressly designed to meet the needs of modern checks.

Super-Safety Paper resists wear, tearing, fraying, folding and mutilation to an unparalleled degree because of its exceptionally long fiber and its small amount of sizing—a combination that gives this paper unusual endurance without brittleness or bulk.

Other outstanding superiorities of this check paper are: *Foldability*—an extraordinary ability to withstand repeated sharp folding. *Durability*—the lack of any tendency to become brittle, even after many years. *Good writing surface*—smooth, easy-writing surface which takes ink without any tendency to blur or blot.

Super-Safety Checks expose with a glaring spot the first attempt to alter them. To prevent counterfeiting, their manufacture is guarded as the government guards bank-note paper. They are available in all standard check forms—

made only to a bank's individual order—never sold in blank sheets. Their remarkable strength, their beautiful tints, their crisp "feel" of quality, and their satin-smooth surface distinguish them at once from ordinary supplies. Look at the checks you have and see if they are water-marked with the Super-Safety eagle trade-mark. Ask your banker about the new Super-Safety Checks.

We are glad to send samples of the new Super-Safety Paper to depositors or bankers on receipt of the coupon. Test this remarkable new paper yourself. Bankers' Supply Division, The Todd Company. (Est. 1899.) Rochester, Chicago, New York, St. Paul, Denver, Dallas, Birmingham, Buffalo, Des Moines, Boston.

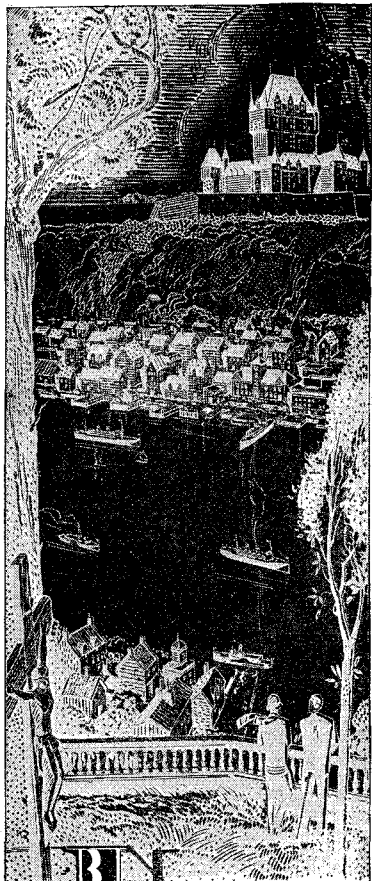
Bankers' Supply Division 10-5-29
THE TODD COMPANY
1143 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

Send me more information about Super-Safety Checks made of the new Super-Safety Paper.

Name of Bank _____
Name of Officer _____
Street _____
Town _____ State _____



TODD SYSTEM OF CHECK PROTECTION



Under the harvest moon OLD QUEBEC

Far and high the bright road runs to old Québec . . . never lovelier than under the harvest moon! Through the glory of the Adirondack woods . . . past Lake Champlain's silver blue . . . thundering down long empty stretches among white stone farms busy with scythe and sickle . . . slowing for Norman villages, over-arched by golden maples, drowsily nestled by exquisite Norman churches . . . to where the tall towers of Chateau Frontenac look down on the full tide of the St. Lawrence rolling to the sea. No lovelier motor run on Eastern Seaboard.

In Québec, so much to do, so much to see! Golf at Montmorency . . . homespuns to buy . . . antiques to snoop for . . . the ramparts and dungeons to visit . . . day-long jaunts to L'Ile d'Orléans, Ste. Anne de Beaupré, Indian Lorette . . . the Chateau chef to serve you *Saucisses Chateau et poulette Canadienne* . . . and the Chateau peace to drop you forty fathoms down in heavenly sleep . . . Plan your holiday now!

Full information and reservations at Canadian Pacific, 344 Madison Avenue, New York; 405 Boylston St., Boston; Chateau Frontenac, Québec, Canada.

Chateau Frontenac

PERSONAL GLIMPSES Continued

suspecting that the picture of our first President was engraved on a bill.

Post-office troubles, we read, are also added to by recognized crooks, crooks who haven't yet been found out, and persons who are crooks at heart, but hide it under a cloak of respectability. Reading on:

Hardly a day passes that guns, knives, brass knuckles, contraband drugs and stolen property are not found, unaddressed, in the mail-boxes of the nation. Years ago, when the dead-letter office was young, the frequent presence of guns in mail-boxes puzzled postal authorities. It became such a serious problem after the enactment of the Sullivan law which makes it a penal offense to carry a gun without a license, that the postal officials took the matter up with the New York police.

It so happened that the man they first approached on the subject was a seasoned officer, a graduate from the ranks, up through the detective department. He laughed and said: "The crooks are making Uncle Sam the Patsy. Here's how those guns, knives, brass knuckles, and dope get into your mail-boxes: One of our men is 'tailing' a crook. The crook discovers an officer is shadowing him, and if he has a rod—a gun—or dope or anything else incriminating on his person, he ducks around the first corner he comes to and looks for one of those big mail-boxes. Into this he drops the gun or whatever contraband article he has on his person. Of course he doesn't stop to attach his return address!"

Before the Sullivan law went into effect in New York State these articles were sold at the public auctions, which are held in the main post-office every three months, and at which all the undeliverable and unclaimed mail and insured or uninsured registered or parcel-post merchandise are sold to the highest bidder. Last year Uncle Sam's revenue from these auctions was \$108,108.45.

The crooks who haven't yet been found out—men who prey upon the unsuspecting, trusting souls whose names adorn the "sucker lists" of the shady business world—help swell the volume of letters that go to the dead-letter office. Rarely does one of these commercial vultures have his name or his firm's name printed or written on the outside of the envelop. He omits this detail because he doesn't want to arouse the suspicion of a prospect before said prospect opens the letter and reads the honeyed promises contained therein.

With all their other troubles it seems unfair for the lovelorn to throw additional problems in the way of the hard readers. Why, for instance, should a young chap who fell in love with the muchly married Peggy Joyce's photograph write her every day for two months, merely placing on the envelop: Miss Peggy Joyce (Please deliver), Personal!

"Please deliver!" my eye!" exclaimed the Nixie group when half a dozen of these letters had piled up in the dead-letter office. Employing some heroic method the department got in touch with Miss Joyce, delivered the accumulated mash notes, and asked for instructions about those that were to come.

"In the ash-can!" was Miss Joyce's verdict. And in the ash-can they went thereafter.

NOW twenty-hour trains OVER THE WATER LEVEL ROUTE serve America between CHICAGO and NEW YORK

WITH the recent inauguration of additional fast service, *thirty-two* through Pullman trains daily link Chicago and New York on New York Central's famous water level route. *Sixteen* of these make the run of nearly a thousand miles in from 20 to 21 hours—nine of them in 20 hours flat.

This is the greatest fleet of fast long-distance trains operated on any railway in the world.

Companions of the "Century"

The *20th Century Limited* has long been a daily fleet of trains. Yearly its prestige increases. In the past twelve months it has been operated as more than 2000 trains and has carried more than 240,000 passengers.

Now with the new *Advance Century* there is the choice of *two* departure and *two* arrival times of this de luxe limited at both Chicago and New York. The new, equally-fast *Commodore Vanderbilt*, with complete Century equipment and service, follows the Century fleet. Named in honor of the founder of the New York Central Lines, this new train will take its place as one of the great de luxe trains of the world. The



popular *Wolverine* (via Michigan Central) has been made a de luxe 20-hour train.

With these notable additions to the New York Central fleet, the thousands of business executives and transcontinental travelers who choose the water level route between Chicago, New York and New England will find a fast train waiting for them at almost any hour of the day that suits their convenience—not only at Chicago and New York, but Boston, Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis and other cities on the New York Central Lines.

A Route of Unrivalled Comfort

Nature gave New York Central an unique advantage. For the roadbed follows the only low level transcontinental route through the Appalachian barrier. This great steel highway is nearly at sea level for a thousand miles. It is this that makes possible the amazingly smooth operation.

The record volume of long-distance passenger traffic carried by the New York Central Lines reflects the growth of the great industrial territory served, as well as the continually increasing public preference for New York Central service.

5 Chicago—New York

Fast Mail

Lv. Chicago 9:50 a. m.
Ar. New York 6:50 a. m.

The Wolverine

via Michigan Central
Lv. Chicago 11:00 a. m.
Ar. New York 8:00 a. m.

Advance 20th Century Ltd.

Lv. Chicago 12:00 noon
Ar. New York 9:00 a. m.

20th Century Limited

Lv. Chicago 12:40 p. m.
Ar. New York 9:40 a. m.

The Commodore Vanderbilt

Lv. Chicago 2:00 p. m.
Ar. New York 11:00 a. m.

4 New York—Chicago

Advance 20th Century Ltd.

Lv. New York 2:00 p. m.
Ar. Chicago 9:00 a. m.

20th Century Limited

Lv. New York 2:45 p. m.
Ar. Chicago 9:45 a. m.

The Commodore Vanderbilt

Lv. New York 4:00 p. m.
Ar. Chicago 11:00 a. m.

The Wolverine

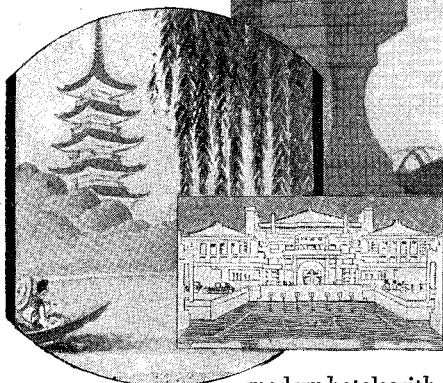
via Michigan Central
Lv. New York 5:00 p. m.
Ar. Chicago 12:00 noon

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

Only route between Chicago and the East doubly safeguarded all the way
by Electric Block Signals and the Automatic Electric Train Stop

Autumn in JAPAN

...the
Gateway of
Romance



modern hotels with
every up-to-date
comfort, and food
to suit your taste

Autumnal chrysanthemums bloom to a vivid dream of subtle fragrance. Travel to Japan, and at once you cease to think that autumn is the "melancholy" time of the year. A gorgeous foliage of maples flowers in air clear and sweet as wine.

All routine cares and modern disillusion drop from you at the vision of such actual loveliness. You wander through landscape gardens and parks, visit sacred shrines, refresh yourself with sweet cakes and rice wine at little tea-houses hung with lanterns, and then return to the modern comforts of your hotel.

You discover the age-old beauty of the past without sacrificing present day facilities and improvements, for there are fast trains and smooth roads for traveling, and sport all the year round in a land framing the romance of history and likewise offering all the advantages of contemporary civilization.

All details of your trip, including a carefully planned itinerary of Japan's interest points, arranged without charge. Write today for fascinating booklet on Japan.

Steamship Lines operating between the United States and Japan: American Mail, Canadian Pacific, Dollar Line, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Osaka Shosen Kaisha.

JAPAN TOURIST BUREAU

c/o JAPANESE GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
1 Madison Ave., New York City
and c/o NIPPON YUSEN KAISHA
545 Fifth Ave., New York City
or offices of American Express Co. and
Thos. Cook & Sons,
or any tourist or steamship agent.

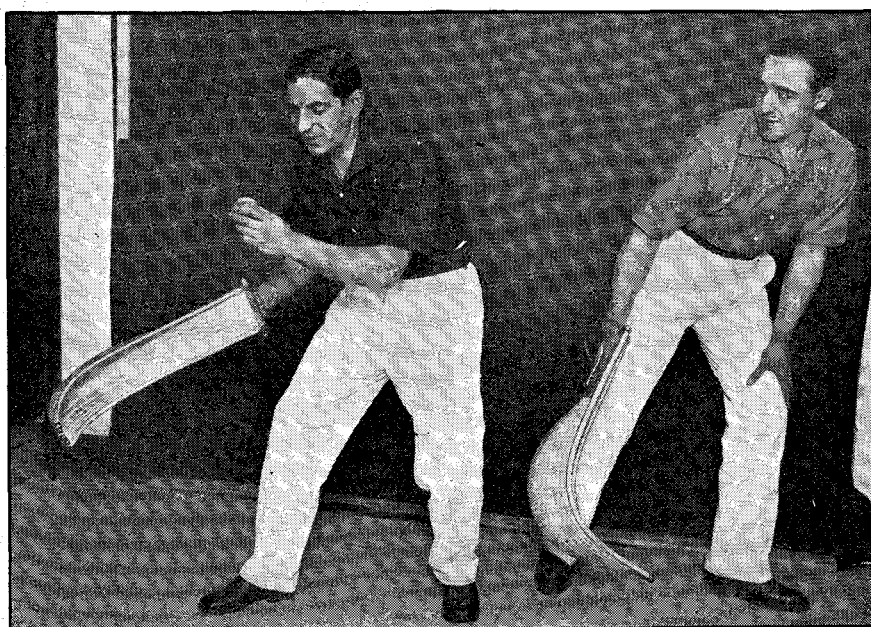
SPORTS - AND - ATHLETICS

SHALL WE BE JAI ALAI FANS, LIKE THE AZTECS?

JAI ALAI, the "fastest game in the world," is coming back to the land of its birth. Indeed, it has come already, has taken a firm hold and is about to take a firmer. The game that the Aztecs played as *tlaihiyotente*, according to Marjory Belisch in the New York *Evening Post*, that Cortez took to Spain as *juego de pelota* and that finally became the special property of the Basques, is expected to

suicides have been traced to the tragedies of bets lost on *Jai Alai*. In one recent week, for instance, no fewer than twenty-seven suicides were reported by the Havana police, with twelve frustrated attempts. This is extraordinary in a Latin city, for the Latin races are far less prone to *felo de se* than the Germanics.

In Havana *Jai Alai* means what the theater does to New York, what the Alps are to Switzerland, what Aimee Semple McPherson is to Los Angeles.



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

AS FAST AS WILDCATS ARE THE WIELDERS OF THE WICKER SPOONS

The Basque experts of *Pelota*, otherwise *Jai Alai*, have methods that are said to be more bewildering than those developed in any other ball game. Their life is described in Pierre Loti's novel, "Ramuntcho."

make its debut in Madison Square Garden this fall. Already it has made Cuba its stronghold in this hemisphere, we read, and has moved on to Florida and Chicago with success. If its promoters carry through their plan to invade New York this fall, there may be complications such as have arisen in Havana and the other cities where it is played, according to Miss Belisch. There is, we learn, another side to the picture than the purely sporting. In addition to being the fastest game in the world, Miss Belisch writes, it bids fair to be also the most troublesome. For, the account in the *Evening Post* continues:

In Cuba, in Florida and Chicago, where it has also been played with delirious effect, its propensity for arousing the spectators to a frenzy of betting has excited keen agitation. The new State's Attorney of Cook County even went so far as to try to prohibit the game altogether for this reason. He succeeded in putting a stop to open betting, but not to the popularity of the sport.

In Havana, from many accounts, it has created quite a serious situation. Embezzlements, petty and serious thefts, defalcations, impoverished homes and even

One single fact furnishes a perfect idea of its popularity. From the moment the players enter the court until intermission, the bars, housed in the lobby beneath the same roof, are totally empty of both Americans and Cubans.

People can not resist the lure of the inanimate dice of Klondike or chuckaluck, the white ball of roulette, the cards of blackjack. How much more potent is the fascination when a game is played with human beings! Thousands turn out any day to bet on horse-races. Tens of thousands would clamor for entrance to *Jai Alai* which is a race of men.

Not a fraction of a split second of time is taken out when *jai alai*, sometimes called *pelota*, is played, according to this writer. Like "some wild thing the first torturing day behind cage bars," the ball flies like a sizzling streak of lightning from one end of the court to the other. The rackets are called *cestas*. They are long, curved basket-like contraptions, or similar to Chinese finger-nails grown into the hollowed shape of small canoes, and are strapped to the players' wrists. They beat the air. The ball is caught by them and with the same movement hurled against the front

ALL THE HEALTH RAYS OF THE SUMMER SUN



The new Table Model Eveready Sunshine Lamp gives all the invigorating rays found in summer sunshine.

THE Eveready Sunshine Lamp gives you the valuable ultra-violet rays—but it gives you the other equally important health rays of sunshine as well.

Sunshine is composed of three types of rays—ultra-violet, luminous and infra-red. Sunshine increases calcium metabolism, promotes the growth of bone and muscle structure, helps build your body against disease. That's why you feel better after a vacation basking on the beach.

The Eveready Sunshine Lamp supplies you with every one of these valuable health rays. It is made by National Carbon Company—known for 53 years for its constant quality of manufacture. A time device on both models prevents overexposure. Hospitals have been using carbon-arc lamps for over 30 years—but if you're sick ask your doctor—self-diagnosis is unwise.

Both types of carbon give you a fashionable tan

Eveready Super-Tan Carbons quicken the time of tanning. They bring a new healthy brown to your skin. An entrancing shade full of light and youth because a special glass filter in the lamp prevents any harsh rays from drying your skin—the lamp tans you, yet leaves your skin soft and delightfully smooth.

Remarkable low payments!

Keep your health and summer tan through the Eveready Easy Payment Plan which will give you this lamp for such low payments!

There is an Eveready dealer near you. See him or write us for information. Prices \$59.50 to \$137.50. \$10 down and only \$6.50 a month will place one of these lamps in your home.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC., Carbon Sales Division, Cleveland, Ohio

Unit of Union Carbide  and Carbon Corporation

Thousands of Floor Model Eveready Sunshine Lamps are helping families to keep their summer-time health.



EVEREADY
Sunshine Lamp

EVEREADY
Sunshine Carbons

One Tooth!

YET IT CAN AFFECT THE
APPEARANCE, THE WHOLE
WELL-BEING, OF YOUR CHILD



SHORTLY after the twenty "baby" teeth are in place another one unobtrusively takes its place among them. Frequently it is mistaken for another of the first teeth. But it is the six-year molar, the most important tooth of all.

The reason for this importance is that the six-year molar assures the proper relationship between the upper and lower jaws—it determines the proper growth forward of the bones of the jaw—and it helps in the even placing and developing of the permanent teeth.

All too often the six-year molar is lost because it is believed to be one of the decaying baby teeth. As a result a child's looks may suffer because of the improper development of the jaws. Such loss also often impairs the full usefulness of all the teeth.

... Is that not too great a price to pay for neglect of "baby" teeth?

Take no such chances! It is important to begin protecting the "baby" teeth from acids at The Danger Line from the time they first appear. No tooth-brush can furnish this protection completely. You must use a dentifrice that can—and still be safe to use.

Squibb's Dental Cream is made with over 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia,



SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA is a pure, effective product that is free from any unpleasant, earthy taste. It has unsurpassed antacid and mild laxative qualities.



more than enough to neutralize the acids in these pits and at The Danger Line and to give needed protection. Moreover, Squibb's Dental Cream contains no grit, no astringents, nothing that can injure the sensitive mouth of a child. It can be used to brush the gums—a necessary part of mouth hygiene. It helps to keep the mouth in a healthy condition. It is pleasant to the taste and harmless if swallowed.

It is essential to have your dentist inspect your child's teeth regularly. By exercising this precaution, and by forming the habit of using Squibb's Dental Cream at least twice a day, you will help him maintain a sound permanent set of teeth which should serve him through life. At your drug-gist's, 40c a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.* The Priceless Ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

© 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

SQUIBB'S Dental Cream

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS *Continued*

wall. The ball rebounds at a deceptive angle, Miss Belisch continues. "If the opposing team fails to catch it and volley it again to the wall, a point is scored against it. A team wins when the other side misses or sends the ball out of bounds thirty times. Continuously the score mounts. There is not a moment when attention may flag, waiting for the thirty points. Before sufficient will can be mustered to tear eyes from the frantic players for a glance at the scoreboard, the game has been lost or won." Reading on:

There is a psychological reason why the game is in demand, it exploits the instinctive reaction of a sense organ. Moving objects attract the gaze. This once served as protective instinct to a race of ape-men in an environment where every little movement had a danger meaning of its own. Motion was the quality that distinguished camouflaged snakes and animal enemies against a background of jungle. For that reason trying to relinquish sight of the galloping ball is as difficult as the first jump off a twenty-foot diving-board.

Another attraction lies in the simplicity of the game. Five minutes observation teaches all that is necessary for thorough enjoyment. Then there is the element of danger—four human bodies in a restricted area where a small ball speeds with all the force of a bullet. The agility and speed of the players, qualities that serve as food for a champion-devouring public, are still further reasons why the game succeeds.

The large, expensive and immovable court has heretofore been the most serious drawback to wide-spread popularity. It is rectangular, with one long side parallel to the row of seats and two narrow sides, the front wall or "fronton" to the spectators' right and the rear wall to the left.

The players, standing before the rear wall, volley the ball to the fronton. Forty feet high, the three walls are of cement, granite or marble. The fourth wall, the length of the rectangle immediately before the audience, is missing as in stage sets to allow a view of the court. Before *Jai Alai* can be brought to the Garden some method of building a movable court will be devised.

The fact that it is a foreign game is disadvantageous. Basque players must be imported at first. But Americans respond quickly to the challenge once they have experienced the spell of the game.

Beneath the glaring lights a multitude of eyes follows the pelota. There are slim, young Spaniards with sleek hair and graceful, feline gait. There are perspiring papas of vast Cuban broods. There are señoritas in mantillas, duennas by grossly fat old women. And there is a whole section of American tourists that might have been lifted bodily from the mezzanine of the Yankee Stadium any afternoon in summer.

The pelota whistles through the air, hits the back stone wall and rebounds. It is caught in another swinging, scythe-like basket and hurled again in ceaseless frenzy from cesta to fronton.

The figures on the score-board wax greater. The bookmakers call new odds. A mishap on the court increases the excitement. Thus:

A blue-shirted player is taken off guard. The force of the pelota's motion sends him off his feet, but, as he falls, he twists and strikes the ball spinning back to the wall. Some one shouts his name. Otherwise the throng is silent, spellbound, transfixed.

Bets are placed both before and during the game. The seats mount to the ceiling at an oblique angle. Before the first rows, between audience and court, promenaded the bet-callers in white coats and red berets. At each point of the score the odds change, and the game becomes continuously more exciting. If odds are transposed in the right direction one may by "hedging" win before the game is finished.

When a bet is placed the bookmaker gives a certificate. The winning certificates can be cashed after the game at duly designated windows in the lobby. Losers do not pay a percentage. The house collects 10 per cent. of the winners' prizes.

Victory is secured by the team that first gains thirty points. In a recent game the favorites had been held scoreless, while the other team, the Blues, had twenty-eight. The volatile Latins were frantic. Two misses or two fouls on the part of the favorites and the Blues would win.

Enormous odds had been placed on the White Shirts before the game began. Bookies now shouted still larger odds favoring the Blues. The outcome of the game seemed inevitable. In the next five minutes of play thousands were placed on the Blues.

Yet the Whites threw a dozen swift ones that the other side failed to meet. In fourteen minutes the score was even, twenty-nine to twenty-nine. Suddenly a loud, metallic ring shattered the stillness of the hall. A ball volleyed by the Blues had struck the iron strip marking out of bounds, and the original favorites, the Whites, won the game.

It has often been rumored that the players are informed which way the house bets. In that case, the public must lose. The house is also known to bet on favorites. The audience, particularly visitors ignorant of the relative standing of the teams, is apt to place money against favorites, on the side that will win most. Betting against odds, on the Blues, who will win a hundred dollars for ten is more thrilling than to place a whole hundred to win an insignificant ten.

But those fans who nightly observe the game over a period of weeks bet on the favorites more than nine times out of ten, and for this reason:

They smile and explain it is not polite to disagree with the house's estimate of a player.

Jai Alai is an outstanding contradiction of the theory that the tropics are not adapted to violent activity. Five years are all a player can stand of the strenuous exercise, it is maintained, yet all the men are not young.

Fat and stocky players are best if they are quick, because weight lends force to the pelota. And, who knows, perhaps America will some day give the world a Babe Ruth of *Jai Alai*! But, treading of the mother country or Ruths of the States can be no more fêted and worshiped than the champions of the fronton. For one season salary is sometimes \$10,000.

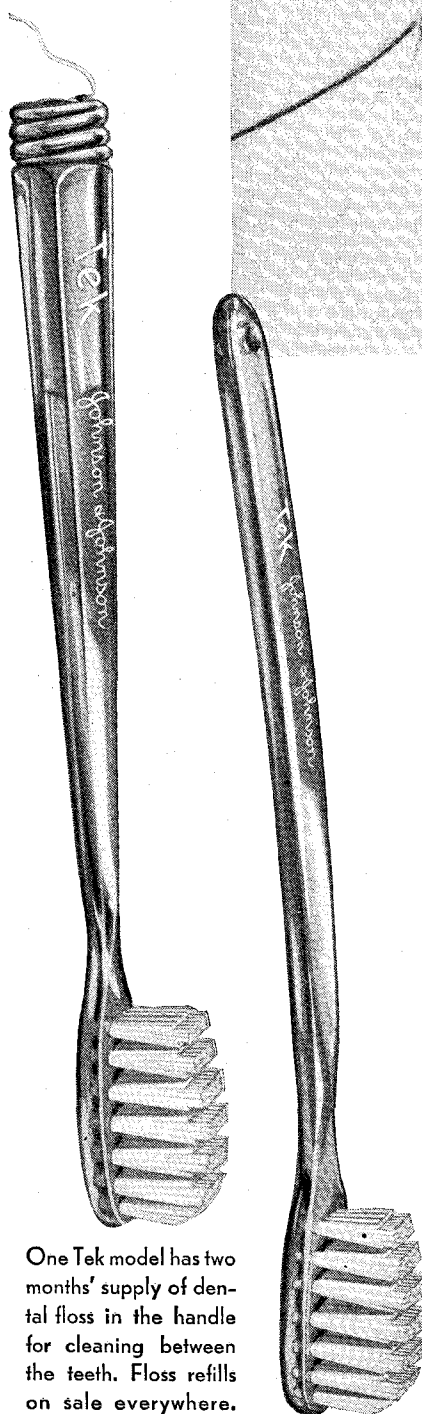
Jai Alai is said to have originated in America. The Aztecs played a game called *tlaihiyotente*. Cortez took it back to Spain, where it spread like wildfire. As *juego de pelota* it evolved into the national sport of

Six Modern Colors

Ask to see Tek with the new pastel colored handles. For the children . . . Tek Jr.



© 1929



One Tek model has two months' supply of dental floss in the handle for cleaning between the teeth. Floss refills on sale everywhere.

Save teeth and time with this new brush

Because it fits Tek cleans where longer brushes only "hit the high spots." And, automatically, with each cleaning stroke, the extra width of Tek's brush-head massages and stimulates your gums. Product of Johnson & Johnson, world's largest makers of dental and surgical dressings.

Tek

The Modern Tooth Brush

Product of

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



Stubborn Stains vanish from teeth HARD-TO-WHITEN

With absolute safety IODENT No. 2 cleans teeth that have not been white since childhood—teeth that are naturally hard to whiten.

With amazing swiftness it erases the stubborn stains of tobacco smoke, the yellow shadows of neglect, and the discoloration that appears after long use of ineffective dentifrices.

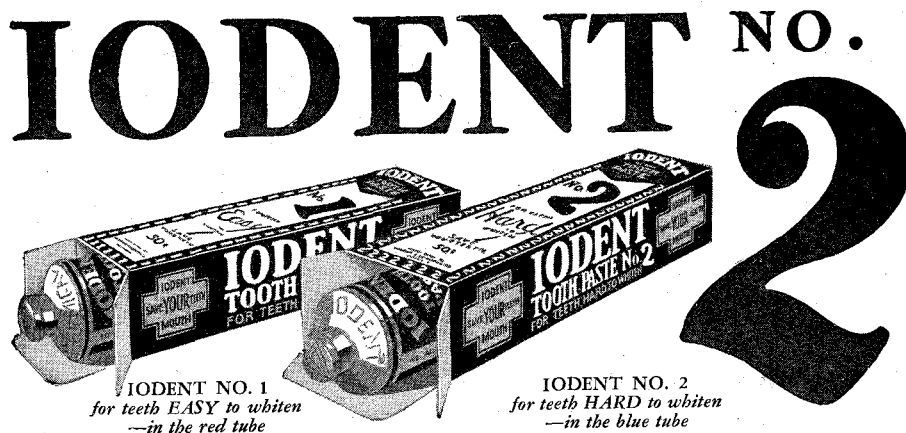
If other tooth pastes have failed to do these things for you, try a big tube of IODENT No. 2

and see how quickly your teeth sparkle with new whiteness!

And your gums should become firmer, pinker, and healthier—for both of the IODENTS (No. 1 and No. 2) contain that excellent gum tonic—calcium and potassium iodides in easily soluble form.

IODENT No. 1 is recommended for children and for those fortunate few whose teeth are easy to whiten. No other tooth paste is made in two textures for these two recognized classes of teeth.

IODENT CHEMICAL COMPANY • IODENT BUILDING • DETROIT



SPORTS AND ATHLETICS Continued

the Basques. From Vizcaya it returned to America.

If *Jai Alai* starts at Madison Square Garden this autumn there will be, of course, no public betting. Yet enormous crowds are sure to find the little white ball for the moment the most fascinating object in the world and *Jai Alai* a sport faster and more thrilling than all.

WHAT BABE RUTH DOES WITH HIS MONEY

BABE RUTH was broke. No one knows just how much he had lost at the race-track. Some say that it was \$100,000. But whatever the figure, writes Norman Beasley in *Forbes Magazine*, it was sufficient to take all he had. But that was several years ago. Now the King of Clouters is financially independent, the writer reveals. For one thing, he has established a trust fund for himself. It now amounts to approximately \$150,000 and pays him about \$12,000 a year. When the home-run industry slumps he will not have to worry. In this way, according to Mr. Beasley, Ruth is typical of the new school of professional athletes who save their money, in contrast with the old-timers who made a lot and spent it on the spot.

When the Babe lost all he had some four or five years ago it was just an incident to him. But to Christy Walsh, who syndicates Ruth's sports articles, it gave an idea. Creating an opportunity, we read, he said:

"Babe, you've got to begin saving your money."

Ruth laughed.

"I mean it," insisted Walsh.

Ruth laughed louder.

Still Walsh persisted. "I've got a plan worked out for you," he said, "and I want you to listen. Most of your years in the big league are behind you. You haven't a cent. What I want you to do is to save this money we're getting for you from your syndicated articles, your exhibition games, and so on. Take your salary and do as you please with it, but this money that comes in to me—and which is your money—is your insurance against the future."

"What'd'ya mean?" growled the ball-player.

Walsh repeated his explanation and recalled the misfortunes of other ball-players who had been stars in the days of acclaim, and who had been dropt from the playing fields—penniless.

Grumbly Ruth signed an agreement to Walsh's terms, and one of the first moves was to take out an annuity insurance policy for \$50,000. Walsh got in touch with Harry Heilman, Detroit outfielder, who was representing an insurance company in the off-season, had him come to New York, and turned over the policy to him. Walsh then began putting Ruth's "by-product money" into a trust fund. By the end of the 1929 baseball season this trust fund will have reached the \$100,000 mark—it is close to that now—and under its terms there is no way for Ruth to infringe on the principal.

Mr. Walsh, in whose office the interview took place, thumbed over some papers to bring out a check for \$1,000, saying, "That came in this morning. It is a return on 'Babe's' trust fund." Mr. Beasley went on with his questions:

"Are you reinvesting it for him?"

"No."

"You're not?"

"No. I do not reinvest his trust fund returns. He gets those checks to do with as he pleases." Walsh smiled. "You know, there is a side to Ruth that business men will have difficulty in understanding. In the first place, he is not a business man. Not in any sense of the word. Were I to insist that he save what his trust fund earns, there would be no fun in saving. That is, not for him. He receives these checks and there is a kick to getting them because he sees them increasing in size, and he knows that to get them he is steadily stacking up a bigger reserve.

Ruth makes a great deal of money in a year. There is his salary (while Walsh offered no information on this point, it is generally accepted as being \$70,000 a season) in addition to his newspaper writings, his exhibition games after the season, vaudeville appearances, movies, endorsements for things he believes he can legitimately endorse, his appearance at sales meetings—and it amounts to respectable figures when gathered together.

"In your experience, what ball-player can take rank as the best business man?" Mr. Beasley asked Mr. Walsh, who replied:

"There are two—Ty Cobb and Miller Huggins." [This interview took place shortly before the sporting world was grieved by the news of Mr. Huggins's death]. "Cobb made shrewd investments, and in making these investments was helped by the advice of bankers and manufacturers.

"Miller Huggins, manager of the New York Yankees, is another who possesses a thinking mind. Not only has he saved, but he has invested very wisely. A number of bankers I know will freely admit their acceptance of Huggins's judgment on a proposition. So far as baseball is concerned, Huggins can quit to-day. Some of these days he will quit to devote the remainder of his life to managing his interests, which, even now, are quite extensive."

"Are there any others?"

"A few, but none in the same financial class with Cobb and Huggins."

"How about such players as Hornsby, Vance, Hoyt—those fellows?"

"I can't answer that. I do not know enough about their personal affairs. One thing is sure, however; the majority of ball-players are saving their money against the day when they will not be drawing big-league salaries.

"I have read newspaper articles—and so has every one else—in which the writers lamented the fact that ball players were spending part of their spare time in reading the financial pages. I fail to understand what is wrong with that. No one believes the club owner is in the game merely for the fun of it. Most club owners are good sportsmen, and are willing to invest a lot of money in new ball players for the satisfaction of having a winning team. But don't forget—a winning team is invariably a money maker."

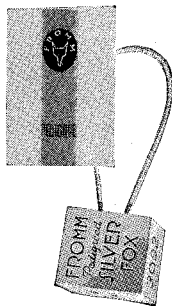
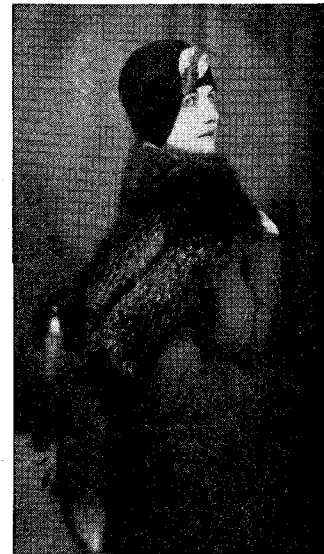
No attempt can be made to list the investment interests of all big-league players, the writer comments as he proceeds:

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS *Continued*

No such list can be accurate, because players are coming and going, regularly, throughout the season. However, some players can be named, and they will serve as a fair indication as to what is being done.

Waite Hoyt, the brilliant New York American league pitcher, is part owner of an undertaking establishment, and is a registered mortician, besides having active real-estate interests in New York City.

Lou Gehrig invests his money in New York property.

George Sisler, of the Boston Braves, is owner of a printing establishment in St. Louis, as well as a property owner.

Howard Ehmke, of the Philadelphia Athletics, has a paying interest in a field cover business as well as in a chromium plating company in Detroit. He is a business man as well as a fine athlete.

Herbert Pennock owns a couple of farms in Pennsylvania.

"Dazzy" Vance has considerable property in Florida. It is property that is paid for, and is well situated.

Harry Heilmann has an insurance business that keeps him occupied in his off seasons in Detroit.

Percy Jones, pitcher with the Boston Braves, has an inheritance of several hundreds of thousands of dollars that he is managing successfully.

THE LIVELY CONTROVERSY OVER THE LIVELY BALL

HOME RUNS are ruining baseball. Continued use of the lively ball means the doom of the national pastime. So laments "Pie" Traynor, third baseman of the Pittsburgh Pirates. He is making his contribution to the enlivener of the 1929 diamond season, the controversy over the "rabbit" ball that travels farther when it is hit. C. William Duncan quotes him in an article, copyrighted by the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. Many players, managers, and fans will disagree with Traynor, but few will deny that the present ball is livelier than the one of a few years ago. Some declare that the increased liveliness is due to a plot, altho the reason for the plot is not very apparent. Be that as it may, Traynor believes that home runs and other extra-base hits are being made too frequently; that the fans of the majority of cities in the major leagues are losing instead of gaining interest, as was the hope of those who have sponsored the lively-ball movement." Says Mr. Duncan, continuing the discussion:

The man who hits the homes now receives the most publicity in the sports pages, shoving the pitcher and fielder into the background. "Ruth's Homer Wins for Yanks" is a head-line which has appeared on sports pages many times, with little or no mention of a stop and throw by Lazzeri or marvelous catch by Meusel that may have been of equal importance to the team.

In the American League the big money-makers this year are the Athletics and

New York, with Cleveland and Detroit having financial success. In St. Louis, the Browns have failed to draw heavily, despite the success of Dynamo Dan Howley. No great crowds surged out to see the Browns' July games with the A's and Yanks, and as for Boston—865 persons paid to see the game of July 17.

This falling off in attendance is due not only to the fact that certain clubs are not in the race, but also because of the preponderance of home runs and slugging, Traynor believes.

"Out in Chicago I noticed one day that the fans yelled louder when Cuyler stole three bases than they did when Hack Wilson hit a home run," continued Pie. "So far as I can observe, the pendulum has already started to swing back toward scientific baseball. The fans want more 'inside stuff,' more brainwork, more base-running, more chances for the fielders to make great plays and, above all, more 'breaks' for the pitchers."

A dispute seems to be on as to whether to-day's ball is made differently from that of some years back. *The Public Ledger* publishes diagrams of the balls of 1914 and 1929. According to this diagram, the former was made up as follows: A cork center 13/16 of an inch thick, a layer of black rubber 8/32 of an inch thick, a layer of wound yard 13/16 of an inch thick and, of course, the leather outside covering. On the other hand, according to this same source, the 1929 ball is made thus: A cork center 15/16 of an inch thick, 4/32 of an inch of black rubber and 3/32 of an inch of red rubber, 12/16 of an inch of yarn, and the leather cover. But on the other hand, Tom Shibe of Philadelphia, President of the Athletics and manufacturer of the balls used by the major leagues, insists that there has been no change in ball making, according to Edward Burns, who writes for the *Chicago Tribune* Press Service:

We hadn't seen Mr. Shibe in his factory a minute before we concluded that if some fungo hitter were to bat a ball from the roof of his place to the shores of Camden, New Jersey, he'd still say it was no livelier than the ball manufactured in 1911, or 1920, or—oh, well, name your own year.

Mr. Shibe concedes nothing. He has his theories about why home runs and batting orgies have become common in contrast with the 1 to 0 affairs of a decade and a half ago, but he suppresses them because he does not care to encourage a "futile controversy." But the baseball is the same, and if you think you're so smart, prove otherwise. That's Mr. Shibe all over again.

For the purpose of clarity henceforth, we shall refer to self as Old Sleuth, for we had warned Mr. Shibe we purposed to ask him a lot of tricky questions, and that we wanted quick answers. We start with the first discussion of actual manufacture.

Mr. Shibe—"From the inside working out, the cork-centered rubber ball is the first step in baseball manufacture. The cork center is the same kind of cork and the same size we used when the cork center first was adopted in 1910. The rubber around the cork is the same size and weight it's always been—1 11/32 inches

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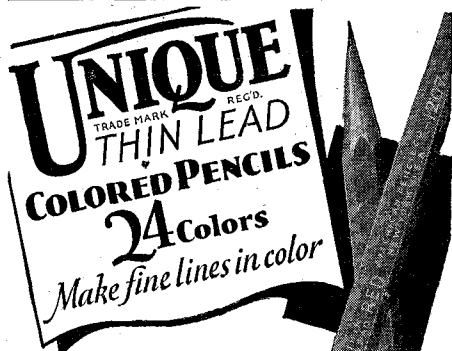
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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Continued

in diameter and weighing seven-eighths of an ounce."

Old Sleuth—"How about this story about the yarn being wound tighter?"

Mr. Shibe—"Well, go and watch them wind."

Mr. Shibe and Old Sleuth go to winding room where twelve winding-machines are going full blast. The first tier is winding gray yarn. A girl starts the yarn, and the machine twirls the ball until it stops automatically with a ball of gray yarn, which is known as a "chunk." The girl weighs each chunk, and finds it to be from $3\frac{3}{8}$ to $3\frac{1}{4}$ ounces. A chunk is $7\frac{3}{4}$ inches in circumference.

Old Sleuth—"Do all the balls bounce about the same?"

Mr. Shibe—"We'll go over to the bouncing-well."

At the bouncing-well balls are dropt from a point 8 feet 6 inches from an iron floor slab. All of a dozen new balls obtained at random bounced 3 feet 8 inches, the height Mr. Shibe said they would bounce before the first bounce.

Mr. Shibe—"You didn't see them putting any Mexican jumping-beans inside the ball at any time, did you?"

Old Sleuth—"No, but are you sure there aren't some hidden passageways or something?"

Mr. Shibe—"You've seen them making baseballs just as they have been doing since 1910. Absolutely no change. We make baseballs on contract, and the leagues never have kept pace with the rise in cost of materials. The ball could be made more lively, I suppose, but you can see for yourself what an expensive outlay would be involved in changing machinery and materials."

The New York *Evening Journal* and the Christy Walsh Syndicate tested the 1924 and 1929 balls scientifically. Louis S. Treadwell, editor of *The Scientific American*, and John J. McGraw, manager of the New York Giants, assisted. They concluded, according to the *Journal's* summary of their findings, that "the 1929 ball is undoubtedly slightly livelier than the 1924 product," but that "there is no indication, however, that the increased liveliness is due to deliberate planning, but rather seems due to improved materials." In the same newspaper Ford C. Frick goes into more detail in a discussion of the investigation:

The scientific conclusion reached by Mr. Treadwell as a result of the test is that the vicious hitting of the present season is due not so much to the liveliness of the ball as to the fact that balls are tossed out and new ones substituted, the minute there is any discoloration or any roughness developed from hitting.

Analytically, the make-up of the ball of 1929 and the ball of 1924 is much the same. The horsehide cover is identical, the same types of yarn are used, and the same covering of linen thread used as a mattress between yarn and horsehide cover. There was one radical difference, however. The yardage of yarn in the 1924 ball exceeded in all types the yardage in the 1929 ball—an indication, according

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to Mr. Treadwell, that the 1929 yarn is heavier and of better grade.

The figures on yarn are as follows:

1924 Ball.	1929 Ball.
112.3 yards.... Fine linen thread.....	88 yards
57.1 yards.... Gray yarn (light).....	52.6 yards
48 yards.... White yarn.....	42.3 yards
96 yards.... Gray yarn (heavy).....	87 yards

In discounting somewhat the reputed "liveliness" of the so-called "rabbit ball," Mr. Treadwell, in his report, calls attention to certain other factors which he believes affect hitting even more than the liveliness of the ball. To quote excerpts from his reports:

"1. It is evident, therefore, that a new ball is presented to the batter much more frequently than under old conditions, which undoubtedly places the pitcher at a disadvantage, and gives the batter an added advantage."

"2. Since 1919 and the advent of Babe Ruth, batting styles have changed, and bat manufacturers report practically no sale for the old-style 'choke' bats. Only 6 per cent. of bats manufactured were of this type, and many of these were unsold. Indicating a change in hitting style and a tendency on the part of the batters to take a full swing and try and knock them out of the lot."

"3. The greater number of .300 hitters in both leagues is explained more reasonably by a combination of all changed conditions coincident with the advance of skill in the game, plus rules that favor the hitter and detract from the pitcher."

"4. Change in attitude of scores which favor the hitter, and frequently call base hits on balls that formerly were scored as errors—plus the new scoring rule which gives every hitter a sacrifice on any fly ball that advances a runner."

Talking Back at the Alps.—Canada is justifiably protesting against the high-handed theft of its scenery. Motion-pictures filmed in British Columbia are labeled as Alpine scenery in Switzerland—greatly to the advantage of the Swiss region, which, Canadians say, can not compare with the American in ruggedness and grandeur.

No law exists to stop the forcible seizure and exportation of picturized scenery, but the injured party can retaliate. Switzerland is not protected, either. Canada might put out some pictures of the loftiest Alps and label them, "Foothills of the Canadian Rockies."—*Detroit News*.

Union Rules.—The maid spoke sharply through the door:

"No, I can't give you anything; you'll have to come back after five o'clock when the madam is here."

"I'm sorry, lady, I can't," said the beggar. "My hours are only eight to four."—*Boston Transcript*.

High Cost of Rescue.—One of the miscellaneous statisticians, who wanders afield in selecting subjects for investigation, declares lawyers are paid 100 times as much for getting people out of matrimony as ministers are paid for getting them joined together.—*Ohio State Journal*.

Over There.—

He couldn't wait to cross the street
Until the coast was clear;
His friends all said he looked so sweet
With flowers on his bier.

—*Florida Times-Union*.

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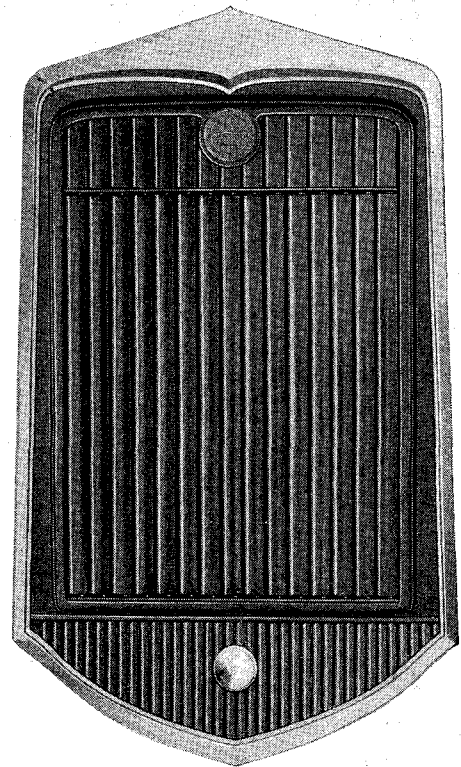
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INVESTMENTS • AND • FINANCE

CAN BONDS COME BACK?

THE QUESTION IS BEING ASKED in American banking circles to-day as the investing public continues to demand stocks in spite of their small and decreasing yield of income. One prominent banker is quoted as asserting his belief that bonds have not gone permanently out of fashion, but that the popularity of common stocks is nevertheless likely to continue. Writing in *The Magazine of Wall Street*, Mr. John A. Crone reminds us that the decline in value of bonds has been accentuated by the action of the banks which have been parting with their holdings to reduce indebtedness to the Federal Reserve or to make more collateral loans on securities. The Federal Reserve banks themselves have recently thrown on the market some \$400,000,000 worth of government securities. And then, "life-insurance companies, another important bond-buying group, have become heavy purchasers of preferred stocks in every State where the law permits." So, "even leaving out of consideration the individual investor's obvious preference for common equities, the combination of these factors are themselves indicative of drastic changes in investment and borrowing habits." But, insists Mr. Crone, "do they signify a permanent disregard for bonds?" This question the writer proceeded to propound to several investment authorities, whose replies he quotes in *The Magazine of Wall Street*.

This came from Arthur W. Loasby, Chairman of the Board of the Equitable Trust Company of New York:

I do not believe that bonds have gone permanently out of fashion. Savings banks and institutions probably always will buy them. Indeed, bonds should have a position in every one's investment portfolio. On the other hand, I do not deery the popularity of common stocks. Every man in this country should own a home, a car, and a few shares. He should be a partner in the business enterprise of the country. Altho the buying of stocks may cause some inflation, I believe its social benefits are greater than such weaknesses as it may bring about.

We have never favored large bonded debts for industrial corporations.

That money rates are likely to be more stable in the future is the belief of Dr. George M. Edwards, economist and financial writer, who thinks that "under these conditions the bond with its assurance of safety of income and principal will again attract investment funds, especially from institutional sources," but that individual investors are likely to continue to favor common stocks. President Frederick H. Ecker of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company says:

I do not think bonds have lost their investment standing, but temporarily the public, as represented by individuals, is buying stocks in preference. Bonds as investments will be restored to favor. I do not attempt to say when.

But, on the other hand, Mr. Crone refers to the president of a prominent and conservative national bank as "the authority for the statement that 83 out of every 100 security buyers at that institution have so far this year confined their commitments to stocks; because of investment laws, this official recommends bonds for estates and institutions, but for its own personal investments, he buys only stocks."

Dr. A. M. Sakolski, author of "Principles of Investment," is quoted by Mr. Crone as saying that bonds have by no means lost their sound investment standing and, in fact, he believes that additional stock issues have increased the backing of many bond issues so that "for safe investment, bonds have never been in a better position than at the present time." And yet Dr. Sakolski feels that the market value of bonds is not likely to go back to old levels while the present prosperity continues:

When business is good and the trend is toward increased

profits, the investing public wishes to obtain the advantage of this situation and, accordingly, buys common stocks and participates in the distribution of increased dividends. In other words, investors in such a period desire to become proprietors rather than creditors.

Bonds have not lost their investment standing, but it is not to be expected that marked appreciation in value will take place so long as interest rates are high, nor while highly favorable earning reports of corporations continue to foster rising values in common stocks. In other words, bonds can not compete with stocks in investment attractiveness to-day, and until conditions are such as to draw investors' attention more toward yield and less in the direction of price appreciation, no drastic changes from the present trend in security buying can be expected.

Convertible bond issues, invented, as the saying goes, "for the man who had promised his wife not to speculate in stocks," have been responsible for a substantial portion of recent bond-market activity, writes Kenneth Youel in the financial section of the *New York Evening Post*, and high-grade investment bonds have recently been at bottom level since 1925. But this writer thinks that there is "some cheer for the bond houses in the fact that bank selling has obviously reached its approximate limit." And he continues:

Regardless of public enthusiasm for stocks, the institutions have continued to absorb their nominal quota of bonds. Insurance companies, savings banks, educational and charitable institutions, and large estates regard bonds as their chief medium. This is particularly true at present, when the bonds of many companies are selling on a higher yield basis than their stocks. Talk of bond houses going out of business is getting rare.

Another factor in the long-pull situation is that the present activity in the stock market has created thousands of new investors, many of whom will eventually turn a part of their funds to bonds. In this connection, it is recalled that the Liberty Loan drives were the foundation for an immense crop of investors.

Once an advance is under way, it is likely to be rapid.

Summing it all up, the *New York Journal of Commerce* observes that there are two schools of thought regarding the future of bonds. It becomes more certain than ever that certain phases of financing will have to be accomplished through stock issues, if at all, "and the speculative appetite of the public is as keen as ever, with its tastes in fixt-income securities either for convertibles or for those bearing warrants, not for the old 'straight' types." And yet, we read on, "those who uphold bonds will not down":

In the first place, it is said, the institutional investor, requiring safety, will always be with us, and will constitute a permanent class of bond purchasers. Second, the bull market, which has swept the common stock into popularity has given the security buyer a distorted view of the merits of stocks versus bonds. He has yet to face a situation in which the price trend in his stocks is distinctly downward over a prolonged period, for the reactions which have occurred have been relatively mild and soon over. Third, while advancing stock prices have been made possible by good business and easy money, the profits shown and the security price levels reflecting those profits have depended in considerable measure upon the ability of corporations to borrow as liberally as they have from bondholders at a limited rate, and to supply the extra earnings on the funds so acquired for the stockholders' benefit. When stock alone is issued, earnings may be cut materially.

Thus for both the investor and the corporation, the usefulness of bonds is claimed. But opponents dispute the claims. In particular, they urge that for the investor the stocks of investment trusts afford, not merely a good substitute, but even a better medium for investment. It is thought that the application of specialized investment skill to a diversified list of security holdings will afford both yield and safety too. It is in order, however, to remark that investment trust results to date reflect

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not merely managerial skill, but are also due to the extraordinarily favorable investment opportunities that have been afforded. Moreover many of our so-called "trusts" are hybrids in which financing and control, with their attendant risks to offset against the larger gains possible, bulk large, and can not be neglected. All in all, however, the investment trust, once stabilized, bids fair to become the savings bank for the middle classes. It should administer an increasingly large proportion of investors' funds, while largely holding equity securities itself to gain the benefit of corporate prosperity.

WHERE OUR MOTORIZED FARMERS LIVE

IT would seem that more of them live in Texas than in any other State, or at least more automobiles are used there than in any other State, altho New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania farmers use more trucks, and Illinois is the biggest tractor-using State, with Iowa second, and North Dakota third. Altogether, we read in *The Western Advertiser* (San Francisco), ten million pairs of motor-propelled wheels serve the needs of the American farmer; three-quarters of a million tractors cultivate farm acres, nearly as many trucks transport farm products, more than four and a half million passenger-cars wheeze or purr as they carry the farmer and his family from here to there." We are then given these figures for farmers' automobiles, trucks and tractors, taken from the columns of *The Farm Journal* (Philadelphia), which gathered them:

State	All Cars	Auto-mobiles	Trucks	Tractors
Texas.....	362,600	327,000	35,000	30,425
Ohio.....	259,000	219,500	39,500	48,302
Illinois.....	258,000	227,000	31,000	60,848
Iowa.....	250,400	225,000	25,400	54,665
Pennsylvania.....	237,000	198,000	39,000	32,156
Wisconsin.....	230,500	198,500	32,000	48,737
New York.....	223,000	182,500	40,500	41,795
Minnesota.....	219,500	193,000	26,500	38,757
Missouri.....	212,900	191,000	21,900	18,352
Indiana.....	207,600	181,000	26,600	35,439
Michigan.....	196,100	176,500	19,600	32,786
Kansas.....	195,800	176,000	19,800	47,466
California.....	180,000	155,000	25,000	45,307
Oklahoma.....	178,500	160,500	16,000	18,976
Nebraska.....	166,000	148,000	18,000	28,159
North Carolina.....	154,000	131,500	23,100	14,394
Virginia.....	132,000	110,000	22,000	11,188
Georgia.....	116,400	102,500	13,900	6,304
Kentucky.....	112,800	102,500	10,300	7,847
Alabama.....	105,000	92,500	12,500	4,078
South Dakota.....	97,000	87,500	9,500	25,209
Mississippi.....	93,500	79,000	14,500	3,051
Tennessee.....	92,600	84,500	8,100	7,785
North Dakota.....	90,300	81,000	9,300	52,294
Washington.....	86,500	73,000	13,500	6,441
Arkansas.....	86,400	79,000	7,400	5,258
South Carolina.....	79,800	72,500	7,300	4,481
Montana.....	72,500	64,000	8,500	8,918
Colorado.....	67,400	57,800	9,600	9,356
Oregon.....	66,500	59,000	7,500	8,568
West Virginia.....	65,000	58,000	7,000	3,110
Louisiana.....	62,200	52,500	9,700	4,841
Maryland.....	59,500	50,000	9,500	6,433
Idaho.....	58,700	56,000	2,700	2,665
Florida.....	54,500	41,000	13,500	5,019
New Jersey.....	42,900	31,500	11,400	7,119
Massachusetts.....	41,200	29,200	12,000	3,936
Maine.....	37,600	31,000	6,600	2,935
Connecticut.....	25,500	19,500	6,000	2,493
Utah.....	24,000	21,000	3,000	1,245
Vermont.....	23,900	20,300	3,600	2,797
Wyoming.....	21,800	19,000	2,800	1,849
New Hampshire.....	21,600	17,000	4,600	988
New Mexico.....	21,100	17,500	3,600	1,067
Arizona.....	15,200	12,500	2,700	1,734
Delaware.....	12,700	9,500	3,200	1,200
Nevada.....	6,000	5,000	1,000	294
Rhode Island.....	5,300	4,300	1,000	614
United States.....	5,426,900	4,729,600	697,306	781,281

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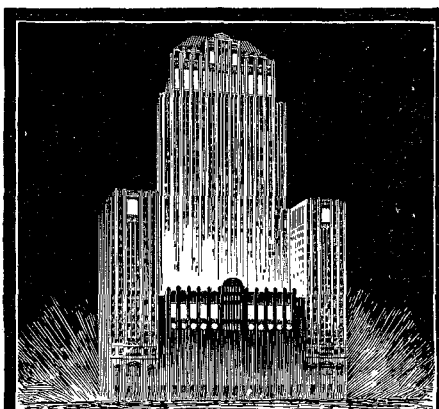
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WILL THERE BE THREE GREAT CUSTOMS UNIONS?

THE suggestion was recently made by President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia, in discussing some of the broad aspects of our tariff problem, that the leading industrial and trading nations of the world might eventually come to be united into three great customs unions within whose confines freedom of trade would be the rule. One of these, of course, notes the *New York Journal of Commerce*, would be the United States of America. The second would be the British Commonwealth of Nations, while the third would be a continental line-up, the United States of Europe. *The Journal of Commerce* finds Dr. Butler's suggestion interesting, but it does not believe that his prediction is likely to come to pass, and it gives its reasons as follows:

Judged on strictly economic grounds, few would question the material advantages that a united Europe might extract from a disappearance of customs barriers. In fact, given the abundant natural resources of the Continent, advantages of water communication and extensive coast lines, a United States of Europe would offer a powerful competition to a United States of America. Its geographical compactness would also give it a great advantage over the scattered and, economically speaking, heterogeneous units that make up the British Empire. Nevertheless a free-trade British Commonwealth of Nations is a less remote possibility than a United States of Europe, because there is in the latter case a basis for understanding supplied by political ties, and there is also an embryo customs union in the form of preferential tariff systems. The fact is, however, that if a British Commonwealth of Nations should emerge eventually, in the form of a union of States with free trade among themselves, barricaded against the rest of the world, the achievement would represent a triumph of political over economic considerations. On purely material grounds, many parts of the British Empire would extract greater advantage from a policy of economic independence, while it is extremely doubtful if England would find it economically worth while to make the sacrifices necessary to secure the adherence of outlying parts of the Empire to a closed-customs union.

In the case of the European Continent, the obstacles that stand in the way of anything remotely approaching freedom of trade appear to be insurmountable. It is quite true, as Dr. Butler asserts, that "given a coherent, reasonable and well-administered economic union, there would appear to be no reason why the same conditions of high wages, mass production, cheap and quick communication, and installment buying which prevail throughout the free-trade area, which is the United States, should not quickly come to prevail throughout another free-trade area which would be the United States of Europe." What is lost to view is that such a customs union to be effective would necessitate a surrender of political discretion by individual sovereign States on a scale that is absolutely unthinkable at the present time.

Dr. Butler himself expatiates upon the shift in emphasis that has caused economic questions to acquire the dominance over public policies once exercised by the



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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

"politics of principle." That does not mean that the world is any less politically minded or that political separatism is any less pronounced now than formerly. On the contrary, recognition of the great and growing importance of the economic side of politically organized communities makes the State authorities cling more tenaciously to the control of the economic mechanism. The result is a multiplication of tariff systems, of separate currencies, of central banks, and of all the economic and financial paraphernalia that is an incident of political sovereignty. Mutual desire to strengthen themselves against the encroachments of the United States may, and no doubt will, draw the exclusive States of Europe as well as the scattered parts of the British Empire somewhat more closely together, but they will assuredly stop far short of that degree of unity which social and political conditions have permitted this country to enjoy.

THE NECESSITY OF STOCK SPLIT-UPS

THE rearrangement of capital structure involved in "splitting up" stocks which have risen on the market to several hundred dollars a share is not the "melon-cutting" of popular fancy, argues *The Wall Street Journal*, "but may be, and frequently is, based upon the soundest principles of management." And we read on:

Stock financing in preference to repeated borrowings on mortgage has fortunately come into general practise, but it necessitates the offering of a security appealing to the largest possible number of investors, big and little. The awkwardness of going into the investment market with new shares when the old are selling at, say, \$300 each, is apparent enough, and is only minimized, not wholly obviated, when the corporation can cover its requirements by offering stockholders a relatively small allotment at or near \$100.

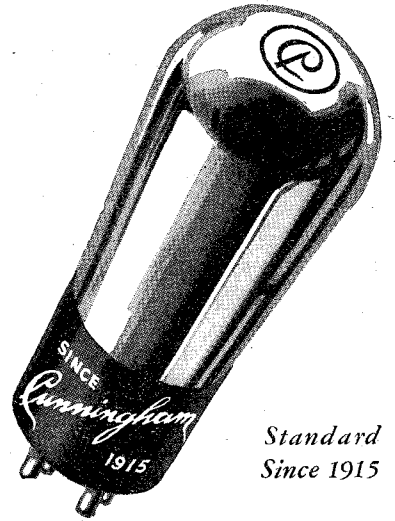
In the latter case there is something to divide which may fairly be called a melon, tho even here the stockholder only receives, in an altered form, something which was already his. It is possible, of course, to ask a premium for the new issue, but the privilege of buying new stock at \$200 when the old is selling at 300 is not likely to produce as wide a distribution as a subscription at \$100 with the existing stock at \$150. Other things being equal, the lower-priced offer is likely to be the more successful.

Companies which attach importance to employee ownership, as many now do, have an even stronger reason for splitting high-priced issues. Many wage-earners will subscribe, on the instalment plan or otherwise, for five or ten shares of a low-priced stock, who will hardly consider taking one or two shares of a high-priced issue. They are likely to look upon the lower quotation level as more stable under all conditions than the higher, and are not far from right in doing so.

If, therefore, the next few months should bring forth a succession of stock split-ups it will be because the movement toward what has been called democracy in the ownership of industries virtually compels them.

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NEW SPEED FACTOR IN FOREIGN EXCHANGE

INCREASING use of the airplane in transporting commodities and mail, together with the new speed records being established by transatlantic liners, is having decided effect upon the exchange value of currencies throughout the world, and is bringing about a readjustment of gold points for the various moneys, we read in the New York Times. For instance, the withdrawal of gold from England to France by the air route last summer resulted in a saving of time and interest for France. British financiers are said to believe that the record-breaking trips of the *Bremen* are likely to readjust the exchange relations of the pound and the dollar. "In South America the Central Bank of Chile has notified its correspondents that as a result of the increased speed of transportation made available by the airplane, it has been compelled to alter its rates on sight and ninety-day sight drafts in sterling, closing the spread between drafts and cables by a slight increase in the rates charged for drafts." The explanation, we read on, lies in the saving of interest involved":

In calculating whether or not gold can profitably be imported, a bank must take into consideration the length of time during which its funds will be idle while in transit.

Given a fixed rate of interest, say 6 per cent., prevailing in the market where the bank operates, it is clear that one day, or even a few hours, saved from the length of time it takes to ship gold, will make a vast difference when applied to such huge sums of money as frequently enter into gold transfers. When gold is received here from abroad, it must be cleared through the customs and taken to the Federal Reserve or the assay office before it can be put to work at interest. If a ship arrives too late to obtain this clearance for the metal until the following day, a day's loss of interest sustained, often enough, so closely are profits figured in gold shipments, to lead to a loss on the transaction. Consequently, even a few hours clipped from the normal time of an Atlantic crossing has its importance to the exchange dealer.

The effect of faster communications upon the rates for sight drafts in foreign currencies arises from the fact that the more speedily a draft is transferred to the country in whose currency it is made out and cashed, the less time the seller of the draft will have to make use of the money he received for it.

Cables always command a higher rate than drafts, because money purchased by cable is made available in the foreign market almost instantaneously, whereas a draft must travel the slower route of the mail service. While a draft is in transit to its destination, the bank which has sold it has the use of the money paid for it. When the draft is presented the seller's foreign correspondent debits him the amount of the draft.

Since practically all gold shipped to this country arrives by sea, the dollar exchanges have been slower to feel the effect of recent improvements in transportation than have the European exchanges, where airplane transportation is feasible between most countries. The faster ocean crossings will affect the market directly, however, if they become general.



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Have improved 50% in my hand writing since using your Inkograph.—J. R. Reed, Louisville, Ky.

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Writes smoothly, like point was greased. Makes no difference what kind of paper. Fine for shipping tags.—E. A. Summs, Jersey City, N. J.

Am tickled skinny. It's a darling, can make carbon copies of orders and send original in ink to factory instead of penciled sheet.—A. Watson, Elmhurst, Ill.

My Inkograph is simply a darling. I would own no other.—Miss Helen Ward, Laramie, Wyoming.

CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

September 18.—The Chinese National Government reports that the Russian Soviet Government has withdrawn from the negotiations to settle the dispute over the Chinese Eastern Railway after hearing that political unrest threatens to break out in China. A statement adds that the Chinese Government is stable and that China will maintain a firm stand.

September 19.—Captain John McLea, master of the Nova Scotian vessel *Shawnee*, reports having been fired without warning by United States Coast Guard boat 145, twenty miles off New York.

The British Government informs League of Nations that it will give its mandate over Iraq, and recommend unconditionally its admission into League of Nations in 1932.

France, Great Britain, New Zealand, South Africa, India, Czechoslovakia and Peru sign the optional clause accepting in advance the World Court compulsory jurisdiction in legal disputes.

September 21.—In an address to Moscow Regional Congress of Soviet Alexei I. Rykoff, president of Council of People's Commissars, said the Soviet Government is prepared to maintain its army on the Manchurian border throughout the winter, but not resort to hostilities as long as possibility of peace exists.

The League of Nations Assembly adopted a resolution offered by Nicolas Politis of Greece welcoming the prospect of early agreement among the new Powers for limitation and reduction of naval armaments, which would enable the Preparatory Disarmament Commission to obtain a general agreement on such limitation and reduction.

September 23.—The first departure on a large scale of British troops from the Rhineland takes place when a detachment leaves the village of Koenigsberg for England.

September 24.—One hundred and thirty people are reported killed in the municipal elections in Vera Cruz, Mexico.

DOMESTIC

September 18.—Cleo Tesneair, organizer of the National Textile Workers Union, reported to have been kidnapped and whipped by a mob, which took him from King's Mountain, North Carolina, to Blacksburg, South Carolina.

Speaking over a nation-wide hook-up from the White House, President Hoover says that the naval disarmament program proposed by the United States and Great Britain would preserve this country's national defense in adequate measure, and yet relieve from the gigantic expenditures incident to rivalry in armaments.

September 19.—Governor Flem D. Sampson and several members of the State Text-book Commission of Kentucky are indicted by a Franklin County grand jury on a charge of unlawfully receiving a gift from a text-book publishing company.

The nation is ready to spend hundreds of millions of dollars to link together every part of the country with a chain of inland waterways, Secretary of War

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Good tells the convention at Albany of the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Association.

Admiral F. G. Billard, Commandant of the Coast Guard Service, says that the Canadian ship *Shawnee* was fired on by a Coast Guard cutter because she was running without lights and would not stop on signal.

September 20.—In a letter to the International Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, President Hoover says "too many people have come to rely wholly upon the strong arm of the law to enforce abstinence, forgetting that the cause of temperance has its strong foundations in the conviction of the individual of the personal value to himself of temperance in all things."

William B. Shearer was employed by three ship-building companies only to "observe and report" in connection with the Naval Disarmament Conference at Geneva in 1927 and the session of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission, Clinton Bardo, President of the New York Shipbuilding Company, testifies at the Senate Naval Committee's inquiry into Mr. Shearer's alleged propagandist activities.

Seventeen people die, two are fatally injured and forty-seven are severely injured in a fire in a Detroit night club.

Twenty-five book publishers are indicted by the Franklin County grand jury on a charge of making gifts to Governor Flem D. Sampson and seven other members of the Kentucky State Text-book Commission.

September 21.—Charles M. Schwab, Chairman of the Board of the Bethlehem Steel Company, testifying before the Senate Naval Sub-Committee, condemns the employment of William B. Shearer at the Geneva Naval Conference by shipbuilding companies, and says for himself that he "would like to see an arrangement made by which all battleships should be sunk."

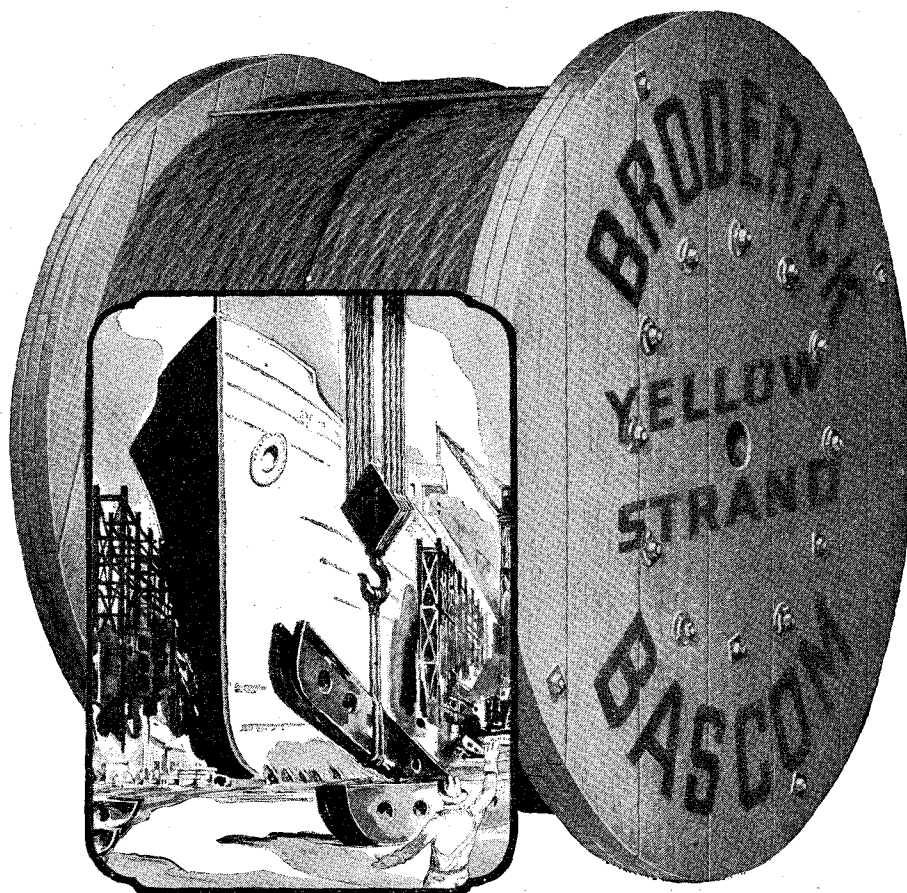
Senator Howell, Republican, of Nebraska, says in the Senate that Prohibition in Washington could be enforced if President Hoover insisted upon it.

September 22.—President Hoover replies to Senator Howell by stating that he will investigate all charges of Prohibition violation laid before the Department of Justice by Senator Howell, "for it is the intention not only to secure the fullest enforcement for the District possible under the organization of enforcement agencies, as provided by law, but to make it a model in this country." Senator Howell says that it was not his intention to impugn the good faith of the Administration, but to attack "the system running back for a long time."

September 23.—Miss Florence Trumbull, daughter of Governor and Mrs. John H. Trumbull of Connecticut, and John Coolidge, son of former President and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, are married at Plainville, Connecticut.

Senator Samuel M. Shortridge, Chairman of the sub-Committee of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, investigating the activities of William B. Shearer, suggests that "in view of some disclosures" it will be wise for the Senate to broaden its inquiry into lobbying.

September 24.—President Hoover issues a statement warning the country that the abolition of the flexible tariff would be economically wrong and an injustice to the public interest.



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Although you may never travel by sea, ocean transportation is as necessary to your economic life as rail transportation. Yet the mammoth steel ship of today scarcely could be built without the great strength that is encompassed within the comparatively small diameter of wire rope.

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THE ▾ SPICE ▾ OF ▾ LIFE

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Darby and Joan.—An old-fashioned marriage is one that lasts at least until they get to Niagara Falls.—*Judge*.

Guilt of Mr. Milquetoast.—"That boy of ours gets more like you every day."

HUSBAND (meekly)—"What's he been up to now?"—*Boston Transcript*.

Reward of Eloquence.—**DENTIST** (to his vicar in the chair)—"After your powerful sermon last Sunday on 'The Beauty of Truth,' I can not tell a lie. Er—*this will hurt.*"—*The Passing Show*.

Utility Pioneers.—A scientist says that reindeer developed horns to save their heads from bumps. This rather shakes the theory that reindeer developed horns to make hat-stands.—*London Opinion*.

First Fond Illusions.—**THE SISTER**—"Captain Randall proposes in this letter. I wonder if he really loves me—he's only known me a week."

THE BROTHER—"Oh, then, perhaps he does!"—*Humorist*.

Fingers Crossed.—"How is your husband's lawsuit getting along?"

"He thinks he will either get two months in prison or two months in Palm Beach from it."—*The Passing Show*.

He Had the Floor.—

Whatever trouble Adam had,

No man, in days of yore,

Could say when he had told a joke,

"I've heard that one before."

—*The New Outlook*.

Also a Few Collectors at the Door.—**TEACHER**—"Johnny, if your father could save one dollar a week for four weeks, what would he have?"

MODERN CHILD (promptly)—"A radio, an electric refrigerator, a new suit, and a lot more furniture."—*The New Outlook*.

Wrong Side of the Ledger.—A minister consented to preach during his vacation in the country at an Episcopal church. When he arrived at the church on Sunday morning, the sexton welcomed him and said:

"Do you wish to wear a surplice, sir?"

"Why, man, I'm a Methodist. What do I know about surplices. All I know about is deficits."—*The New Outlook*.

Back-Seat Music.—Turn to the right, John! More to the right. . . . Now a little bit to the left! Too far—I told you so. . . . Back—that's right—back a little more. . . . Turn it! John! That's it. . . . No! Will you ever get it? . . . Gently. . . . Ah, now we can sit back in comfort. . . . Leave it there, John. . . . I knew if I told you how to do it, you'd get station KOA.—*Judge*.

Down to Brass Tacks.—

Before I married Maggie dear

I was her pumpkin pie,

Her precious peach, her honey lamb,

The apple of her eye.

But after years of married life

This thought I pause to utter,

Those fancy names are gone, and now

I'm just her bread and butter.

—*Pathfinder*.

SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

Don't All Speak at Once.—

RHEUMATISM

In 5 Days—Or, Pay Nothing!—

—*Ad in a New York tabloid*.

Worth at Least \$4.49.—

PRETTY ANKLES \$3.75

and **CALVES** per pair

—*Ad in the Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

Light Lunch.—

RESTAURANT

Oil, Gasoline, and Strawberries

—*Sign on a Quebec highway*.

Advice to Mothers.—Grease new twins thoroughly and bake them slowly in an oven for an hour or so before using. They will not stick so easily.—*Michigan newspaper as quoted by the Albany Knickerbocker Press*.

Small Wonder, Say We.—Los Angeles, July 12.—The Pan-American Bank, of California, with commercial assets of \$2,200,000 and savings deposits of \$2,217,123, closed its doors to-day.—*Frederick (Md.) paper*.

Short Shrift in Illinois.—Notice—Dog owners: I am about to return assessor's books of Mt. Pleasant township, and those that have dogs without tags on will be shot.

W. J. Crump, Assessor.

—*Whiteside (Ill.) Sentinel*.

Language of Diplomacy?—He had long been known for the odd-looking pipes he smokes, for his favorite "cuss" words, "Hell and Maria"; and when he assumed office as Vice-President of the United States he attracted nation-wide attention by his prompt fight to change the traditional rules. Because of his ability to spin a limbo machine of the Senate.—*Editorial in the Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

Sweet Strains from an Old Friend.—Congressman Clifton A. Woodrum's solo, "From ETAOINSHRDLUCMFWY solo, from the "Holy City" was one of the features of the program.—*Roanoke Times*.

The piano-playing record should go to Claude Hoffman, who with one hand played a etaoinsrdlufmfwet.—*New York newspaper*.—And betcha we heard him over the radio the night he did it.—*Albany Knickerbocker Press*.

Seeing Ourselves as Others See Us.—The Fourth of July is the American Day of Independence. It is customary to eat turkey and cranberry sauce and to rejoice exceedingly. On one Fourth of July I happened to be staying in America with some charming people who were terribly worried as to what to do. They felt it was very impolite to consume large helpings of turkey to celebrate the fact that they no longer belonged to the same nation as their guest. We were all quite "hot and bothered" when I remembered, mercifully, that I was really a Scot; so they procured me a haggis, which I ate with much joy, and "registered" the fact that I was not English by wearing a tartan skirt.—*"Chloe" in The Bystander (London)*.